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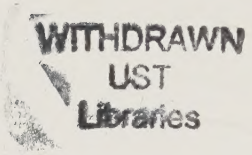

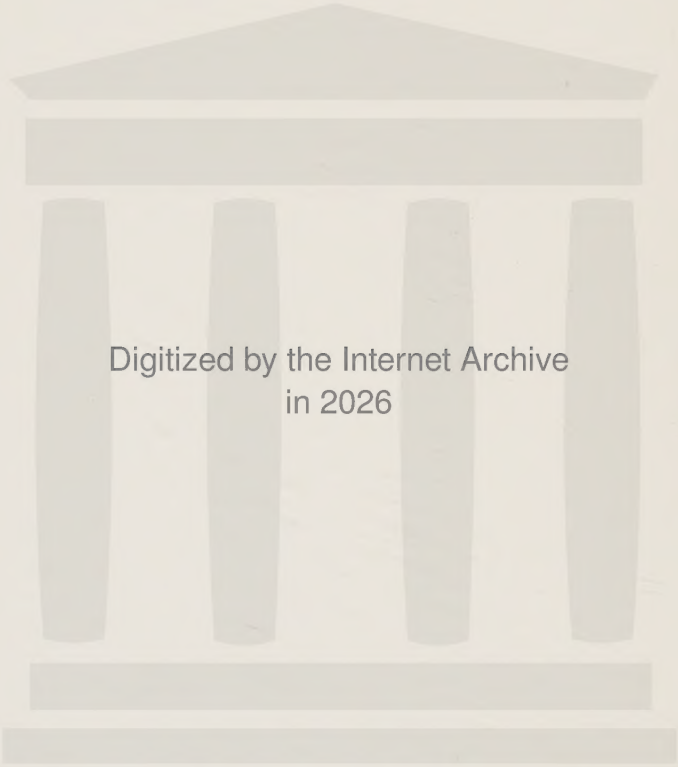
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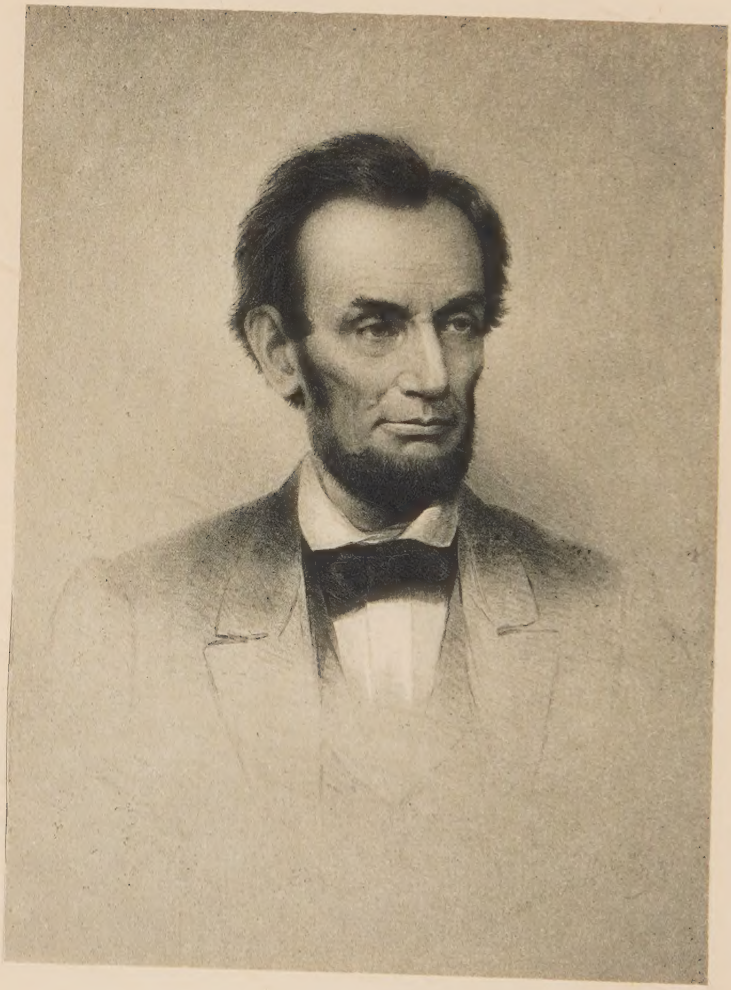

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1910

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
à as in fare.
ą as in errant, republican.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ê as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
õ as in valor, actor, idiot.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
ů as in pull.
ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.
š as in pressure.
ž as in seizure.
čh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
ţh as in then.
H Spanish j.
G as in Hamburg.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

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K

KINGSLEY, Florence Morse, an American novelist; born at Medina, Ohio, July 14, 1859. She was educated at Wellesley College, and in 1882 was married to Charles R. Kingsley. She first came into public notice by her novel *Titus: a Comrade of the Cross* (1894), which gained wide popularity. This was followed in 1896 by *Stephen* and in 1897 by *Paul.* In the latter year Mrs. Kingsley published *Prisoners of the Sea.* Her later works include *The Cross Triumphant* (1899); *The Transfiguration of Miss Philura* (1901); *The Needle's Eye* (1902); *Wings and Fetters* (1903), and *The Singular Miss Smith* (1904).

THE BOY AND THE WORLD.

Like other seekers after the divine in all ages the boy lifted up his eyes to the hills, whose swelling sides clothed with multi-colored squares of corn and pasture were crowned and belted with dark woods. His roving fancy reverted for an instant to the patch-work quilt with which the provident Elizabeth had tucked him snugly from the night since he could remember; the thought forced large tears through which the landscape wavered as in a dream. Nevertheless he pushed on determinedly, following the line of fences, laid negligently of rough-hewn rails half

hid in the lavish growth of weeds and low-growing trees.

A narrow road winding up by slow degrees from the lap of the valley next tempted the wandering feet. Here the child, mindful of Elizabeth's oft repeated admonitions, paused to divest himself of his shoes and stockings. For awhile he carried these useful articles in the skirt of his tunic, his brown toes sinking luxuriously in the dust cooled by a recent shower. Then led by fast-springing hopes, he carefully deposited them behind a clump of mullein which spread its stately velvet leaves by the roadside. "My father will let me go barefoot even on Sunday!" he thought, and ran forward with a new sense of joy and freedom. A little later the "Sunday hat," bound beneath his smarting chin with a strenuous rubber cord, found its way to a green bank where he fancied that it might serve as a nest for certain friendly and inquisitive crows, who craned their necks from the fence rails to stare and chatter after the small figure.

Wild raspberries grew by the roadside, the steep bank twinkled with their scarlet fires; beyond the fence also, where an upland meadow clad in sparse grasses lay sweet and silent beneath the warm afternoon sun. This meadow dipped toward a brook on its further side, and beyond, the white walls of a farm-house shone through dark trees. Far beneath lay what appeared to the child's wondering eyes as the whole great world — a pageant of field and wood in the bright valley, with houses no bigger than his thumb and the loose-flung coils of the river gleaming blue and silver. On a narrow thread of road, dust-white, a line of black dots moved slowly.

The wanderer sat down on the mossy top of a giant rock which shouldered its way out of the hillside, and looked long at the amazing picture. For the moment he was quite as happy as the little black crickets which sang at his feet. Like them he was filled with the joyous life which throbs at the heart of all nature. *Just to be is to be divine; and to know this is the end of all life!— The Needle's Eye.* (Copyright, 1902, by FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY.)

KINGSTON, William Henry Giles, an English novelist; born at London, February 28, 1814; died at Willesden, Middlesex, August 5, 1880. He spent his youth and early manhood in Portugal, and in 1842 having arranged a commercial treaty between Great Britain and Portugal, he was knighted by the Queen of Portugal. It was not until 1844 that he appeared as an author with *The Circassian Chief,* which was very favorably received, and swiftly followed by *The Prime Minister* and *Lusitanian Sketches,* recounting his own travels and adventures in Portugal. During his business journeys he rendered himself intimately acquainted with all the details of life on board ship, a knowledge to which boys owe the graphic pictures of seamen and their adventures in Portugal. During his business journeys he described his journey in the United States and Canada, but it was not until the story *Peter the Whaler* appeared that he found his true vocation, and pursued it so steadily that he has left 125 works of this description. Among the most familiar favorites are *The Three Midshipmen; The Three Lieutenants; The Three Commanders,* and *The Three Admirals.* Shortly before his death, Kingston undertook the editorship of *The Union Jack,* a boys' paper, but failing health obliged him to resign the task after four months.

THE MERRY FAMILY.

I belong to the family of the Merrys of Leicestershire. Our chief characteristic was well suited to our patronymic. "Merry by name and merry by nature" was the common saying among us. Indeed, a more good-natured, laughing, happy set of people it would be difficult to find. Right

jovial was the rattle of tongues and the cachinnation which went forward whenever we were assembled together either at breakfast or dinner or supper; our father and mother setting us the example, so that we began the day with a hearty laugh and finished it with a heartier. "Laugh and grow fat" is an apothegm which all people can not follow, but our mother did in the most satisfactory manner. Her skin was fair and most thoroughly comfortably filled out: her hair was light, and her contented spirit beamed out from a pair of large laughing blue eyes, so that it was a pleasure to look at her, as she sat at the head of the table, serving out the viands to her hungry progeny. Our sisters were very like her, and came fairly under the denomination of jolly girls, and thoroughly jolly they were — none of them ever had a headache or a tooth-ache or any other ache that I know of. Our father was a good specimen of a thorough English country gentleman; he was thorough in everything, honest-faced, stout, and hearty, not overrefined, perhaps, but yet gentle in all his thoughts and acts; a hater of a lie and everything dishonorable; hospitable and generous to the utmost of his means; a protector of the poor and helpless, and a friend to all his neighbors. Yes, and I may say more, both he and my mother were humble sincere Christians, and made the law of the Bible their rule of life. He told a good story and laughed at it himself, and delighted to see our mother and us laugh at it also. Had he been bred a lawyer, and lived in London, he would have been looked upon as a first-rate wit, but I am certain that he was much happier with the lot awarded to him. He had a good estate, his tenants paid their rents regularly; and he had few or no cares to disturb his digestion or to keep him awake at night: and I am very certain that he would far rather have us to hear his jokes, and laugh at them with him, than all the wits London ever produced. He delighted in joining in all our sports, either of the field or flood, and we always looked forward to certain amusement when he was able to accompany us. He was our companion and friend; we had no secrets from him — why should we? He was always our best adviser, and if we got into scrapes, which one or the other of us was not

unfrequently doing, we were very certain that no one could extricate us as well as he could. I don't mean to say that he forgot the proverb, "Spare the rod, spoil the child;" or that we were such pieces of perfection that we did not deserve punishment; but we had sense enough to see that he punished us for our good; he did it calmly, never angrily, and without any unnecessarily severe remark, and we certainly did not love him the less for the sharpest flogging he ever gave us. Directly afterward he would meet the culprit in his usual frank, hearty way, and seem to forget all about the matter.

Our sisters were on the same happy intimate terms with our mother, and we boys had no secrets with her, or with them either.

Our father used to believe and assert that our family had settled in Leicestershire before the Conquest, and, in consequence of this notion, he gave us all old English names or what he supposed to be such. His own name was Joliffe, and he used to be called by his hunting associates, the other gentlemen of the county, Jolly Merry. He was not, I should say, *par excellence* a fox-hunter, though he subscribed to the county hunt, and frequently followed the hounds; and no one rode better, nor did any one's voice sound more cheerily on copse or hill-side than did his, as he greeted a friend, or sung out, in the exuberance of his spirits, a loud tally-ho.— *The Midshipman.*

BILL COX AND TOM JAY.

"Now, Mr. Merry, we'll show you what fighting is," observed Mr. Johnson, the boatswain, as I stood near him on the forecastle. "You'll soon see round-shot and langrage, and bullets rattling about us, thick as hail; and heads, and arms, and legs flying off like shuttle-cocks. A man's head is off his shoulders before he knows where he is. You'll not believe it, Mr. Merry, perhaps; but it's a fact. I once belonged to a frigate, when we fell in with two of the enemy's line-of-battle ships, and brought them to action. One, for a short time, was on our starboard beam, and the other right aft; and we were exposed to a terrible cross and raking fire; it's only a wonder one of us

remained alive, or that the ship didn't go down. It happened that two men were standing near me, looking the same way — athwart ships, you'll understand. The name of one was Bill Cox — the other, Tom Jay. Well, a round-shot came from our enemy astern, and took off the head of Bill Cox, who was on the larboard side; while at that identical moment a chain-shot from the ship abeam cut off Tom Jay's head, who was nearest the starboard side, so cleanly — he happened to have a long neck — that it was jerked on to the body of Bill Cox, who, very naturally, putting up his hands to feel what had become of his own head, kept it there so tightly that it stuck — positively stuck; and, the surgeon afterward plastering it thickly round, it grew as firmly as if it had always belonged to the body. The curious thing was that the man did not afterward know what to call himself; when he intended to do one thing he was constantly doing another. There was Bill Cox's body, d'ye see, and Tom Jay's head. Bill Cox was rather the shorter of the two, and had had a very ugly mug of his own; while Tom Jay was a good-looking chap. Consequently Bill used sometimes to blush when he heard his good looks spoken of, and sometimes to get angry, thinking people were making fun of him. At first Bill never knew who was hailed, and used to sing out, 'Which of us do you want?' However, it was agreed that he was and should be Bill Cox, because the head belonged to the body by right of capture; for if Bill's arms hadn't sprung up and caught it, the head would have gone overboard, and been no use to nobody. So the matter was settled, as far as the public was concerned. 'D' was put against Tom Jay's name, and his disconsolate widow was written to, and told she might marry some one else as soon as she liked. But Bill wasn't at all comfortable about himself. He was fond of fat bacon, which Tom Jay could never abide; and when Bill put it into his new mouth, why, you see, the mouth that was Tom's spit it out again, and wouldn't let it, by no manner of means, go down his throat. Then Tom was fond of a chaw, and seldom had had a quid out of his cheeks. Bill, for some reason, didn't like backy, and though his mouth kept asking for it, nothing would ever tempt his hands to put a quid inside. 'I'm

very miserable, that I be,' groaned poor Bill; 'I sometimes almost wishes I hadn't caught Tom's head — that I do.'

"You see, Mr. Merry, people seldom know when they are well off, and that I used to tell him. More came of it when Bill got home. When poor Tom Jay's widow caught sight of him there was a terrible to do, seeing she was already married to another man; but I'll tell you all about that by and by."— *The Midshipman.*

KINNEY, COATES, an American lawyer and poet; born at Kinney's Corners, N. Y., November 24, 1826; died at Los Angeles, Cal., in 1904. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1856. In the Civil War he served in the Federal Army, being promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. After the war he resumed his law practice and in 1881 was elected to the Ohio State Senate. He is best known to literature by the popular lyric *The Rain on the Roof.* His published works include *Kenka* (1855); *Lyrics* (1888); and *Mists of Fire* (1899).

THE RAIN ON THE ROOF.

When the humid storm-clouds gather
  Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
  Gently weeps in rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow
  Of a cottage-chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
  Of the soft rain over head.

Every tinkle on the shingles
  Has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand lively fancies
  Into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections
  Weave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter
  Of the rain upon the roof.

There, in fancy, comes my mother
  As she used to, years agone
To survey the infant sleepers,
  Ere she left them till the dawn.
I can see her bending o'er me,
  As I listen to the strain
Which is played upon the shingles
  By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
  With her wings and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed cherub brother,
  A serene, angelic pair,
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
  With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

There is naught in art's bravuras
  That can work with such a spell,
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains,
  Whence the holy passions swell,
As that melody of nature,
  That subdued, subduing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles
  By the patter of the rain.

Rudyard Kipling.

KIPLING, RUDYARD, an Anglo-Indian poet and novelist; born at Bombay, December 30, 1865. His father, head-master of the Lahore School of Art, sent him to England to be educated; and in 1882 he returned to India as an editor and correspondent of the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette,* and the Allahabad *Pioneer.* In 1889 he left India and traveled in China, Japan, America, and England, and then settled at Brattleboro, Vt.; but later took up his residence in England. Kipling's works include *Departmental Ditties* (1888); *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1888); *Soldiers Three* (1889); *The Phantom Rickshaw* (1889); *The Light That Failed* (1890); *Story of the Gadsbys* (1890); *The Naulahka* (1892), written in collaboration with his brother-in-law, Wolcott Balestier; *Life's Handicaps* (1891); *Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads* (1892); *Many Inventions* (1893); *The Jungle Book* (1893); *The Second Jungle Book* (1895); *The Seven Seas* (1896); *Captains Courageous* (1897); *The Day's Work* (1898); *Kim* (1901); *The Just-So Stories* (1902); *The Five Nations* (1903), and *Traffics and Discoveries* (1904).

The versatility of Mr. Kipling is the one marvel of the man and his work As Shakespeare knew the science of expression and possessed a wondrous mastery over mere words, so Mr. Kipling knows men, animals and inanimate things. Nothing seems ever to escape his far-seeing, deep-searching eyes — and even then he looks through glasses. Some writer has truly said: "He is a man who sees more with the same number of eyes, hears more with the ordinary complement of ears, than any Anglo-Saxon mortal

has ever seen or heard or been able to express before."

He is the one modern writer of English who satisfies quite fully the two great classes of readers, the multitude, on the one hand who read to be amused, and the cultured minority, who read for art's sake.

The world saw in *The Recessional* the fearless expression of a sober, devout thought. It came as a loud voice crying from out a multitude of voices, heard and recognized above the Babel of Fleet Street; in a time of great national rejoicing among the English people.

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of all—
  Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
  The captains and the kings depart.
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
  On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—

Such boasting as the Gentiles use
  Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard— ,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!
AMEN.

THE VAMPIRE.

A fool there was and he made his prayer
  (Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care),
But the fool he called her his lady fair
  (Even as you and I!)

Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste
  And the work of our head and hand,
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
  And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent
  (Even as you and I!)
Honor and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant),
But a fool must follow his natural bent
  (Even as you and I!)

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
  And the excellent things we planned,
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
  (And now we know that she never knew why)
  And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(Even as you and I!)
Which she might have seen when she threw him aside—
(But it isn't on record the lady tried)
So some of him lived but the most of him died —
(Even as you and I!)

And it isn't the shame and its isn't the blame
That stings like a white hot brand —
It's coming to know that she never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never know why)
And never could understand.

THE CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS.

When the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched with a stick in the mould;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves, "It's pretty, but is it Art?"

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to fashion his work anew—
The first of his race who cared a fig for the first, most dread review;
And he left his lore to the use of his sons — and that was a glorious gain
When the Devil chuckled "Is it Art?" in the ear of the branded Cain.

They builded a tower to shiver the sky and wrench the stars apart,
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks: "It's striking, but is it Art?"
The stone was dropped at the quarry-side and the idle derrick swung,
While each man talked of the aims of Art, and each in an alien tongue.

They fought and they talked in the North and the South,
they talked and they fought in the West,
Till the waters rose on the pitiful land, and the poor Red
Clay had rest—
Had rest till the dank blank-canvas dawn when the dove
was preened to start,
And the Devil bubbled below the keel: "It's human, but
is it Art?"

The tale is as old as the Eden Tree — and new as the
new-cut tooth —
For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows he is master
of Art and Truth;
And each man hears as the twilight nears, to the beat of
his dying heart,
The Devil drum on the darkened pane: "You did it, but
was it Art?"

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the shape
of a surplice-peg,
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the yelk
of an addled egg,
We know that the tail must wag the dog, for the horse
is drawn by the cart;
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old: "It's clever,
but is it Art?"

When the flicker of London sun falls faint on the Club-
room green and gold,
The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch with their
pens in the mould —
They scratch with their pens in the mould of their graves,
and the ink and the anguish start,
For the Devil mutters behind the leaves: "It's pretty,
but is it Art?"

Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where the Four
Great Rivers flow,
And the wreath of Eve is red on the turf, as she left it
long ago;

And if we could come when the sentry slept and softly scurry through
By the favor of God we might know as much — as our father Adam knew.

THE GATE OF A HUNDRED SORROWS.

"If I can attain Heaven for a pice, why should you be envious?"— *Opium Smoker's Proverb.*

This is no work of mine. My friend, Gabral Misquitta, the half-caste, spoke it all, between moonset and morning, six weeks before he died; and I took it down from his mouth as he answered my questions so:

It lies between the coppersmith's gully and the pipe-stem sellers' quarter, within a hundred yards, too, as the crow flies, of the Mosque of Wazir Khan. I don't mind telling any one this much, but I defy him to find the gate, however well he may think he knows the city. You might even go through the very gully it stands in a hundred times, and be none the wiser. We used to call the gully, "the Gully of the Black Smoke," but its native name is altogether different of course. A loaded donkey couldn't pass between the walls; and, at one point, just before you reach the gate, a bulged house-front makes people go along all sideways.

It isn't really a gate though. It's a house. Old Fung-Tching had it first five years ago. He was a boot-maker in Calcutta. They say that he murdered his wife there when he was drunk. That was why he dropped bazarrum and took to the Black Smoke instead. Later on, he came up north and opened the gate as a house where you could get your smoke in peace and quiet. Mind you, it was a *pukka,* respectable opium-house, and not one of those stifling, sweltering *chandoo-khanas,* that you can find all over the city. No; the old man knew his business thoroughly, and he was most clean for a Chinaman. He was a one-eyed little chap, not much more than five feet high, and both his middle fingers were gone. All the same, he was the handiest man at rolling black pills I have ever seen. Never seemed to

be touched by the smoke either; and what he took day and night, night and day, was a caution. I've been at it five years, and I can do my fair share of the smoke with any one; but I was a child to Fung-Tching that way. All the same, the old man was keen on his money, very keen; and that's what I can't understand. I heard he saved a good deal before he died, but his nephew has got all that now; and the old man's gone back to China to be buried.

He kept the big upper room, where his best customers gathered, as neat as a new pin. In one corner used to stand Fung-Tching's Joss — almost as ugly as Fung-Tching — and there were always sticks burning under his nose; but you never smelt 'em when the pipes were going thick. Opposite the Joss was Fung-Tching's coffin. He had spent a good deal of his savings on that, and whenever a new man came to the gate he was always introduced to it. It was lacquered black, with red and gold writings on it, and I've heard that Fung-Tching brought it out all the way from China. I don't know whether that's true or not, but I know that, if I came first in the evening, I used to spread my mat just at the foot of it. It was a quiet corner you see, and a sort of breeze from the gully came in at the window now and then. Beside the mats, there was no other furniture in the room — only the coffin, and the old Joss all green and blue and purple with age and polish.

Fung-Tching never told us why he called the place "The Gate of a Hundred Sorrows." (He was the only Chinaman I know who used bad-sounding fancy names. Most of them are flowery. As you'll see in Calcutta.) We used to find that out for ourselves. Nothing grows on you so much, if you're white, as the black smoke. A yellow man is made different. Opium doesn't tell on him scarcely at all; but white and black suffer a good deal. Of course, there are some people that the smoke doesn't touch any more than tobacco would at first. They just doze a bit, as one would fall asleep naturally, and next morning they are almost fit for work. Now, I was one of that sort when I began, but I've been at it for five years pretty steadily, and its different now.

There was an old aunt of mine, down Agar way, and she left me a little at her death. About sixty rupees a month secured. Sixty isn't much. I can recollect a time, seems hundreds and hundreds of years ago, that I was getting my three hundred a month, and pickings, when I was working on a big timber contract in Calcutta.

I didn't stick to that work for long. The black smoke does not allow of much other business; and even though I am very little affected by it, as men go, I couldn't do a day's work now to save my life. After all, sixty rupees is what I want. When old Fung-Tching was alive he used to draw the money for me, give me about half of it to live on (I eat very little), and the rest he kept himself. I was free of the gate at any time of the day and night, and could smoke and sleep there when I liked, so I didn't care. I know the old man made a good thing out of it; but that's no matter. Nothing matters much to me; and, besides, the money always came fresh and fresh each month.

There was ten of us met at the gate when the place was first opened. Me, and two Baboos from a government office somewhere in Anarkulli, but they got the sack and couldn't pay (no man who has to work in the daylight can do the black smoke for any length of time straight on); a Chinaman that was Fung-Tching's nephew; a bazar-woman that had got a lot of money somehow; an English loafer — Mac-Somebody I think, but I have forgotten — that smoked heaps, but never seemed to pay anything (they said he had saved Fung-Tching's life at some trial in Calcutta when he was a barrister); another Eurasian, like myself, from Madras; a half-caste woman, and a couple of men who said they had come from the North. I think they must have been Persians or Afghans or something. There are not more than five of us living now, but we come regular. I don't know what happened to the Baboos; but the bazar-woman she died after six months of the gate, and I think Fung-Tching took her bangles and nose-ring for himself. But I'm not certain. The Englishman, he drank as well as smoked, and he dropped off. One of the Persians got killed in a row at night by the big well

near the mosque a long time ago, and the police shut up the well, because they said it was full of foul air. They found him dead at the bottom of it. So you see, there is only me, the Chinaman, the half-caste woman that we call the *Memsahib* (she used to live with Fung-Tching), the other Eurasian, and one of the Persians. The *Memsahib* looks very old now. I think she was a young woman when the gate was opened; but we are all old for the matter of that. Hundreds and hundreds of years old. It is very hard to keep count of time in the gate, and besides, time doesn't matter to me. I draw my sixty rupees fresh and fresh every month. A very, very long while ago, when I used to be getting three hundred and fifty rupees a month, and pickings, on a big timber contract at Calcutta, I had a wife of sorts. But she's dead now. People said that I killed her by taking to the black smoke. Perhaps I did, but it's so long since it doesn't matter. Sometimes when I first came to the gate, I used to feel sorry for it; but that's all over and done with long ago, and I draw my sixty rupees fresh and fresh every month, and am quite happy. Not drunk happy, you know, but always quiet and soothed and contented.

How did I take to it? It began at Calcutta. I used to try it in my own house, just to see what it was like. I never went very far, but I think my wife must have died then. Anyhow, I found myself here, and got to know Fung-Tching. I don't remember rightly how that came about; but he told me of the gate and I used to go there, and, somehow, I have never got away from it since. Mind you, though, the gate was a respectable place in Fung-Tching's time where you could be comfortable, and not at all like the *chandoo-khanas* where the niggers go. No; it was clean and quiet, and not crowded. Of course, there were others besides us ten and the man; but we always had a mat apiece with a wadded woollen headpiece, all covered with black and red dragons and things; just like a coffin in the corner.

At the end of one's third pipe the dragons used to move about and fight. I've watched 'em, many and many a night through. I used to regulate my smoke that way,

and now it takes a dozen pipes to make 'em stir. Besides, they are all torn and dirty, like the mats, and old Fung-Tching is dead. He died a couple of years ago, and gave me the pipe I always use now — a silver one with queer beasts crawling up and down the receiver-bottle below the cup. Before that, I think, I used a big bamboo stem with a copper cup, a very small one, and a green jade mouthpiece. It was a little thicker than a walking-stick stem, and smoked sweet, very sweet. The bamboo seemed to suck up the smoke. Silver doesn't and I've got to clean it out now and then; that's a great deal of trouble, but I smoke it for the old man's sake. He must have made a good thing out of me, but he always gave me clean mats and pillows, and the best stuff you could get anywhere. When he died, his nephew Tsin-ling took up the gate and he called it the "Temple of the Three Possessions," but we old ones speak of it as the "Hundred Sorrows," all the same. The nephew does things very shabbily, and I think the *Memsahib* must help him. She lives with him; same as she used to do with the old man. The two let in all sorts of low people, niggers and all, and the black smoke isn't as good as it used to be. "I've found burned bran in my pipe over and over again. The old man would have died if that had happened in his time. Besides the room is never cleaned, and all the mats are torn and cut at the edges. The coffin has gone — gone to China again — with the old man and two ounces of smoke inside it, in case he should want 'em on the way.

The Joss doesn't get so many sticks burned under his nose as he used to; that's a sign of ill-luck and sure as death. He's all brown, too, and no one ever attends to him. That's the *Memsahib's* work, I know; because, when Tsin-ling tried to burn gilt paper before him, she said it was a waste of money, and, if he kept a stick burning very slowly, the Joss wouldn't know the difference. So now we've got the sticks mixed with a lot of glue, and they take half an hour longer to burn, and smell stinky. Let alone the smell of the room by itself. No business can get on if they try that sort of thing. The Joss doesn't like it. I can see that. Late

at night, sometimes, he turns all sorts of queer colors — blue and green and red — just as he used to do when old Fung-Tching was alive; and he rolls his eyes and stamps his feet like a devil.

I don't know why I don't leave the place and smoke quietly in a little room of my own in the bazar. Most like, Tsin-ling would kill me if I went away — he draws my sixty rupees now — and besides, it's so much trouble, and I've grown to be very fond of the gate. It's not much to look at. Not what it was in the old man's time, but I couldn't leave it. I've seen so many come in and out. And I've seen so many die here on the mats that I should be afraid of dying in the open now. I've seen some things that people would call strange enough; but nothing is strange when you're on the black smoke, except the black smoke. And if it was, it wouldn't matter. Fung-Tching used to be very particular about his people, and never got in any one who'd give trouble by dying messy and such. But the nephew isn't half so careful. He tells everywhere that he keeps a "first-chop" house. Never tries to get men in quietly, and make them comfortable like Fung-Tching did. That's why the gate is getting a little bit more known than it used to be. Among the niggers of course. The nephew daren't get a white, or, for matter of that, a mixed skin into the place. He has to keep us three of course — me and the *Memsahib* and the other Eurasian. We're fixtures. But he wouldn't give us credit for a pipeful — not for anything.

One of these days, I hope, I shall die in the gate. The Persian and the Madras man are terrible shaky now. They've got a boy to light their pipes for them. I always do that myself. Most like, I shall see them carried out before me. I don't think I shall ever outlive the *Memsahib* or Tsin-ling. Women last longer than men at the black smoke, and Tsin-ling has a deal of the old man's blood in him, though he does smoke cheap stuff. The bazar-woman knew when she was going two days before her time; and she died on a clean mat with a nicely wadded pillow, and the old man hung up her

pipe just above the Joss. He was always fond of her, I fancy. But he took her bangles just the same.

I should like to die like the bazar-woman — on a clean, cool mat with a pipe of good stuff between my lips. When I feel I'm going, I shall ask Tsin-ling for them, and he can draw my sixty rupees a month, fresh and fresh, as long as he pleases. Then I shall lie back, quiet and comfortable, and watch the black and red dragons have their last big fight together; and then ——

Well, it doesn't matter. Nothing matters much to me — only I wished Tsin-ling wouldn't put bran into the black smoke.— *Plain Tales from the Hills.*

THE MADNESS OF PRIVATE ORTHERIS.

Oh! Where would I be when my froat was dry?
Oh! Where would I be when the bullets fly?
Oh! Where would I be when I come to die?
Why,
Somewheres anigh my chum.
If 'e's liquor 'e'll give me some,
If I'm dyin' 'e'll 'old my 'ead,
An' 'e'll write 'em 'Ome when I'm dead.—
Gawd send us a trusty chum!

Barrack-Room Ballad.

My friends Mulvaney and Ortheris had gone on a shooting expedition for one day. Learoyd was still in hospital, recovering from fever picked up in Burma. They sent me an invitation to join them, and were genuinely pained when I brought beer — almost enough beer to satisfy two privates of the line . . . and me.

"'Twasn't for that we bid you welkim, sorr," said Mulvaney sulkily. "'Twas for the pleasure av your comp'ny."

Ortheris came to the rescue with: "Well, 'e won't be none the worse for bringin' liquor with 'm. We ain't a file o' dooks. We're bloomin' Tommies, ye cantankris Hirishman; an' ere's your very good 'ealth!"

We shot all the forenoon, and killed two pariah-dogs, four green parrots, sitting, one kite by the burning-ghaut,

one snake flying, one mud-turtle, and eight crows. Game was plentiful. Then we sat down to tiffin —" bull-mate an' bran-bread," Mulvaney called it — by the side of the river, and took pot shots at the crocodiles in the intervals of cutting up the food with our only pocket-knife. Then we drank up all the beer, and threw the bottles into the water and fired at them. After that, we eased belts and stretched ourselves on the warm sand and smoked. We were too lazy to continue shooting.

Ortheris heaved a big sigh, as he lay on his stomach with his head between his fists. Then he swore quietly into the blue sky.

"Fwhat's that for?" said Mulvaney. "Have ye not drunk enough?"

"Tott'nim Court Road, an' a gal I fancied there. Wat's the good of sodgerin'?"

"Orth'ris, me son," said Mulvaney hastily, "'tis more than likely you've got throuble in your inside with the beer. I feel that way mesilf whin my liver gets rusty."

Ortheris went on slowly, not heeding the interruption:

"I'm a Tommy — a bloomin', eight-anna, dog-stealin', Tommy, with a number instead of a decent name. Wot's the good o' me? If I 'ad a stayed at 'ome, I might a' married that gal and a' kep' a little shorp in the 'Ammersmith 'Igh. 'S. Orth'ris, Prac-ti-cal Taxi-der-mist.' With a stuff'd fox, like they 'as in the Haylesbury Dairies, in the winder, an' a little case of blue and yaller glass heyes, an' a little wife to call, 'shorp!' 'shorp!' when the door bell rung. As it his, I'm on'y a Tommy — a bloomin', Gawdforsaken, beer-swillin,' Tommy. 'Rest on your harms —'versed. Stan' at — hease; 'Shun. 'Verse — harms. Right an' lef —tarrn. Slow — march. 'Alt — front. Rest on your harms —'versed. With blank-cart-ridge — load.' An' that's the end o' me." He was quoting fragments from funeral parties' orders.

"Stop ut!" shouted Mulvaney. "Whin you've fired into nothin' as often as me, over a better man than yourself, you will not make a mock av thim orders. 'Tis worse than whistlin' the Dead March in barracks. An' you full as a tick, an' the sun cool, an' all an' all! I take shame for you. You're no better than a pagin — you an'

your firin'-parties an' your glass-eyes. Won't you stop ut, sorr?"

What could I do! Could I tell Ortheris anything that he did not know of the pleasures of his life? I was not a chaplain nor a subaltern, and Ortheris had a right to speak as he thought fit.

"Let him run, Mulvaney," I said. "It's the beer."

"No! 'Tisn't the beer," said Mulvaney. "I know fwhat's comin'. He's tuk this way now an' agin, an' it's bad — it's bad — for I'm fond av the bhoy."

Indeed, Mulvaney seemed needlessly anxious; but I knew that he looked after Ortheris in a fatherly way.

"Let me talk, let me talk," said Ortheris dreamily. "D'you stop your parrit screamin' of a 'ot day, when the cage is a-cookin' 'is poor little pink toes orf, Mulvaney?"

"Pink toes! D'ye mane to say you've pink toes under your bullswools, ye blandanderin',"— Mulvaney gathered himself together for a terrific denunciation —"schoolmistress! Pink toes! How much bass wid the label did that ravin' child dhrink?"

"'Tain't bass," said Ortheris. "It's a bitterer beer nor that. It's 'omesickness!"

"Hark to him! An' he's goin' home in the Sherapis in the inside av four months!"

"I don't care. It's all one to me. 'Ow d'you know I ain't 'fraid o' dyin' 'fore I gets my papers?" He recommenced, in a sing-song voice, the funeral orders.

I had never seen this side of Ortheris' character before, but evidently Mulvaney had, and attached serious importance to it. While Ortheris babbled, with his head on his arms, Mulvaney whispered to me:

"He's always tuk this way when he's been checked over much by the childher they make sarjints nowadays. That an' havin' nothin' to do. I can't make ut out anyways."

"Well, what does it matter? Let him talk himself through."

Ortheris began singing a parody of "The Ramrod Corps," full of cheerful allusions to battle, murder and sudden death. He looked out across the river as he

sang; and his face was quite strange to me. Mulvaney caught me by the elbow to insure attention.

"Matthers? It matthers everything! 'Tis some sort av fit that's on him. I've seen ut. 'Twill hould him all this night, an' in the middle av it, he'll get out av his cot and go rakin in the rack for his 'countrements. Thin he'll come over to me an' say: 'I'm goin' to Bombay. Answer for me in the mornin'.' Thin me an' him will fight as we've done before — him to go an' me to hould him — an' so we'll both come on the books for disturbin' in barricks. I've belted him, an' I've bruk his head, an' I've talked to him, but tis no manner av use whin the fit's on him. He's as good a bhoy as ever stepped whin his mind's clear. I know fwhat's comin', though, this night in barricks. Lord send he doesn't loose off whin I rise for to knock him down. 'Tis that that's in my mind day an' night."

This put the case in a much less pleasant light, and fully accounted for Mulvaney's anxiety. He seemed to be trying to coax Ortheris out of the "fit;" for he shouted down the bank where the boy was lying:

"Listen now, you wid the 'pore pink toes' an' the glass eyes! Did you shwim the Irriwaddy at night, behin' me, as a bhoy shud; or were you hidin' under a bed, as you was at Ahmed Kheyl?"

This was at once a gross insult and a direct lie, and Mulvaney meant it to bring on a fight. But Ortheris seemed shut up in some sort of a trance. He answered slowly, without a sign of irritation, in the same cadenced voice as he had used for his firing party orders:

"Hi swum the Irriwaddy in the night, as you know, for to take the town of Lungtungpen, nakid an' without fear. Hand where I was at Ahmed Kheyl you know, and four bloomin' Pathans know too. But that was summat to do, an' I didn't think o' dyin'. Now I'm sick to go 'ome — go 'ome — go 'ome! No, I ain't mammy sick, because my uncle brung me up, but I'm sick for London again; sick for the sounds of 'er; an the sights of 'er, and the stinks of 'er; orange peel and hasphalte an' gas comin' in over Vaux'all Bridge. Sick for the rail goin' down to Box 'Ill, with your gal on your knee an a new clay pipe

in your face. That, an' the Stran' lights where you knows everyone, an' the Cooper that takes you up is a old friend that 'tuk you up before, when you was a little, smitchy boy lying loose 'tween the temple an' the dark harches. No bloomin guard-mountin', no bloomin' rotten-stone, nor *khaki,* an' yourself your own master with a gal to take an' see the humaners practisin' ahookin' dead corpses out of the Serpentine o' Sundays. An' I lef' all that for to serve the widder beyond the seas where there ain't no women and there ain't no liquor worth 'avin', and there ain't nothin' to see, nor do, nor say, nor feel, nor think. Lord love you, Stanley Orth'ris, but you're a bigger bloomin' fool than the rest o' the reg'ment and Mulvaney wired together! There's the widder sittin' at 'ome with a gold crown'd on 'er 'ead; and 'ere am Hi, Stanley Orth'ris, the widder's property, a rottin' fool!"

His voice rose at the end of the sentence, and he wound up with a six-shot Anglo-vernacular oath. Mulvaney said nothing, but looked at me as if he expected that I could bring peace to poor Ortheris' troubled brain.

I remembered once at Rawal Pindi having seen a man, nearly mad with drink, sobered by being made a fool of. Some regiments may know what I mean. I hoped that we might shake off Ortheris in the same way, though he was perfectly sober. So I said:

"What's the use of grousing there, and speaking against the widow?"

"I didn't!" said Ortheris. "S'elp me Gawd, I never said a word again 'er, an' I wouldn't — not if I was to desert this minute!"

Here was my opening. "Well, you meant to, anyhow. What's the use of cracking on for nothing? Would you slip it now if you got the chance?"

"On'y try me!" said Ortheris, jumping to his feet as if he had been stung.

Mulvaney jumped too. "'Fwhat are you goin to do?" said he.

"Help Ortheris down to Bombay or Karachi, whichever he likes. You can report that he separated from you before tiffin, and left his gun on the bank here!"

"I'm to report that — am I?" said Mulvaney slowly.

"Very well. If Orth'ris manes to desert now, and will desert now, an' you, sorr, who have been a friend to me an' to him, will help him to ut, I, Terrence Mulvaney, on my oath which I've never bruk yet, will report as you say. But"— here he stepped up to Ortheris, and shook the stock of the fowling piece in his face —"your fists help you, Stanley Orth'ris, if ever I come across you agin!"

"I don't care!" said Ortheris. "I'm sick o' this dorg's life. Give me a chanst. Don't play with me. Le' me go!"

"Strip," said I, "and change with me, and then I'll tell you what to do."

I hoped that the absurdity of this would check Ortheris; but he had kicked off his ammunition boots and got rid of his tunic almost before I had loosed my shirt-collar. Mulvaney gripped me by the arm:

"The fit's on him; the fit's workin' on him still. By my honor and sowl, we shall be accessiry to a desartion yet; only twenty-eight days, as you say, sorr, or fifty-six, but think o' the shame — the black shame to him an' me!" I had never seen Mulvaney so excited.

But Ortheris was quite calm, and, as soon as he had exchanged clothes with me, and I stood up a private of the line, he said shortly: "Now! Come on. What nex'? D'ye mean fair? What must I do to get out o' this 'ere a hell?"

I told him that if he would wait for two or three hours near the river, I would ride into the station and come back with one hundred rupees. He would, with that money in his pocket, walk to the nearest side-station on the line, about five miles away, and would there take a first-class ticket for Karachi. Knowing that he had no money on him when he went out shooting, his regiment would not immediately wire to the seaports, but would hunt for him in the native villages near the river. Further, no one would think of seeking a deserter in a first-class carriage. At Karachi, he was to buy white clothes and ship, if he could, on a cargo-steamer.

Here he broke in. If I helped him to Karachi, he would arrange all the rest. Then I ordered him to wait where

he was until it was dark enough for me to ride into the Station without my dress being noticed. Now God in His wisdom has made the heart of the British soldier, who is very often an unlicked ruffian, as soft as the heart of a little child, in order that he may believe in and follow his officers into tight and nasty places. He does not so readily come to believe in a "civilian," but, when he does, he believes implicitly and like a dog. I had had the honor of the friendship of Private Ortheris, at intervals, for more than three years, and we had dealt with each other as man by man. Consequently, he considered that all my words were true, and not spoken lightly.

Mulvaney and I left him in the high grass near the river-bank, and went away, still keeping to the high grass, toward my horse. The shirt scratched me horribly.

We waited nearly two hours for the dusk to fall and allow me to ride off. We spoke of Ortheris in whispers, and strained our ears to catch any sound from the spot where we had left him. But we heard nothing except the wind in the plume-grass.

"I've bruk his head," said Mulvaney, earnestly, "time an' agin. I've nearly kilt him wid the belt, an' yet I can't knock thim fits out av his soft head. No! An' he's not soft, for he's reasonable an' likely by natur'. Fwhat is ut? Is ut his breedin' which is nothin', or his edukashin which he niver got? You that think ye know things, answer me that."

But I found no answer. I was wondering how long Ortheris, in the bank of the river, would hold out, and whether I should be forced to help him to desert, as I had given my word.

Just as the dusk shut down and, with a very heavy heart, I was beginning to saddle up my horse, we heard wild shouts from the river.

The devils had departed from Private Stanley Ortheris, No. 22,639, B Company. The loneliness, the dusk, and the waiting had driven them out as I had hoped. We set off at the double and found him plunging about wildly through the grass, with his coat off — my coat off, I mean. He was calling for us like a madman.

When we reached him, he was dripping with perspira-

tion and trembling like a startled horse. We had great difficulty in soothing him. He complained that he was in civilian kit, and wanted to tear my clothes off his body. I ordered him to strip, and we made a second exchange as quickly as possible. The rasp of his own "grayback" shirt and the squeak of his boots seemed to bring him to himself. He put his hands before his eyes, and said:

"Wot was it? I ain't mad, I ain't sunstrook, an' I've bin an' gone an' said, an' bin an' gone an' done. . . . Wot 'ave I bin an' done!"

"Fwhat have you done?" said Mulvaney. "You've dishgraced yourself — though that's no matter. You've dishgraced B Comp'ny, an' worst av all, you've dishgraced me! Me that taught you how for to walk abroad like a man — whin you was a dhirty, little, fish-backed little whimperin' little recruity. As you are now, Stanley Orth'ris!"

Ortheris said nothing for a while. Then he unslung his belt, heavy with the badges of half-a-dozen regiments that his own had lain with, and handed it over to Mulvaney.

"I'm too little for to mill you, Mulvaney," said he, "an' you' strook me before; but you can take an' cut me in two with this 'ere if you like."

Mulvaney turned to me.

"Lave me to talk to him, soor," said Mulvaney.

I left, and on my way home thought a good deal over Ortheris in particular, and my friend, Private Thomas Atkins, whom I love, in general.

But I could not come to any conclusion of any kind whatever.— *Plain Tales from the Hills.*

THE OTHER MAN.

Far back in the "seventies" before they had built any public offices at Simla, and the broad road round, Jakko lived in a pigeon-hole in the P. W. D. hovels, her parents made Miss Gaurey marry Colonel Schreiderling. He could not have been much more than thirty-five years her senior; and as he lived on two hundred rupees a month and had money of his own, he was well off. He

belonged to good people, and suffered in the cold weather from lung complaints. In the hot weather he dangled on the brink of heat-apoplexy; but it never quite killed him.

Understand, I do not blame Schreiderling. He was a good husband according to his lights, and his temper only failed him when he was being nursed. Which was seventeen days each month. He was almost generous to his wife about money matters, and that, for him, was a concession. Still Mrs. Schreiderling was not happy. They married her when she was this side of twenty and had given all her poor little heart to another man. I have forgotten his name, but we will call him the *Other Man*. He had no money and no prospects. He was not even good-looking; and I think he was even in the Commissariat or Transport. But, in spite of all these things, she loved him very badly; and there was some sort of an engagement between the two when Schreiderling appeared and told Mrs. Gaurey that he wished to marry her daughter. Then the other engagement was broken off — washed away by Mrs. Gaurey's tears, for that lady governed her house by weeping over disobedience to her authority and the lack of reverence she received in her old age. The daughter did not take after the mother. She never cried. Not even at the wedding.

The *Other Man* bore his loss quietly, and was transferred to as bad a station as he could find. Perhaps the climate consoled him. He suffered from intermittent fever, and that may have distracted him from his other trouble. He was weak about the heart, also. Both ways. One of the valves was affected, and the fever made it worse. This showed itself later on.

Then many months passed and Mrs. Schreiderling took to being ill. She did not pine away like people in story-books, but she seemed to pick up every form of illness that went about a Station, from simple fever upward. She was never more than ordinarily pretty at the best of times; and the illnesses made her ugly. Schreiderling said so. He prided himself on speaking his mind.

When she ceased being pretty, he left her to her own devices, and went back to the lairs of his bacherlordom.

She used to trot up and down Simla Mall in a forlorn sort of way, with a gray Terai hat well on the back of her head and a shocking bad saddle under her. Schreiderling's generosity stopped at the horse. He said that any saddle would do for a woman as nervous as Mrs. Schreiderling. She never was asked to dance, because she did not dance well; and she was so dull and uninteresting that her box very seldom had any cards in it. Schreiderling said that if he had known that she was going to be such a scarecrow after her marriage, he would never have married her. He always prided himself on speaking his mind, did Schreiderling.

He left her at Simla one August, and went down to the regiment. Then she revived a little, but she never recovered her looks. I found out at the Club that the *Other Man* was coming up sick — very sick — on an offchance of recovery. The fever and the heart valves had nearly killed him. She knew that, too, and she knew — what I had no interest in knowing — when he was coming up. I suppose he wrote to tell her. They had not seen each other since a month before the wedding, and here comes the unpleasant part of the story.

A late call kept me down at the Dovedell Hotel till dusk one evening. Mrs. Schreiderling had been flitting up and down the Mall all the afternoon in the rain. Coming up along the Cart-road, a tonga passed me, and my pony, tired with standing so long, set off at a canter. Just by the road down to the Tonga Office Mrs. Schreiderling, dripping from head to foot, was waiting for the tonga. I turned up hill, as the tonga was no affair of mine; and just then she began to shriek. I went back at once and saw, under the Tonga Office lamps, Mrs. Schreiderling kneeling in the wet road by the back seat of the newly arrived tonga, screaming hideously. Then she fell face down in the dirt as I came up.

Sitting in the back seat, very square and firm, with one hand on the awning-stanchion and the wet pouring off his hat and mustache, was the *Other Man* — dead. The sixty mile up-hill jolt had been too much for his valve, I suppose. The tonga-driver said, "This Sahib died two stages out of Solon. Therefore, I tied him with

a rope, lest he should fall out by the way, and so came to Simla. Will the Sahib give me *bukshish? It,"* pointing to the *Other Man,* " should have given one rupee."

The *Other Man* sat with a grin on his face, as if he enjoyed the joke of his arrival; and Mrs. Schreiderling in the mud, began to groan. There was no one except us four in the office and it was raining heavily. The first thing was to take Mrs. Schreiderling home, and the second was to prevent her name from being mixed up with the affair. The tonga-driver received five rupees to find a bazar 'rickshaw for Mrs. Schreiderling. He was to tell the *Tonga Babu* afterward of the *Other Man,* and the Babu was to make such arrangements as seemed best.

Mrs. Schreiderling was carried into the shed out of the rain, and for three-quarters of an hour we two waited for the 'rickshaw. The *Other Man* was left exactly as he had arrived. Mrs. Schreiderling would do everything but cry, which might have helped her. She tried to scream as soon as her senses came back, and then she began praying for the *Other Man's* soul. Had she not been as honest as the day she would have prayed for her own soul, too. I waited to hear her do this, but she did not. Then I tried to get some of the mud off her habit. Lastly, the 'rickshaw came and got her away — partly by force. It was a terrible business from beginning to end; but most of all when the 'rickshaw had to squeeze between the wall and the tonga, and she saw by the lamplight that thin, yellow hand grasping the awning-stanchion.

She was taken home just as everyone was going to a dance at Viceregal Lodge — " Peterhoff " it was then — and the doctor found out that she had fallen from her horse, that I had picked her up at the back of Jakko, and really deserved great credit for the prompt manner in which I had secured medical aid. She did not die — men of Schreiderling's stamp marry women who don't die easily. They live and grow ugly.

She never told of her one meeting, since her marriage, with the *Other Man;* and when the chill and cough following the exposure of that evening allowed her abroad,

she never by word or sign alluded to having met me by the Tonga Office. Perhaps she never knew.

She used to trot up and down the Mall on that shocking bad saddle, looking as if she expected to meet someone round the corner every minute. Two years afterward she went Home and died — at Bournemouth — I think.

Schreiderling, when he grew maudlin at mess, used to talk about "my poor dear wife." He always set great store on speaking his mind, did Schreiderling.

KIRK, ELLEN OLNEY, an American novelist; born at Southington, Conn., November 6, 1842. She was educated at Stratford, Conn., and was married to John Foster Kirk in 1879. Her novels, many of which won considerable popularity, include *Lost in Idleness* (1877); *A Midsummer Madness* (1884); *The Story of Margaret Kent* (1886); *Sons and Daughters* (1887); *A Daughter of Eve* (1889); *Walford* (1890); *The Story of Laurence Garthe* (1895); *Dorothy Deane* (1899); *Goodby, Proud World* (1903); and *The Apology of Ayliffe* (1904).

IN THE DAYS OF KING GEORGE.

At the first note of the organ, the door of the vestry-room, which was situated at the entrance to the church, opened, and the Reverend Ebenezer Kneeland, with his lawn surplice flying out a yard behind him, came swinging up the long, broad aisle to the reading-desk. His face was pale and showed a compressed lip and twitching nostril. As he rose from his knees, after a moment's silent prayer, his eyes traveled boldly round the church;

then opening the great folio prayer-book, he read the opening sentence:

"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive."

His glance encountered the straight, commanding gaze of Major Marrable, who looked not only alert, but primed for action. The clergyman waited a moment, then gathering himself together afresh set forward to read the invocations and prayers with a mighty ardor. The responses were as fervent. It was as if the spirit had descended not only upon the pastor, but upon his people. The Venite and Benedictus, sung by all who chose to join, gained extraordinary volume. The Te Deum was uplifting in its majestic flow; the creed, as it rang forth, suggested the crossing of drawn swords. Then began the litany, and into every petition was poured an eloquence of supplication which left few eyes dry. A subtle, indescribable sense of the significance of passing events had its clutch upon each individual consciousness.

"Remember not, Lord, our offenses, nor the offenses of our forefathers, neither take thou vengeance of our sins; spare us, good Lord, spare thy people, whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us forever."

Then the response, "Spare us, good Lord," came with sobs.

It was as if into the hearts of all was poured a sudden illumination of what this prayer might come to mean. Parson Kneeland was never again to kneel in that familiar place. Not until after the close of the war were prayer and praise again to go up in this Saintford church. And as if each thought had its imagination in the future, the suspense, the dread, the suffering human need of help not from flesh and blood; the agony of partings, the pang unassuaged and unassuageable for cruel loss which was to come, took voice and was poured out with irrepressible force of meaning.

"From battle and murder and from sudden death"—

"Good Lord, deliver us."

"From all sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion"—

said Parson Kneeland, with peculiar emphasis, and the senior warden's voice answered sonorously,

"Good Lord, deliver us."

"In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth, in the hour of death and in the day of judgment"—

"Good Lord, deliver us."

"We sinners do beseech thee to hear us, O Lord God, and that it may please thee to rule and govern thy holy church universal in the right way."

"We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord."

The Reverend Mr. Kneeland had grown very pale. He opened his lips once in vain, then struggling to command his voice and fluttering heart-beats, he broke forth:

"That it may please thee to keep and strengthen in the true worshiping of thee, in righteousness and holiness of life, thy servant GEORGE, our most gracious King and Governor —"

There was a rustle and stir. Some of the men in the congregation were rising from their knees. One man was on his feet. His voice rang out like a shot:

"I protest," said Major Marrable.

White faces looked up. Mr. Farrington was struggling to rise, but his sons held him down in his seat, and Cicely clung to him, hiding her face.

Parson Kneeland, as if he would not let himself hear, but must press on, began —

"That it may please thee ——"

"Stop!" thundered Major Marrable, with a face hardening to flint. The clergyman, slowly and shakily, as if benumbed, rose from his knees and stood staring.

"In the name of our liberties, for which we have to struggle," said Major Marrable, "in the name of the homes we have to protect, in the name of the Commonwealth of Connecticut and of the Continental Congress, which has declared our independence of Great Britain, I *protest,* as senior warden of this church, against prayers being offered at this altar for George the Third, who is not our friend, who has proved himself our bitter enemy."

Parson Kneeland was a tall man. At this moment he

towered up above the congregation like an awful accusing angel, a frown gathering on his brow, his eyes flashing lightnings of wrath.

His right hand, until now resting under the heavy cover of the great folio prayer-book, lifted it and brought it down with a crash, closing that page forevermore.

Then he flung up both hands, and held them hovering tremulously over his people, while, bending forward, he gave the benediction.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all evermore. Amen."—*A Revolutionary Love Story.* (Copyright 1898 by HERBERT S. STONE & COMPANY.)

KIRK, JOHN FOSTER, an American historian; born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada, March 22, 1824; died at Philadelphia, September 25, 1904. He took up his residence at Boston about 1843, and from 1847 to 1859 was secretary to William H. Prescott, whom he aided in the preparation of his later works. From 1870 to 1886 he was the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine,* in Philadelphia. In 1886 he was appointed Lecturer on European History at the University of Pennsylvania. His principal work is the *History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy* (three volumes, 1863–68). This is the most complete account of the doings of the last Burgundian duke and of his struggle with Louis XI. for the possession of Provence and for the erection of an independent Rhine Kingdom to rival France. Kirk also issued a supplement to *Allibone's Dictionary of Literature* (1891).

FINDING THE BODY OF CHARLES THE BOLD.

If the Duke of Burgundy were still alive — that was the thought which now occupied every breast. Messengers were sent to inquire, to explore. The field was searched. Horsemen went to Metz and neighboring places to ask whether he had passed. None had seen him, none could find him. Wild rumors had started up. He had hidden in the forest, retired to a hermitage, assumed the religious garb. Goods were bought and sold, to be paid for on his reappearance. Years afterward there were those who still believed, still expected.

Yet intelligence, proof, was soon forthcoming. In the evening of Monday Campobasso presented himself, bringing with him Colonna, who told what he had seen, and gave assurance that he could find the spot. Let him go, then, and seek, accompanied by those who would be surest to recognize the form — Mathieu, a Portuguese physician, a valet-de-chambre, and a "laundress" who had prepared the baths for the fallen prince. They passed out of the gate of Saint John, descending to the low, then marshy ground, on the west of the town. It was drained by a ditch, the bed of a slender rivulet that turned a mill in the faubourg. The distance was not great — less than half an English mile. Several hundred bodies lay near together; but these they passed coming to where a small band, "thirteen or fourteen," had fallen, fighting singly, yet together. Here lay Citey, here Contay, here a Croy, a Belvoir, a Lalain — as in every battle-field; here a Bièvre, loved by his enemies, his skull laid open "like a pot."

These are on the edge of the ditch. At the bottom lies another body, "short, but thick-set and well-membered," in a worse plight than all the rest; stripped naked, horribly mangled, the cheek eaten away by wolves, or famished dogs. Can this be he? They stoop and examine. The nails, never pared, are "longer than any man's." Two teeth are gone — through a fall years ago. There are other marks: a fistula in the groin, in the neck a scar left by a sword-thrust received at Mont-

lhéry. The men turn pale, the woman shrieks and throws herself upon the body: "My Lord of Burgundy! My Lord of Burgundy!" Yes, this is he — the "Great Duke," the destroyer of Liège, the "Terror of France!"

They strive to raise it. The flesh, embedded in the ice, is rent by the effort. Help is sent for. Four of René's men come — men with implements, cloths, and bier; women have sent their veils. It is lifted and borne into the town, through the principal street, to the house of George Marqueiz, where is a large and suitable chamber.

It is carried in, washed with wine and warm water, again examined. There are three principal wounds. A halberd, entering at the side of the head, has cloven it from above the ear to the teeth; both sides have been pierced with a spear; another has been thrust into the bowels from below. It is wrapped in fine linen, and laid out upon a table. The head, covered with a cap of red satin, lies on a cushion of the same color and material. An altar is decked beside it; waxen tapers are lighted; the room is hung with black.

Bid his brother, his captive nobles, his surviving servants, come and see if this be indeed their prince. They assemble around, kneel, and weep; take his hands, his feet, and press them to their lips and breast. He was their sovereign, their "good lord," the chief of a glorious house, the last, the greatest of his line.

Let René come, to see and to exult. Let him come in the guise of the paladins and *preux* on occasions of solemnity and pomp — in a long robe sweeping the ground, with a long beard interwoven with threads of gold! So attired, he enters, stands beside the dead, uncovers the face, takes between his warm hands that cold right hand, falls upon his knees, and bursts into sobs. "Fair cousin," he says — not accusingly, but half-excusingly — "thou broughtest great calamities and sorrows upon us; may God assoil thy soul!"

A quarter of an hour he remains, praying before the altar; then retires to give orders for the burial. Let him who for a twelvemonth was Duke of Lorraine be laid in the Church of Saint George, in front of the high altar, on

the spot where he stood when invested with the sovereignty won by conquest to be so lost.— *History of Charles the Bold.*

KIRKLAND, Caroline Matilda Stansbury, an American editor and essayist; born at New York, January 12, 1801; died there, April 6, 1864. After the death of her father, a publisher of books, the family removed to Clinton, N. Y., where in 1827 she married Professor William Kirkland, of Hamilton College. About 1838 they emigrated to Michigan, which was their home for nearly three years; and this residence, in what was then a "new country," furnished material for several books. Returning to New York, she established a successful school for young ladies, and wrote much for various periodicals, becoming in 1848 editor of the *Union Magazine,* afterward issued at Philadelphia as *Sartain's Magazine.* Her principal works are *A New Home: Who'll Follow* (1839); *Forest Life* (1842); *Western Clearings* (1846); *Holidays Abroad* (1849); *The Evening Book* (1852; *A Book for the Home Circle* (1853); *The Book of Home Beauty* and *Personal Memoirs of George Washington* (1858).

MEETING OF THE FEMALE BENEFICENT SOCIETY.

At length came the much desired Tuesday, whose destined event was the first meeting of the Society. I had made preparations for such plain and simple fare as is usual at such feminine gatherings, and began to think of arranging my dress with the decorum required by the occasion, when about one hour before the appointed time came Mrs. Nippers and Miss Clinch, and ere they

were unshawled and unhooded, Mrs. Flyter and her three children — the eldest four years, and the youngest six months. Then Mrs. Muggles and her crimson baby, four weeks old. Close on her heels, Mrs. Briggs and her little boy of about three years' standing, in a long-tailed coat, with vest and decencies of scarlet circassian. And there I stood in my gingham wrapper and kitchen apron, much to my discomfiture and the undisguised surprise of the Female Beneficent Society.

"I always calculate to be ready to begin at the time appointed," remarked the gristle-lipped widow.

"So do I," responded Mrs. Flyter and Mrs. Muggles, both of whom sat the whole afternoon, and did not sew a stitch.

"What! isn't there any work ready?" continued Mrs. Nippers, with an astonished aspect; "well, I *did* suppose that such smart officers as we have would have prepared all beforehand. We always used to at the East."

Mrs. Skinner, who is really quite a pattern woman in all that makes woman indispensable — cookery and sewing — took up the matter quite warmly, just as I slipped away in disgrace to make the requisite reform in my costume. When I returned, the work was distributed, and the company broken up into little knots or coteries, every head bowed, and every tongue in full play.

I took my seat at as great a distance from the sharp widow as might be; though it is vain to think of eluding a person of her ubiquity — and reconnoitred the company, who were "done off" in first-rate style for this important occasion. They were nineteen women, with thirteen babies, or at least "young 'uns," who were not above ginger-bread. Of these thirteen, nine held large chunks of ginger-bread or doughnuts in trust, for the benefit of the gowns of the Society; the remaining four were supplied with lumps of maple-sugar, tied up in bits of rag and pinned to their shoulders, or held dripping in the hands of their mammas.

Mrs. Flyter was "slicked up" for the occasion in the snuff-colored silk she was married in, curiously enlarged in the back, and not as voluminous in the floating part

as is the wasteful custom of the present day. Her three immense children, white-haired and blubber-lipped like their amiable parent, were in pink ginghams and blue glass-beads. Mrs. Nippers wore her unfailing brown merino and black apron; Miss Clinch her inevitable scarlet calico; Mrs. Skinner her red merino, with baby of the same; Mrs. Daker shone out in her very choicest city finery; and a dozen other Mistresses shone in their "'tother gowns" and their tamboured collars. Mrs. Philo Doubleday's pretty black-eyed Dolly was neatly stowed in a small willow basket, where it lay looking about with eyes of sweet wonder, behaving itself with marvellous quietness and discretion — as did most of the other little torments, to do them justice.

Much consultation, deep and solemn, was held as to the most profitable kinds of work to be undertaken by the Society. Many were in favor of making up linen — cotton-linen of course — but Mrs. Nippers assured the company that shirts never used to sell well at the East, and therefore she was perfectly certain that they would not do here. Pincushions and such like feminalities were then proposed; but at these Mrs. Nippers held up both hands and showed a double share of blue-white around her eyes. Nobody about her needed pincushions; and, besides, where should we get materials? Aprons, capes, caps, collars were all proposed with the same ill-success. At length Mrs. Doubleday, with an air of great deference, inquired what Mrs. Nippers would recommend. The good lady hesitated a little at this. It was more her forte to object to other people's plans than to suggest better; but, after a moment's consideration, she said she should think fancy boxes, watch-cases, and alum-baskets would be very pretty.

A dead silence fell on the assembly; but of course it did not last long. Mrs. Skinner went on quietly cutting out shirts, and in a very short time furnished each member with a good supply of work, stating that any lady might take work home to finish if she liked.

Mrs. Nippers took her work, and edged herself into a coterie of which Mrs. Flyter had seemed till then the magnate. Very soon I heard — "I declare it's a shame!"

— "I don't know what'll be done about it!" —"She told me so with her own mouth!" — "Oh, but I was there myself!" etc., etc., in many different voices; the interstices filled with undistinguishable whispers; "not loud but deep." It was not long before the active widow transferred her seat to another corner; Miss Clinch plying her tongue — not her needle — in a third. The whispers and exclamations seemed to be gaining ground. The few silent members were inquiring for more work.

"Mrs. Nippers has the sleeve! Mrs. Nippers, have you finished that sleeve?" Mrs. Nippers colored, said "No," and sewed four stitches. At length the storm grew loud apace: "It will break up the Society —"

"What is that?" asked Mrs. Doubleday in her sharp treble. "What is it, Mrs. Nippers? *You* know all about it."

Mrs. Nippers replied that she only knew what she had heard, etc., etc. But after a little urging consented to inform the company in general that there was great dissatisfaction in the neighborhood; that those who lived in *log-houses* at a little distance from the village had not been invited to join the Society; and also that many people thought twenty-five cents quite too high for a yearly subscription.

Many looked quite aghast at this. Public opinion is nowhere so strongly felt as in the country, among new settlers; and as many of the present company still lived in log-houses, a tender string was touched. At length an old lady, who had sat quietly in a corner all the afternoon, looked up from behind the great woollen sock she was knitting:

"Well, now! that's queer!" said she, addressing Mrs. Nippers, with an air of simplicity simplified. "Miss Turner told me you went round her neighborhood last Friday, and told that Miss Clavers and Miss Skinner despised everybody that lived in log-houses. And you know you told Miss Briggs that you thought twenty-five cents was too much; didn't she, Miss Briggs?"

Mrs. Briggs nodded. The widow blushed to the very centre of her pale eyes; but "e'en though vanquished," she lost not her assurance: "Why, I am sure I only

said that we only paid twelve and a half cents at the East; and as to log-houses, I don't know — I can't just recollect — but I didn't say more than the others did."

But human nature could not bear up against the mortification: and it had, after all, the scarce credible effect of making Mrs. Nippers sew in silence for some time, and carry her colors at half-mast the remainder of the afternoon.

At tea each lady took one or more of her babies on her lap, and much grabbing ensued. Those who wore calicoes seemed in good spirits and appetite — for green tea, at least; but those who had unwarily sported silks and other unwashables looked acid and uncomfortable. Cake flew about at a great rate, and the milk-and-water which ought to have quietly gone down sundry juvenile throats was spirited without mercy into sundry wry faces. But we got through. The astringent refreshment produced its usual crisping effect upon the vivacity of the company. Talk ran high upon all Montacutian themes:

"Do you raise any butter now?" — "When are you going to raise your barn?" — "Is your man a-going to kill this week?" — "I ha'n't seen a bit of meat these six weeks." — "Was you to meetin' last Sabbath?" — "Has Miss White got any wood to sell?" — "Do tell if you've been to Detroit?" — "Are you out of candles?" — "Well, I *should* think Sarah Teals wanted a new gown!" — "I hope we shall have milk in a week or two." And so on; for, be it known that in a state of society like ours the bare necessaries of life are subjects of sufficient interest for a good deal of conversation.

"Is your daughter Isabella well?" asked Mrs. Nippers of me, solemnly, pointing to little Bell, who sat munching her bread-and-butter, half asleep at the fragmentious table.

"Yes, I believe so; look at her cheeks."

"Ah, yes! it was her cheeks I was looking at. They are so *very* rosy. I have a little niece who is the very image of her. I never see Isabella without thinking of Jerusha; and Jerusha is most dreadfully scrofulous."

Satisfied at having made me uncomfortable, Mrs. Nip-

pers turned to Mrs. Doubleday, who was trotting her pretty babe with her usual proud fondness.

"Don't you think your baby breathes rather strangely?" said the tormentor.

"Breathes! how!" said the poor thing, off her guard in an instant.

"Why, rather croupish, I think, if *I* am any judge. I have never had any children of my own, to be sure; but I was with Miss Green's baby when it died, and —"

"Come, we'll be off," said Mr. Doubleday, who had came for his spouse. "Don't mind that envious vixen" aside to his Polly. Just then somebody on the opposite side of the room happened to say, speaking of some cloth affair, "Mrs. Nippers says it ought to be sponged." "Well, sponge it then by all means," said Mr. Doubleday; "nobody else knows half as much about sponging." And with wife and baby in tow, off set the laughing Philo, leaving the widow absolutely transfixed.

"What *could* Mr. Doubleday mean by that?" was at length her indignant exclamation. Nobody spoke. "I am sure," continued the crestfallen widow, with an attempt at a scornful giggle, "I am sure, if anybody understood him, I would be glad to know what he *did* mean."

"Well now, I can tell you," said the same simple old lady in the corner, who had let out the secret of Mrs. Nipper's morning walks: "Some folks call that *sponging* when you go about getting your dinner here and your tea there, and sich-like — as you know you and Meesy there does. That was what he meant, I guess."

And the old lady quietly put up her knitting and prepared to go home. Mrs. Nippers's claret cloak and green bonnet, and Miss Clinch's ditto, ditto, were in requisition; and I do not think that either of them spent a day out that week.— *A New Home.*

KITTRIDGE, WALTER, an American poet and composer; born at Merrimac, N. H., in 1834; died at Reedsferry, N. H., July 8, 1905. He began composing popular songs in 1856, writing the words and music of many pieces, which he sang in various parts of the country. In 1861 he married Miss Annie Fairfield, of New Boston.

Tenting on the Old Camp Ground, his most famous piece, was composed in 1864. Other well-known songs which had a wide popularity in their day are *Scatter the Flowers Over the Gray and the Blue; Sing the Old War Songs Again,* and many others.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground;
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear!

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace;
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Thinking of the days gone by;
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand
And the tear that said Goodby!

We are tired of war on the old camp ground;
Many are dead and gone
Of the brave and the true who've left their homes —
Others have been wounded long.

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp ground;
Many are lying near —
Some are dead and some are dying,
Many are in tears!

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace;
Dying to-night, dying to-night,
Dying on the old camp ground.

KJELLAND, ALEXANDER LANGE, a Norwegian novelist; born at Stavanger, Norway, October 2, 1849. He made a long sojourn in Paris just before his thirtieth year, and while there wrote a number of sketches, which were published under the title *Novelletter.* These attracted considerable notice because of the excellence of his style. The next year, 1880, he published two volumes of short stories, *Nye Novelletter* and *For Scenen,* and also a novel, *Garman og Worse,* which was very well received. The following year appeared two more ambitious works, *Arbeidsfolk* and *Elsie,* which determined his standing among the novelists of that tongue. Both were intensely realistic and radical, and the keenest criticism of the existing customs of Norway that had ever appeared. Moreover, the literary style was so fine that it has been pronounced by the critics that "no man has written Norwegian as this man writes it." The style in its elegant simplicity reminds one of Swift, of Hawthorne,

or Holmes. But in his dramatic art Kjelland is no less noteworthy, his command over the sympathies of his readers being indeed remarkable, especially as not all of them were favorable to the views which he was promulgating. The two books which now appeared both dealt with phases of the sex problem, but were cleanly written, though severely satirical. His other works are *Skipper Worse; To Novelletter; Fortuna; Sne; Tre Par; Betty's Formynder; En Professor; Maend og Dyre; Sankt Hans Fest,* and *Jakob.* They are all social satires of the most drastic type.

His books have all been translated into German and French, and many of them into other languages. An authorized edition in English has been published, also, embracing all but the most recent. We quote from the American translation of his most popular story, *Elsie,* by Miles Menander Dawson, an illustration of Kjelland's style and method.

AN OPPORTUNITY NEGLECTED.

The police-chief's handsome wife no longer kept office hours from ten to eleven. She was tired of it.

These preliminary labors dragged along interminably: when the chaplain once had the institution organized, it seemed as if he had gained his point, and the institution's farther growth and progress he did not allow to lie so much upon his mind.

At the last meeting he had even, with his customary decision, proposed that the matter should temporarily rest until autumn; for the summer was now at hand, when all the institution's promoters were going to the baths or into the country; they could, therefore, confine themselves to working secretly — as the chaplain expressed himself — and so meet again, if God will, at autumn with renewed powers.

Working secretly was not to this lady's taste. She desired, on the contrary, to distinguish herself in one

way or another; but there was no opportunity, and at last she let the register lie unopened on the desk; but she did not let it lie there; it was always a graceful object, and every stranger was sure to ask what it was.

One delightful May morning, between ten and eleven, the maid came into her bedchamber and announced that Miss Falbè was waiting to see her.

At first the lady wished to excuse herself; but when she heard that it concerned the Institution for Fallen Women of St. Peter's Parish, she made a becoming negligé toilet and went down. But she was a little provoked, anyhow; it was just like Miss Falbè to come at the wrong time.

It was like her, too, not to seem to hear the story of the horrible headache which the lady related; but, without further ado, to go straight to the matter in hand.

"You remember, madam," she began, "that some time since I presented a young girl for your institution? Do you also recall what hindered her reception at that time?"

The lady nodded stiffly.

"This hindrance is now certainly removed" — Miss Falbè's voice sounded a little sharp as she said it — "the girl has gone astray — to a pitiable degree."

The police-chief's wife did not really see what answer she should make. She assumed a business-like mien, and sought for excuses; she felt an instinctive longing to oppose Miss Falbè.

But all at once it occurred to her: here was the most excellent opportunity to distinguish herself; she was the institution's secretary, and, although the organization was not yet complete, still she had both money and clothing at her disposal. She looked at the register; the women who received support from the institution were to be recorded in it.

She made a bold decision, and solemnly opened the register.

With a rapid and graceful hand she now at last filled the empty spaces in the first line: Name, Age, By whom presented, etc.; all with a business expression, as if it were the twentieth time she had done it.

When it was all filled out, Miss Falbè asked:

"Well, as to the baby — "

"The baby!" cried the lady. "Is there a baby?"

"There will be," responded the imperturbable Miss Falbè.

For a moment the poor lady thought she would faint; but her wrath got the upper hand. Flaming red, and with anything but mild eyes, she arose:

"It's a shame for you, Miss Falbè; but that's always the way with you. Now I must scratch in the register; it is spoiled — all spoiled!" and the lady burst into tears for grief and vexation.

"But what's to be understood by that?" asked Miss Falbè.

"Oh! you know well enough," sobbed the lady. "When there is a baby, you should go to the lying-in hospital for poor women, and not to us. You knew it well — yes, you knew it; I am sure you did."

Miss Falbè smiled; Miss Falbè really smiled a little contemptuously as she went down the steps. Whether she knew it or not, is as well unknown; at any rate, she did not go to the lying-in hospital for poor women.

On the contrary, she went home again to the Ark and hunted up Madam Speckbom. When Miss Falbè was really in a strait to procure aid for some poor creature or other she had found, she always knew that Madam Speckbom had a little to spare on a pinch.

And Madam held Miss Falbè infinitely high — mostly, perhaps, because she was the only educated person who had ever shown genuine respect for her medical skill.

But then when Madam learned that it was Loppen who was to be helped, she shook her curls in disapproval:

"It will do no good with her, miss — I know the blood — so I do!"

Madam Speckbom had missed Loppen so badly that she had almost grown old in six months' time; she had repented, too, perhaps, but she was of too stern and obstinate a composition ever to acknowledge it.

But Miss Falbè proceeded without allowing herself to be scared off by the curls, telling how it had gone with

Elsie of late; she had kept an eye on her as well as she could.

Since early that year, Loppen had been living with the young boy from the brick-works — partly out there, partly in a notorious lodging-house in town.

But he was lazy and, besides, he drank all the time when he was in town. So Elsie had suffered very much; and what was worse, she had changed so in this short time that when Miss Falbè called and tried to help and counsel her, Loppen had laughed defiantly and said that she would take care of herself.

"Yes, yes — there, you see; that's the kind of a girl she is," muttered Madam.

But Elsie was sick now; and that afternoon when Miss Falbè found her alone — Svend had not shown his face for several days — she was humble and penitent.

Miss Falbè talked so long about Elsie that Madam thawed; and at evening Loppen was brought home and had her old bed in the little chamber where the morning sun shone in.

At first Elsie did not dare to look Madam in the eye. But when she had accustomed herself to the old surroundings, and especially after it was over with and she had given birth to a miserable, little, still-born child, the old intimacy between them began to return.

"But," said Madam Speckbom, when they had had a long talk about the past, "if after this you commit any follies or run away, or if you only a single time go up to Puppelena's, then it will be all over between us — over, once for all."

Elsie felt so certain that such a thing could never happen again; she had gone through too much for that.

And now it was so delightful.

As to Svend, Madam had promised herself that if he would be sober and work, she would help them to get married.

And it was that Elsie lay and thought about; and as her strength slowly waxed with good food and treatment, she began in her old way to dream.

But now they were quite different — her dreams — from

those when she lay in her virgin bed, and really did not comprehend what she was dreaming of.

Now she cast away the horses and swan's-down and longed for a little house close by the brick-works for Svend and herself, and a big rose-bush in front like those in the bellman's garden; oh, when she thought of the bellman's roses! She could recall their fragrance so that she could smell them.

She was too young and light-hearted to grieve long because the child was still-born. And when she was up and began to walk around, she felt happier than she had felt for a long time. Her beauty came back, too; her eyes became bright again and her figure rounded.

One evening, when Madam had just gone out, Svend came in. Elsie was much alarmed, for Madam had forbidden her receiving him; she wanted to talk with Svend herself first.

But she could not drive him away; for that matter, he would not let himself be driven away; it was so long since they had seen each other. Loppen appeased herself by resolving that she would tell Madam when she came home, however it went with her.

But she did not do so. When she came to the point, she had not the courage; and Svend continued calling on her twice a week — especially Saturday evenings.

Whether Madam Speckbom suspected anything, Elsie could not be certain; but it troubled her; yet, she could not bring herself to confess. It was harder, too, the longer it ran on; and at last she had not the slightest desire to talk confidently with Madam.

There was so much sunshine in July and August, and so little of it came into Madam Speckbom's narrow streets.

Loppen sat by the window and looked up at the sky, and she thought ever so long about Svend and the brick-works, and all the bright pearls which leaped from the water-wheel and of the bellman's roses. She breathed heavily. What would she not give for such a rose!

The next Saturday Svend brought her one. There were scores of them, he said; one scented their fra-

grance clear out on the road, and they hung out over the hedge this year, so one did not have to climb over.

She held the rose in her hand; it was wellnigh ruined, and he teased her to go out with him and pluck a good many more.

But she would not; and she walked on and explained for the twentieth time how much more sensible it was for her to stay with Madam as long as possible; and then they could better arrange to be married in the fall.

Svend listened patiently to her, and in this way they walked on from corner to corner, across the slopes behind the town. But when he had her so far, he took her about the waist and said: "Don't be foolish, now, Elsie! What do you want down in that black hospital? Only think how fresh and lovely it is here!"

He was browned again by the sun; the warm gypsy blood flowed up into his cheeks, and his teeth glistened in the twilight. It was impossible for her to withstand him; and, happy and careless, she ran away with him into the silent, beautiful summer night.—*From Elsie; translation of* MILES MENANDER DAWSON.

KLOPSTOCK, FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB, a German poet; born at Quedlinburg, Prussia, July 2, 1724; died at Hamburg, March 14, 1803. He entered the University of Jena, where he studied until 1745, and his enthusiasm took a religious turn, and he chose "The Messiah" as the theme of his proposed epic. In 1746 he went to Leipsic, where a literary association had been gathered together, the aim of which was an entire renovation of the form and spirit of German poetry. This association established at Bremen a literary journal, the *Literarische Zeitung*. The first three cantos of Klopstock's *Messiah* were pub-

lished in this journal in 1748, the last part as late as 1773. From the outset Klopstock was recognized in certain circles of Germany as a great epic poet, ranking with Dante and Milton.

ODE TO GOD.

Thou Jehovah
Art named, but I am dust of dust.
Dust, yet eternal: for the immortal Soul
Thou gaved'st me, gaved'st Thou for eternity;
Breathed'st into her, to form thy maze,
Sublime desires for peace and bliss,
A thronging host! but one, more beautiful
Than all the rest, is as the Queen of all,
Of Thee the last, divinest image,
The fairest, most attractive — Love!
Thou feelest it, though, as the Eternal One,
It feel, rejoicing, the high angels whom
Thou mad'st celestial — Thy last image,
The fairest and divinest Love!
Deep within Adam's heart Thou planted'st it,
In his idea of perfection made,
For him create, to him Thou broughtest
The Mother of the Human Race.
Deep also in my heart Thou planted'st it:
In my idea of perfection made,
For me create, from me Thou leadest
Her whom my soul entirely loves.
Toward her my soul is all outshed in tears —
My full soul weeps, to stream itself away
Wholly in tears! From me Thou leadest
Her whom I love, O God! from me —
For so Thy destiny, invisibly,
Ever in darkness works — far, far away
From my fond arms in vain extended —
But not away from my sad heart!
And yet Thou knowest why Thou didst conceive
And to reality creating, call
Souls so susceptible of feeling,
And for each other fitted so.

Thou knowest, Creator! But Thy destiny
Those souls — thus born for each other — parts:
  High destiny impenetrable —
  How dark, yet how adorable!
But Life, when with Eternity compared,
Is like the swift breath by the dying breathed,
  The last breath, wherewith flees the spirit
  That age to endless life aspired.
What once was labyrinth in glory melts
Away — and destiny is then no more.
  Ah, then, with rapturous rebeholding,
  Thou givest soul to soul again!
Thought of the Soul and of Eternity,
Worthy and meet to soothe the saddest pain:
  My soul conceives it in its greatness;
  But, Oh, I feel too much the life
That here I live! Like immortality,
What seemed a breath fearfully wide extends!
  I see, I see my bosom's anguish
  In boundless darkness magnified.
God! let this life pass like a fleeting breath!
Ah, no! But her, who seems designed for me,
  Give — easy for Thee to accord me —
  Give to my trembling, tearful heart!
The pleasing awe that thrills me, meeting her!
The suppressed stammer of the dying soul,
  That has no words to say its feelings
  And save by tears is wholly mute!
Give her unto my arms, which, innocent
In childhood, oft to Thee in Heaven,
  When with the fervor of devotion
  I prayed of Thee eternal peace!
With the same effort dost Thou grant and take
From the poor worm, whose hours are centuries,
  This brief felicity — the worm, man,
  Who blooms his season, droops and dies!
By her beloved, I beautiful and blest,
Will Virtue call, and on her heavenly form
  With fixèd will gaze, and only
  Own that for peace and happiness
Which she prescribes for me. But Holier One,

Thee, too, who dwell'st afar in higher state
Than human virtue — Thee I'll honor,
Only by God observed, more pure.
By her beloved, will I more zealously,
Rejoicing, meet before Thee, and pour forth
My fuller heart, Eternal Father,
In hallelujas ferventer.
Then, when she with me, she Thine exalted praise
Weeps up to Heaven in prayer, with eyes that swim
In ecstasy, shall I already
With her that higher life enjoy.
The song of the Messiah, in her arms
Quaffing enjoyment pure, I nobler may
Sing to the Good, who love as deeply,
And, being Christians, feel as we!

KNIGHT, CHARLES, an English editor and publisher; born at Windsor, March 15, 1791; died at Addlestone, Surrey, March 9, 1873. In 1823 he commenced the publication of *Knight's Quarterly Magazine,* in which appeared Macaulay's earliest writings; the title was changed in 1827 to *The London Magazine,* and in it appeared Carlyle's *Life of Schiller* and De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.* About 1830 he became connected with the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, as publisher and agent. Among the works, issued mainly at his own risk, were the *Penny Magazine,* which at one time had a circulation of 200,000 copies, and the *Penny Encyclopedia.* In 1856–62 was published *The Popular History of England,* written mainly by himself. Among his numerous compilations are *Half Hours with the Best Authors* (1848), and *Half Hours*

with the Best Letter-Writers (1866). His *Life of Caxton,* published in 1844, was in 1854 greatly enlarged, and issued under the title *The Old Printer and the Modern Press.* Mr. Knight's publishing enterprises were not ultimately successful; but about 1860 he received from the government the appointment of publisher of the London *Gazette.*

A PROPHECY OF PRINTING.

It was evensong time when, after a day of listlessness, the printers in the Almonry of Westminster prepared to close the doors of their workshop. This was a tolerably spacious room, with a carved oaken roof. The setting sun shone brightly into the chamber, and lighted up such furniture as no other room in London could then exhibit. Between the columns which supported the roof stood two presses — ponderous machines. A "form" of types lay unread upon the "table" of one of these presses; the other was empty. There were "cases" ranged between the opposite columns; but there was no "copy" suspended, ready for the compositors to proceed with in the morning. No heap of wet paper was piled upon the floor. The "balls," removed from the presses, were rotting in a corner. The "ink-blocks" were dusty, and a thin film had formed over the oily pigment. William Caxton, he who had set these machines in motion and filled the whole space with the activity of his mind, was dead. His daily work was ended.

Three grave-looking men, decently clothed in black, were girding on their swords. Their caps were in their hands. The door opened, and the chief of the workmen came in. It was Wynkyn de Worde. With short speech, but looks of deep significance, he called a "Chapel" — the printers' Parliament — a conclave as solemn and as omnipotent as the Saxon's Witenagemote. Wynkyn was the "Father of the Chapel."

The four drew their high stools round the "imposing-stone." Upon the stone lay two uncorrected folio pages — a portion of the *Lives of the Fathers.* The "proof"

was not returned. He that they had followed a few days before to his grave in Saint Margaret's Church had lifted it once to his failing eyes — and then they closed in night.

"Companions," said Wynkyn — surely that word "companion" tells of the antiquity of printing, and of the old love and fellowship that subsisted among its craft — "Companions, the good work will not stop."

"Wynkyn," said Richard Pynson, "who is to carry on the work?"

"I am ready," answered Wynkyn.

A faint expression of joy arose to the lips of these honest men; but it was dampened by the remembrance of him they had lost.

"He dies," said Wynkyn, "as he lived. The *Lives of the Holy Fathers* is finished, as far as the translator's labor. There is the rest of the copy. Read the words of the last page which *I* have written: *'Thus endeth the most virtuous history of the devout and right-renowned lives of the Holy Fathers living in the desert, worthy of remembrance to all well-disposed persons, which has been translated out of French into English by William Caxton, of Westminster, late dead, and finished at the last day of his life.'*"

The tears were in all their eyes; and "God rest his soul!" was whispered around.

"Companion," said William Machlinia, "is not this a hazardous enterprise?"

"I have encouragements," replied Wynkyn; "the Lady Margaret, his Highness's mother, gives me aid. So droop not, fear not. We will carry on the work briskly in our good master's house. So fill the case."

A shout almost mounted to the roof.

"But why should we fear? You, Machlinia, you, Letton, and you, dear Richard Pynson, if you choose not to abide with your old companion here, there is work for you all in these good towns of Westminster, London, and Southwark. You have money; you know where to buy types. Printing *must* go forward."

"Always full of heart," said Pynson. "But have you forgot the statute of King Richard? We cannot say,

'God rest his soul!' for our old master scarcely ever forgave him putting Lord Rivers to death. You forgot the statute. We ought to know it, for we printed it. I can turn to the file in a moment. It is the Act touching the merchants of Italy, which forbids them selling their wares in this realm. Here it is — 'Provided always that this Act, or any part thereof, in no wise extend or be prejudicial of any let, hurt, or impediment to any artificer or merchant stranger, of what nation or country he be or shall be of, for bringing into this realm, or selling by retail or otherwise, of any manner of books written or imprinted.' — Can we stand up against that, if we have more presses than the old press of the Abbey of Westminster?"

"Aye, truly, we can, good friend," briskly answered Wynkyn. "Have we any books in our store? Could we ever print books fast enough? Are there not readers rising up on all sides? Do we depend upon the Court? The mercers and the drapers, the grocers and the spicers of the city crowd here for our books — the rude uplandish men even take our books — they that our master rather vilipended. The tapsters and taverners have our books. The whole country-side cries out for our ballads and our Robin Hood stories; and, to say the truth, the citizen's wife is as much taken with our King Arthurs and King Blanchardines as the most noble knight that Master Caxton ever desired to look upon in his green days of jousts in Burgundy. So fill the case!"

"But if foreigners bring books into England," said the cautious William Machlinia, "there will be more books than readers."

"Books make readers," rejoined Wynkyn. "Do you not remember how timidly our bold master went on before he was safe in his sell? Do you forget how he asked this lord to take a copy, and that knight to give him something in fee; and how he bargained for his summer venison and his winter venison as an encouragement in his ventures? But he found a larger market than he ever counted upon; and so shall we all. Go ye forth, my brave fellows. Stay not to work for me, if you can work better for yourselves. I fear no rivals."

"Why, Wynkyn," interposed Pynson; "you talk as if printing were as necessary as air; books as food, clothing, or fire."

"And so they will be some day. What is to stop the wish for books? Will one man have the command of books, and another man desire them not? The time may come when every man shall require books."

"Perhaps," said Letton, who had an eye to printing the Statutes, "the time may come when every man shall want to read an Act of Parliament, instead of the few lawyers who buy our Acts now."

"Hardly so," grunted Wynkyn.

"Or perchance you think that when our Sovereign Liege meets his Peers and Commons in Parliament, it were well to print a book, some month or two after, to tell what the Parliament said, as well as ordained."

"Nay, nay, you run me hard," said Wynkyn.

"And if within a month, why not within a day? Why shouldn't we print the words as fast as spoken? We only want fairy fingers to pick up our types, and presses that Doctor Faustus and his devils may some day make, to tell all London to-morrow morning what is done this morning in the palace at Westminster."

"Prithee, be serious," ejaculated Wynkyn. "I was speaking of possible things; and I really think the day may come when one person in a thousand may read books and buy books, and we shall have a trade almost as good as that of armorers and fletchers."

"The Bible!" exclaimed Pynson. "Oh, that we might print the Bible! I know of a copy of Wickliffe's Bible. That were indeed a book to print!"

"I have no doubt, Richard, that the happy time may come when a Bible shall be chained in every church, for every Christian man to look upon. You remember when our brother Hunte showed us the chained books in the Library at Oxford. So, a century or two hence, a Bible may be found in every parish. Twelve thousand parishes in England! We should want more paper in that good day, Master Richard."

"You had better fancy," said Letton, "that every housekeeper will want a Bible! Heaven save the mark,

how some men's imaginations run away with them!"

"I cannot see," interposed Machlinia, "how we can venture upon more presses in London. Here are two. They have been worked well since the day when they were shipped at Cologne. Here are five founts of type — as much as a thousand-weight. They have been well worked; they are pretty nigh worn out. What man would risk such an adventure after our good old master? He was a favorite at court and in cloister. He was well patronized. Who is to patronize us?"

"The people, I tell you," exclaimed Wynkyn. "The babe in the cradle wants an Absey-book; the maid at her distaff a Ballad; the priest wants his Pié; the young lover wants a Romance of Chivalry to read to his mistress; the lawyer wants his Statutes; the scholar wants his Virgil and Cicero. They will all want more, the more they are supplied. How many in England have a book at all, think you? Let us make books cheaper by printing more of them at a time. The church-wardens of Saint Margaret's School asked me six-and-eight-pence yesterday for the volume that our master left the parish; for not a copy can I get, if we should want to print again. Six-and-eight-pence! That was exactly what he charged his customers for the volume. Print five hundred instead of two hundred, and we could sell it for three-and-fourpence."

"And ruin ourselves," said Machlinia. "Master Wynkyn, I shall fear to work for you if you go on so madly. What has turned your head?" — *William Caxton, a Biography.*

KNOWLES, JAMES SHERIDAN, an Irish dramatist; born at Cork, May 12, 1784; died at Torquay, Devonshire, November 30, 1862. In 1806 he appeared on the stage at Dublin, and for some years joined to the labors of an actor those of dramatic

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

author and teacher. His first important success was attained at Belfast by *Caius Gracchus,* in 1815. *Virginius,* produced in 1820, established his reputation. *William Tell* followed in 1825. His other plays are *The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green* (1828); *Alfred the Great* (1831); *The Hunchback* (1832); *The Wife* (1833); *The Daughter* (1836); *The Love Chase* (1837); *Woman's Wit* (1838); *The Maid of Mariendorpt* (1838); *Love* (1839); *John of Procida* (1840); *Old Maids* (1841); *The Rose of Aragon* (1842), and *The Secretary* (1843). These were gathered into three volumes as his *Dramatic Works* (1843), revised edition in two volumes (1856). Knowles abandoned the stage from conscientious scruples in 1845, wrote two novels, *Fortescue* and *George Lovell* (1847), received a pension of £200 in 1849, published *The Rock of Rome* (1849) and *The Idol Demolished by Its Own Priests* (1851), and became a Baptist preacher in 1852.

Knowles's plays are not entirely devoid of literary value, but they might never have been heard of except as dramas. Independently of his technical knowledge, Knowles had that knowledge of human nature without which drama is impossible, and he could write very respectable English. His style, his verse, his theme, his characters, his treatment, are all mediocre, but his technique as a dramatist deserves warmer praise.

DEATH OF VIRGINIA.

Appius.—Virginius,
I feel for you: but though you were my father,
The majesty of justice should be sacred —
Claudius must take Virginia home with him!

Virginius.—And if he must, I should advise him, Appius,

To take her home in time, before his guardian
Complete the violation which his eyes
Already have begun.— Friends! fellow-citizens:
Look not on Claudius — look on your Decemvir!
He is the master claims Virginia!
The tongues that told him she was not my child
Are these: — the costly charms he cannot purchase,
Except by making her the slave of Claudius,
His client, his purveyor, that caters for
His pleasure — markets for him, picks and scents,
And tastes, that he may banquet — serves him up
His sensual feast, and is not now ashamed,
In the open, common street, before your eyes —
Frighting your daughters' and your matrons' cheeks
With blushes they ne'er thought to meet — to help him
To the honor of a Roman maid! my child!
Who now clings to me, as you see, as if
This second Tarquin had already coiled
His arms around her. Look upon her, Romans!
Befriend her! succor her! see her not polluted
Before her father's eyes! — He is but one.
Tear her from Appius and his lictors while
She is sustained! — Your hands! your hands! your hands!

Citizens.—They are yours, Virginius.

App.—Keep the people back!
Support my lictors, soldiers! Seize the girl,
And drive the people back.

Icilius.—Down with the slaves!

[*The people make a show of resistance; but, upon the advance of the soldiers, retreat, and leave* Icilius, Virginius, *and his daughter in the hands of* Appius *and his party.*]

Deserted! Cowards! traitors! — Let me free
But for a moment! — I relied on you:
Had I relied upon myself alone,
I had kept them still at bay.— I kneel to you:
Let me but loose a moment, if 'tis only
To rush upon your swords.

Vir.—Icilius, peace!

You see how 'tis: we are deserted, left
Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies,
Nerveless and helpless.
App.—Separate them, lictors!
Vir.—Let them forbear awhile, I pray you, Appius:
It is not very easy. Though her arms
Are tender, yet the hold is strong by which
She grasps me, Appius — forcing them will hurt them:
They'll soon unclasp themselves. Wait but a little;
You know you're sure of her.
App.—I have not time
To idle with thee: give her to my lictors.
Vir.—Appius, I pray you wait! If she is not
My child, she hath been like a child to me
For fifteen years. If I am not her father,
I have been like a father to her, Appius,
For even such a time. They that have lived
So long a time together, in so near
And dear society, may be allowed
A little time for parting. Let me take
The maid aside, I pray you, and confer
A moment with her nurse; perhaps she'll give me
Some token will unloose a tie so twined
And knotted round my heart that, if you break it,
My heart breaks with it.
App.—Have your wish. Be brief!
Lictors, look to them.
Virginia.—Do you go from me?
Do you leave me? Father! Father!
Vir.—No, my child.
No, my Virginia. Come along with me.
Virginia.—Will you not leave me? Will you take me with you?
Will you take me home again? O, bless you, bless you!
My father! my dear father! Art thou not
My father?

[VIRGINIUS, *perfectly at a loss what to do, looks anxiously around the Forum; at length his eye falls on a butcher's stall, with a knife upon it.*]

Vir.—This way, my child.— No, no; I'm not going
To leave thee, my Virginia! I'll not leave thee.
App.—Keep back the people, soldiers! Let them not
Approach Virginius! Keep the people back! —

[VIRGINIUS *secures the knife.*]

Well, have you done?
Vir.—Short time for converse, Appius,
But I have.
App.—I hope you are satisfied.
Vir.— I am —
I am — that she is my daughter!
App.—Take her, lictors!

[VIRGINIA *shricks, and falls half-dead upon her father's shoulder.*]

Vir.— Another moment, pray you. Bear with me
A little: 'tis my last embrace. 'Twon't try
Your patience beyond bearing, if you're a man!
Lengthen it as I may, I cannot make it
Long.— My dear child! My dear Virginia!
[*Kissing her.*]
There is one only way to save thine honor —
'Tis this.

[VIRGINIUS *stabs her and draws out the knife.* ICILIUS *breaks from the soldiers that held him, and catches her.*]

Lo, Appius, with this innocent blood
I do devote thee to the infernal gods!
Make way there!
App.— Stop him! seize him!
Vir.— If they dare
To tempt the desperate weapon that is maddened
With drinking of my daughter's blood, why, let them: thus
It rushes in amongst them. Way there! way!
— *Virginius.*

TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Ye crags and peaks I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free! Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
How do you look, for all your barèd brows,
More gorgeously majestical than kings
Whose loaded coronets exhaust the mine!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible; whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine; whose subject never kneels
In mockery, because it is your boast
To keep him free! Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again! — I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free! I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!

— *William Tell.*

KNOX, THOMAS WALLACE, an American journalist and traveler; born at Pembroke, N. H., June 26, 1835; died at New York, January 7, 1896. His newspaper work began in Colorado in 1860. He served in the United States Army in the Southwest in 1860–61, and made a journey round the world in 1866–67, and another in 1877–78. He invented a system of topographical telegraphy, which was adopted by the United States Government for the

transmission of weather maps. In 1880 he received the order of the White Elephant from the King of Siam. He published *Camp-fire and Cotton-field* (1865); *Overland Through Asia* (1870); *Underground Life* (1873); *Backsheesh* (1875); *How to Travel* (1880); *Pocket-Guide for Europe* (1881); *Around the World* (1882); *Voyage of the "Vivian" to the North Pole* (1884); *Lives of Blaine and Logan* (1884); *Marco Polo for Boys and Girls* (1885); *Robert Fulton and Steam Navigation* (1886); *Life of Henry Ward Beecher* (1887); *Decisive Battles Since Waterloo* (1887); *Dog Stories and Dog Lore* (1887); *A Close Shave* (1892); *The Republican Party* (1892); *John Boyd's Adventures* (1893); *Siberian Exiles* (1893); *Talking Handkerchief* (1893); *The Lost Army* (1894); *In Wild Africa* (1895), and *Hunters Three* (1895). He is perhaps best known by his series of *Boy Travelers.*

FUTURE MODES OF TRAVEL.

We may yet come to the speed of a railway train on the water, and more than one inventor believes that he can do so. The prediction that we will yet cross the Atlantic in three days is no wilder than would have been the prediction, at the beginning of this century, that we could travel on land or sea at our present rate, and that intelligence could be flashed along a wire in a few seconds of time from one end of the world to the other. The railway, the ocean steamer, the telegraph, the telephone, and many other things that seem almost commonplace to us, would have been regarded as the emanations of a crazy brain a hundred years ago. We, or our descendants, may be able to go through the air at will, and show the birds that we can do as much as they can. Not long ago, I was reading a sketch supposed to be written a thousand years hence. The writer

describes his travels, and gives a picture of the public highway. An omnibus supported by balloons, and drawn by a pair of them — harnessed as we would harness horses — is represented on its way through the air. The driver is on his box, and the conductor at the door, while the passengers are looking out of the windows. A bird who has doubtless become thoroughly familiar with the aërial craft, has seized the hat of a passenger and flies away with it, and the victim of the theft is vainly stretching his hands toward his property. Balloons are sailing through the air, and in one a man is seated, who is evidently out for a day's sport. He has a rod and line, and is industriously occupied in birding, just as one might engage in fishing from the side of a boat. A string of birds hangs from the seat of his conveyance, and he is in the act of taking a fresh prize at the end of his line. There is another picture representing the ferry of the future. It consists of an enormous mortar, from which a couple of bombs have been fired; they are connected by a chain, and each bomb is large enough to contain several persons.— *The Boy Travelers in the Far East.*

KNOX, WILLIAM, a Scottish poet; born at Firth, Roxburghshire, August 17, 1789; died at Edinburgh, November 12, 1825. He was educated at Lilliesleaf and Musselburgh. In 1820 the family settled in Edinburgh, and there Knox became a journalist. He had already published in 1818 his *Lonely Hearth and Other Poems.* In 1824 appeared *The Songs of Israel;* followed in the year of his untimely death by *The Harp of Zion.* A complete edition of his poems was issued in 1847. They are pervaded with a pathetic and religious sentiment. Scott thought that Knox, in *The Lonely Hearth,* was supe-

rior to Michael Bruce; and the poem *Mortality,* in *The Songs of Israel,* was a favorite with President Lincoln — to whose own pen, indeed, it was for some time ascribed.

MORTALITY.

O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blest,
Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure — her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud:—
O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

KOHL, JOHANN GEORG, a German traveler and historian; born at Bremen, April 28, 1808; died there, October 28, 1878. He studied at Göttingen, Heidelberg, and Munich, and for six years was a tutor in Courland. His Russian travels were described in volumes whose success determined his vocation. Journeys throughout Europe and America were taken, and similarly utilized in works on Austria (1842); the British Islands (1844); Denmark, etc. (1846–47); the Alps (1849–51); the Netherlands (1850); Istria, etc. (1851); Southeastern Germany (1852); the Danube (1854); Canada and New England (1857); and the Northwest (1859). The years

1854–58 were spent in the United States and Canada. In 1858 he returned to Bremen and became city librarian in 1863. Some of his books appeared in English versions, as *Kitchi-Gami, Wanderings Round Lake Superior* (1857); *Travels in Canada and Through New York and Pennsylvania* (1861); and a *Popular History of the Discovery of America* (1862).

OJIBBEWAY MARRIAGES.

A well-known writer on the Indians is of opinion that it is not considered exactly honorable and respectable among the Ojibbeways to have several wives. This view my people here contradict point-blank. They assert that, on the contrary, it is considered highly honorable to be in a position to support several wives. The cleverer and more fortunate a hunter is, the more wives does he have. A distinguished hunter has no occasion to look after wives — he can scarcely keep them at bay. A man who can support several squaws gains influence; he is regarded as a man of great gifts and powerful character, and parents offer him their daughters. Usually they take their wives from one family — frequently a whole row of sisters. The first wife, however, always remains at the head of affairs. Her place in the lodge is usually by her husband's side. The hunter also intrusts the game he has killed to her for distribution.— *Kitchi-Gami; translation of* WRAXALL.

NATIVE HELP TO EXPLORERS.

Down to the latest times all the successors of Columbus have acted as he did. In almost every instance the first intimations of new countries and of their natural capabilities have been derived from natives. The reports of the Cuban Indians of land in the west led the Spanish colonists of that island to Mexico. The inhabitants of the Isthmus of Darien spread the first news of the great ocean in the south. The road through the valleys of the Andes had been prepared for the Spaniards

by the old Incas of Peru. Pizarro and Almagro, the conquerors of that realm, in all their enterprises marched in the same directions as the generals of the Incas had marched before them. Even the travellers and discoverers of modern times, when they have come to a new part of America, have above all things made inquiries of the natives, and got them to draw with a piece of chalk or charcoal on paper, on the bark of trees, or on the skins of buffaloes, the form of land, an outline of the coast, or the course of the rivers, and they have shaped their plans and directed their course according to the information thus obtained.— *Discovery of America; translation of* R. R. Noel.

KORAN, The (Arabic *al Qŭrân,* "The Reading"), the sacred book of the Mohammedans. For Islam the Koran is not only the ultimate authority in all matters of faith, but is the basis of all jurisprudence, and the foundation of all right civil and domestic life. It is, moreover, in the estimation of the Moslems, a model of composition so absolutely perfect that it could have only a divine origin. The Koran claims to be a direct revelation from the Most High to Mohammed his Prophet. The mode of this revelation is over and over again declared. In heaven, we are told, is "the mother of the book, a concealed book, a well-guarded tablet." The revelation was made as occasion required. The mediator was an angel, who is sometimes called simply "the spirit," sometimes "the holy spirit," and sometimes "Gabriel;" that is, "the Mighty one of God." This angel dictated the revelations to Mohammed, who repeated them aloud to amanuenses, who wrote down the words as

they fell from the lips of the Prophet. The period during which these revelations were vouchsafed may be approximately placed as covering the last twenty-three years of Mohammed's life, beginning when he was about forty years old.

According to legends, which may be accepted as trustworthy, no collection of these revelations was made until A.D. 633, the year after the death of Mohammed. Abubekr, his immediate successor, deputed a young man named Zeid, who had acted as the amanuensis of the Prophet, to collect these revelations from copies written on flat stones, on bits of leather, on the ribs of palm leaves, but chiefly from his own memory. He wrote out a fair copy and presented it to Abubekr, who gave it to Omar, who succeeded him, who bequeathed it to Hassa, one of the widows of the Prophet. This original copy was lost. Some seventeen years later (about A.D. 650) the Caliph Othman perceived the necessity of an authorized text of the Koran. The task of preparing this was confided to Zeid, with whom three other learned men were associated. Four copies were made, one of which was deposited at Medina, and one was sent to each of the great metropolitan cities, Cufa, Basra, and Damascus. It is admitted that these four copies were essentially identical, and that all later manuscripts are derived from this original, and fairly represent it.

The Koran contains somewhat less matter than the New Testament. It is divided into one hundred and fourteen *Suras,* or sections, of very unequal length; and there is no apparent principle regulating the order of the arrangement, except that the longer Suras are placed at the beginning of the volume. To this, however, there is one notable exception. The first Sura

is one of the shortest of all. It forms at once the *Credo* and the *Pater Noster* of Islam, and is recited on all solemn occasions. It is commonly designated as the *Fatihat,* or "Exordium," but is also called "The Mother of the Koran," "The Pearl," and "The All-sufficient." It runs thus:

SURA I.—"AL-FATIHAT," OR THE EXORDIUM.

In the name of God, the compassionate Compassioner: Praise be to God, the Lord of the worlds, the compassionate Compassioner, the Sovereign of the day of judgment. Thee do we worship, and of Thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way; in the way of those to whom Thou hast been gracious, on whom there is no wrath, and who go not astray.

The second Sura, the longest of all, contains, in the English version, about 12,000 words; there are some half dozen of half that length; many with about 1,000 words, and several with less than 100. The cardinal idea pervading the entire Koran is the being of one God — the Most High — the Creator of all things, the Ruler of the Universe, and its final Judge, to the absolute exclusion of any other divinity. It is written in a sort of rhythmical prose. Not infrequently the sentences run into long-continued rhyming passages. These graces of style, so pleasing to an Oriental ear, can hardly be reproduced in any version. In reciting the Koran the sentences are invariably intoned or chanted, as we may presume was the case with the Greek and probably the Hebrew poems. No small part of the Koran is a paraphrastic reproduction of portions of the Pentateuch, with which Mohammed must have been fairly conversant. Other passages evince some acquintance, if not with the New Testa-

ment itself, with several of what are designated as "the Apocryphal Gospels."

There are few things more strongly insisted upon in the Koran than the duty of almsgiving, the abstaining from usury, and the performance of the strictest justice between man and man. The following passages are from near the close of the second Sura as translated by Sale:

CONCERNING ALMSGIVING.

If ye make your alms to appear, it is well; but if ye conceal them, and give to the poor, this will be better for you, and will atone for your sins; and God is well informed of that which ye do. The direction of them belongeth not unto thee; but God directeth whom He pleaseth. The good that ye shall give in alms shall redound unto yourselves; and ye shall not give unless out of desire of seeing the face of God. And what good things ye shall give in alms, it shall be repaid you. They who distribute alms of their substance night and day, in private and in public, shall have their reward with their Lord; on them shall no fear come, neither shall they be grieved.

CONCERNING USURY.

They who devour usury shall not arise from the dead, but as he ariseth whom Satan hath infected by a touch. This shall happen to them because they say, "Truly selling is but as usury;" and yet God hath permitted selling and forbidden usury. He therefore who, when there cometh unto him an admonition from his Lord, abstaineth from usury for the future, shall have what is past forgiven him; and his affair belongeth unto God. But whoever returneth to usury, they shall be the companions of hell-fire; they shall continue therein forever.

CONCERNING CONTRACTS.

Deal not unjustly with others, and ye shall not be dealt with unjustly. If there be any debtor under a difficulty of paying his debt, let his creditor wait till it be easy for him to do it; but if he remit it as alms, it will be better for you, if ye knew it. And fear the day when ye shall return unto God; then shall every soul be paid what it hath gained, and they shall not be treated unjustly.

O true believers, when ye bind yourselves one to the other in a debt for a certain time, write it down; and let a writer write between you according to justice; and let not a writer refuse writing according to what God hath taught him: but let him write, and let him who oweth the debt dictate, and let him fear God his Lord, and not diminish aught thereof. But if he who oweth the debt be foolish or weak, or be not able to dictate himself, let his agent dictate according to equity; and call to witness two witnesses of your neighboring men; but if there be not two men, let there be a man and two women of those whom ye shall choose for witnesses; if one of these women should mistake, the other of them shall cause her to recollect. And the witnesses shall not refuse, whensoever they shall be called. And disdain not to write it down, be it a large debt, or be it a small one, until its time of payment. This will be more just in the sight of God, and more right for bearing witness, and more easy, that ye may not doubt. And take witnesses when ye shall sell one to the other, and let no harm be done to the writer nor to the witness, which if ye do it will surely be injustice to you; and fear God, and God will instruct you, for God knoweth all things.

This long Sura, which was revealed at different times and places, concludes with the following prayer:

A GENERAL SUPPLICATION.

We implore Thy mercy, O Lord, for unto Thee must we return. God will not force any soul beyond its capacity. It shall have the good which it gaineth, and it shall suffer the evil which it gaineth. O Lord, punish us not, if we forget, or act sinfully. O Lord, lay not on us a burthen like that which Thou hast laid on those who have gone before us.* Neither make us, O Lord, to bear what we have not strength to bear; but be favorable unto us, and spare us, and be merciful unto us. Thou art our Patron: help us therefore against the unbelieving nations.

One of the most striking of the Suras is the thirty-second, which we quote entire. It is entitled "Adoration," simply because that word occurs near the middle of it.

SURA XXXII.— ENTITLED ADORATION.

The revelation of this book — there is no doubt thereof — is from the Lord of all creatures. Will they say, "Mohammed hath forged it?" Nay, it is the truth from thy Lord, that thou mayest preach to a people unto whom no preacher hath come before thee; peradventure they will be directed. It is God who hath created the heavens and the earth, and whatever is between them, in six days; and then ascended his throne. Ye have no Patron or Intercessor besides him. Will ye not therefore consider? He governeth all things from heaven even to the earth. Hereafter shall they return unto him, on the day whose length shall be a thousand years of those which ye compute.

This is He who knoweth the future and the present: the Mighty, the Merciful. It is He who made everything which He hath created exceeding good; and first created man of clay, and afterward made his posterity

*Referring, according to the commentators, to various observances and prohibitions in the Mosaic law.

of an extract of despicable water; and formed him into proper shape, and breathed of His spirit into him; and hath given you the senses of hearing and seeing, and hearts to understand. How small thanks do ye return!

And they say, "When we shall lie hidden in the earth, shall we be raised thence a new creature?" Yea, they deny the meeting of their Lord at the resurrection. Say: The Angel of Death, who is set over you, shall cause you to die: then shall ye be brought back unto your Lord. If thou couldest see, when the wicked shall bow down their heads before their Lord, saying, "O Lord, we have seen and heard: suffer us therefore to return into the world, and we will work that which is right, since we are now certain of the truth of what hath been preached unto us," thou wouldest see an amazing sight. If we had pleased, we had certainly given unto every soul its direction; but the word which hath proceeded from Me must necessarily be fulfilled, when I said, "Newly I will fill hell with genii and men altogether. Taste, therefore, the torments prepared for you; because ye have forgotten the coming of this your day, we also have forgotten you. Taste therefore a punishment of eternal duration for that which ye have wrought."

Verily, they only believe in our signs who, when they are warned thereby, fall down in *adoration* and celebrate the praises of their Lord, and are not elated with pride. Their sides are raised from their beds, calling on the Lord with fear and with hope, and they distribute alms out of what We have bestowed on them. No soul knoweth the complete satisfaction which is secretly prepared for them as reward for that which they have wrought. Shall he, therefore, who is a true believer be as he who is an impious transgressor? They shall not be held equal.

As to those who believe and do what is right, they shall have gardens of perpetual abode, an ample recompense for that which they shall have wrought. But as for those who impiously transgress, their abode shall be hell-fire; so often as they shall endeavor to get thereout they shall be dragged back into the same, and it shall be said unto them, "Taste ye the torment of

hell-fire, which ye rejected as a falsehood." And We will cause them to taste the nearer punishment of this world, besides the more grievous punishment of the next. Peradventure they will repent. Who is more unjust than he who is warned by the signs of his Lord, and then turneth aside from the same? We will surely take vengeance upon the wicked.

We heretofore delivered the Book of the Law unto Moses: wherefore be not thou in doubt as to the revelation thereof. And we ordained the same to be a direction unto the children of Israel; and we appointed teachers from among them, who should direct the people at Our command, when they had persevered with patience, and had firmly believed in Our signs. Verily the Lord will judge between them, on the day of the resurrection, concerning that wherein they have disagreed. Is is not known unto them how many generations we have destroyed before them, through whose dwellings they walk? Verily herein are signs: Will they not therefore hearken? Do they not see that We drive rain into a land bare of grass and parched up, and thereby produce corn, of which their cattle eat, and themselves also? Will they not therefore regard?

The infidels say to the true believers, "When will this decision be made between us, if ye speak the truth?" Answer: "On the day of that decision the faith of those who shall have disbelieved shall not avail them; neither shall they be respited any longer. Wherefore, avoid them, and expect the issue. Verily they expect to obtain some advantage over thee."

The teachings of the Koran are often couched in the form of an apologue. One of the most neatly turned of these is the following, which constitutes a portion of the eighteenth Sura:

MOSES AND THE DIVINE MESSENGER.

Moses and Joshua, the son of Nun, found one of Our servants unto whom We had granted mercy from Us,

and whom We had taught wisdom before Us. And Moses said unto him, "Shall I follow thee that thou mayest teach me part of that which thou hast taught, for a direction unto me?" He answered, "Verily, thou canst not bear with me; for how canst thou patiently suffer those things the knowledge whereof thou dost not comprehend?" Moses replied, "Thou shalt find me patient, if God please; neither will I be disobedient unto thee in anything." He said, "If thou follow me therefore ask me not concerning anything until I shall declare the meaning thereof unto thee."

So they both went on unto the sea-shore until they went up into a ship; and he made a hole therein. And Moses said unto him, "Hast thou made a hole therein that thou mightest drown those who are on board? Now hast thou done a strange thing." He answered, "Did I not tell thee that thou couldest not bear with me?" Moses said, "Rebuke me not, because I did forget; and impose on me not a difficulty in which I am commanded."

Wherefore they left the ship, and proceeded until they met with a youth; and he slew him. Moses said, "Hast thou slain an innocent person, without his having killed another? Now hast thou committed an unjust action." He answered, "Did I not tell thee that thou couldest not bear with me?" Moses said, "If I ask thee concerning anything hereafter, suffer me not to accompany thee. Now thou hast received an excuse from me."

They went forward therefore until they came to the inhabitants of a certain city. And they asked food of the inhabitants thereof; but they refused to receive them. And they found there a wall which was ready to fall down, and he set it upright. Whereupon Moses said unto him, "If thou wouldest thou mightest doubtless have received a reward for it." He answered, "This shall be a separation between me and thee; but I will first declare unto thee the signification of that which thou couldest not bear with patience:—

"The vessel belonged to certain poor men, who did their business in the sea; and I was minded to render it unserviceable, because there was a king behind them who took every sound ship by force. As to the youth,

his parents were true believers, and we feared lest he, being an unbeliever, should oblige them to suffer by his perverseness and ingratitude; wherefore we desired that their Lord might give them a more righteous child in exchange for him, and one more affectionate toward them. And the wall belonged to two orphan youths in the city, and under it was a treasure hidden which belonged to them; and their father was a righteous man; and thy Lord was pleased that they should attain their full age, and take forth their treasure through the mercy of thy Lord. And I did not what thou hast seen of mine own will, but by God's direction. This is the interpretation of that which thou couldest not bear with patience."

The closing twenty Suras are very brief, consisting usually of but a single sentence The place and time of the delivery of most of them is not stated. It may be presumed that they are among those which Zeid wrote down from memory after the death of the Prophet.

SURA CXII.—ENTITLED "THE DECLARATION OF GOD'S UNITY."

Say: "God is one God; the eternal God. He begetteth not, neither is He begotten; and there is not anyone like unto Him."

SURA CXIII.— ENTITLED "THE DAYBREAK."

Say: "I fly for refuge unto the Lord of the day-break, that He may deliver me from the mischief of those things which He hath created, and from the night when it cometh on; and from the mischief of women blowing on knots, and from the mischief of the envious when he envieth."

KÖRNER, Karl Theodore, a German patriot and poet; born at Dresden, September 23, 1791; died at Wöbbelin, August 26, 1813. In 1812 he was appointed poet to the Court Theatre in Vienna, and while there wrote *Der Nachtwachter; Der Grüne Domino,* and *Der Vetter aus Bremen,* comedies, and *Zriny* and *Rosamunde,* tragedies. Full of ardor for German freedom, he joined the Black Huntsmen of Lützow in March, 1813, and marched with them into Saxony. He was one of the first to enlist in the war against Napoleon; and, inspired with patriotic enthusiasm and a keen sense of his country's wrongs, he produced some of the most spirited and beautiful martial lyrics in the German language.

His father was Schiller's friend, and Theodore grew up in the worship of Schiller, and imbibed his lofty spirit. He became an idealist like Max Piccolomini. While waiting in a wood to attack the French on the night (August 25th) before his death, he wrote his famous *Schwertlied.* His father published some of his lyrics as *Leier und Schwert* (1814). His complete *Works* appeared in 1834, and his *Life* by his father in an English version in 1845. Our extracts are taken from an Edinburgh translation, *Lyre and Sword* (1841), and from Professor John Stuart Blackie's *War Songs of the Germans* (1870).

ON THE SOLEMN BENEDICTION OF THE PRUSSIAN FREE-CORPS IN THE CHURCH OF ROGAU IN SILESIA.

Nigh to God's altars while we draw,
Bent on a pious aim,
Our duty summons us to war,
Our hearts are kindling flame.

For Fight and Victory we fire:
'Twas God who gave the fierce desire.
To God alone be glory!

Yes, God is our unfailing trust,
Dread though the fight be found.
For Right and Duty strive we must,
And for our holy ground.
We'll rise and rescue Fatherland;
God will achieve it by our hand.
To God alone be glory.

The plot of Pride and Tyranny
Explodes with demon start;
Thy hallowed torches, Liberty,
Shall blaze in every heart!
Then sweep to the battle-flurry grim!
God is with us, and we with Him!
To God alone be glory!

He cheers us now to victory's goal,
For truth, for justice's sake;
He whispered in our inmost soul,
"Wake! German People, wake!"
He'll land us, death and doom despite,
Where Freedom's day is dawning bright:—
To God alone be glory!

PRAYER DURING THE FIGHT.

Father, I call on Thee!
Clouds from the thunder-voiced cannon enveil me.
Lightnings are flashing, death's thick darts assail me
Ruler of battles, I call on Thee!
Father, O lead Thou me!

Father, O lead Thou me!
Lead me to victory, or to death lead me;
With joy I accept what Thou hast decreed me.
God, as Thou wilt, so lead Thou me!
God, I acknowledge Thee!

God, I acknowledge Thee!
Where in still autumn, the sear leaf is falling,
Where peals the battle, its thunder appalling;
Fount of all grace, I acknowledge Thee!
Father, O bless Thou me!

Father, O bless Thou me!
Into Thy hand my soul I resign, Lord;
Deal as Thou wilt with the life that is Thine, Lord,
Living or dying, O bless Thou me!
Father, I praise Thy name!

Father, I praise Thy name!
Not for Earth's wealth or dominion contend we;
The holiest rights of the freeman defend we.
Victor or vanquished, praise I Thee!
God, in Thy name I trust!

God, in Thy name I trust!
When in loud thunder my death-note is knelling,
When from my veins the red blood is welling,
God, in Thy holy name I trust!
Father, I call on Thee!

— *Translation of* J. S. Blackie.

A PRAYER.

Hear us, Almighty One!
Hear us, All-gracious One!
Lord God of battles, give ear!
Father, we praise Thee!
Father, we thank Thee!
The dawn of our freedom is here.

'Spite all the rage of hell,
God, Thy strong hand shall quell
Devils who falter and juggle.
Lead, Lord of Sabaoth!
Lead us, O triune God!
Onward to victory's struggle.

Lead! though our lot should hap
In the grave's bloody lap:
"Laus Deo" sit nostrum carmen!
Kingdom, power, and glory
Are Thine! we adore Thee!
Lead us, Almighty One! Amen.

ADIEU TO LIFE.

[Written when I lay sore wounded and helpless, and thought to die.]

The parched wound burns! the lips all bloodless quiver:
The laboring heart, and pulse, which feebly plays,
They warn me it is here, my last of days.
God, as Thou wilt! or slay me, or deliver!
Bright forms swept by on Fancy's flowing river;
Now the dull death-dirge quells those dreamy lays.
Yet, cheerly! One heart-anchored treasure stays,
Will live with me in yonder skies forever!
And what could here my holiest raptures move,
What still I prized all youthful joys above —
Or name it Liberty, or call it Love —
It stands before me now, a seraph bright,
And ere these faltering senses fail me quite,
Wafts me on gentle breath to heaven's own rosy light.

SWORD-SONG.

Thou sword so cheerly shining,
What are thy gleams divining?
Look'st like a friend on me;
Triumphs my soul in thee.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

"I love my brave knight dearly,
Therefore I shine so clearly,
Borne by a gallant knight,
Triumphs the sword so bright."

Yes, trusty sword, I love thee;
A true knight thou shalt prove me.

Thee, my beloved, my bride,
I'll lead thee forth in pride.

"My iron-life, clear-raying,
I give it to thy swaying.
O come and fetch thy bride!
Lead, lead me forth in pride!"

The festal trump is blaring,
The bridal dance preparing.
When cannon shakes the glen,
I'll come and fetch thee then.

"O blest embrace that frees me!
My hope impatient sees thee.
Come, bridegroom, fetch thou me;
Waits the bright wreath for thee!"

Why in thy sheath art ringing,
Thou iron-soul, fire-flinging?
So wild with battle's glee,
Why ray'st thou eagerly?

"I in my sheath am ringing;
I from my sheath am springing:
Wild, wild with battle's glee,
Ray I so eagerly."

Remain, remain within, love;
Why court the dust and din, love?
Wait in thy chamber small,
Wait till thy true knight call.

"Then speed thee, true knight, speed thee!
To love's fair garden lead me.
Show me the roses red,
Death's crimson-blooming bed."

Then, from thy sheath come free thee!
Come, feed mine eye to see thee!
Come, come, my sword, my bride;
I lead thee forth in pride!

"How glorious is the free air!
How whirls the dance with glee there!
Glorious, in sun arrayed,
Gleams, bridal-bright, the blade."

Then up, true Ritter German,
Ye gallant sons of Herman!
Beats the knight's heart so warm,
With 's true love in his arm.

With stolen looks divining,
Those on my left wert shining.
Now on my right, my bride,
God leads thee forth in pride.

Then press a kiss of fire on
The bridal mouth of iron.
Woe now or weal betide,
Curst whoso leaves his bride!

Then break thou forth in singing,
Thou iron-bride, fire-flinging!
Walk forth in joy and pride!
Hurrah, thou iron-bride!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

KOROLENKO, VLADIMIR, a Russian editor, novelist and reformer; born at Zhitomir, in 1853. He is the son of a Cossack father and a Polish mother. While he was attending the Technological Institute at St. Petersburg his father died, leaving the family penniless. Poor as he was, Korolenko managed, however, to enter the Petrovsky College of Agriculture in Moscow. Yet he was not there long before he was seized by the police and banished to the Government of Vologda. It was but the be-

ginning of a ten years' persecution, which he bore with unflinching fortitude. In 1885 he was released and settled at Nijni-Novgorod, devoting his energies to literary and humanitarian pursuits. He subsequently became editor of *Russkoye Bagatstvo* in association with the late Constantin Mikhailovsky, and to-day occupies one of the foremost positions in the world of Russian letters.

In 1905 Korolenko was chosen to preside at the great mass meeting of the Liberals in St. Petersburg, when resolutions were passed demanding constitutional reforms, freedom of speech, and a national parliament. He doubtless personifies more than anyone else that surging social conscience which must in the end redeem Russia. The apostle of pity, the champion of the poor in body and in spirit, Korolenko nevertheless takes a genial, robust attitude toward life from which he has never swerved even in the face of incredible hardship. Instead of being embittered by his experiences, he has been broadened. Among cripples or convicts or thieves he has always found sparks of kindness and of courage.

Christian Brinton has written a sympathetic sketch of Korolenko's literary career.

THE WRITINGS OF KOROLENKO.

Makar's Dream, Korolenko's first story of importance, which appeared in the *Russkaya Mysl* while its author was still in exile, opened the eyes of Russia to a new man and to a new field. It is a prose epic, fanciful, yet real, depicting with color, precision, and expansive humor life among the Yakuts of the Siberian Taïga. The effect of the story was tonic. It came at a time when Tolstoy was confusing the public with *My Confession* and *My Religion,* and when Garshin's *Red Flower* was adding to

the general hysteria. Here at last was a sane, jovial talent, a man who had not forgotten how to laugh. *Sketches of a Siberian Tourist* followed, and they, together with *A Saghalinian, At-Davan,* and a score of kindred tales quickly assured Korolenko's reputation. For consummate poetic realism and for pure descriptive beauty, Turgenieff himself never surpassed certain of these sketches, and for poignant humanity they often recall the agonizing pages of *Crime and Punishment.* With later stories the range of character and incident became almost infinite. During the great famine Korolenko visited the stricken districts, where for months he went from village to village dispensing the meager aid at his command. *A Year of Famine,* in which he described his experiences, was a book without literary alloy, and was so fearless a record of fact that it was immediately suppressed by the censor.— *Christian Brinton.*

KOSEGARTEN, Ludwig Theobul, a German ecclesiastic and poet; born at Grevismühlen, Mecklenburg, February 1, 1758; died at Greifswald, Prussia, October 26, 1818. From 1792 to 1807 he was preacher in the island of Rügen, and in the latter year became Professor of History at Greifswald, and subsequently of theology, and rector of the university. He wrote dramas, novels, and poems, and published several translations from the English. His romance of *Ida von Plessen* (1788), as well as his *Legends* and lyric poems, enjoy a wide popularity. Richardson's *Clarissa* is the best of his translations from the English. He also translated from the Danish.

THE AMEN OF THE STONES.

Blind with old age, the Venerable Bede
Ceased not, for that, to preach and publish forth
The news from Heaven — the tidings of great joy.
From town to town — through all the villages —
With trusty guidance roamed the aged Saint,
And preached the word with all the fire of youth.
One day his boy had led him to a vale
That lay all thickly sown with rugged rocks:
In mischief, more than malice, spake the boy: —
"Most reverend father, there are many men
Assembled here, who wait to hear thy voice."
The blind old man, so bowed, straightway rose up,
Chose him his text, expounded, then applied;
Exhorted, warned, rebuked, and comforted
So fervently that soon the gushing tears
Streamed thick and fast down his hoary beard.
When, at the close, as seemeth always meet,
He prayed, "Our Father," and pronounced aloud,
"Thine is the kingdom and the power; Thine
The glory now, and through eternity!"
At once there rang through all that echoing vale
A sound of many voices crying
"Amen! most reverend Sire, Amen! Amen!"
Trembling with terror and remorse, the boy
Knelt down before the Saint, and owned his sin.
"Son," said the old man, "hast thou ne'er read,
'When men are dumb, the stones shall cry aloud?'
Henceforward mock not, son, the word of God.
Living it is, and mighty, cutting sharp,
Like a two-edged sword. And when the heart
Of flesh grows hard and stubborn as the stone,
A heart of flesh shall stir in stones themselves."

— *Translation of* CHARLES T. BROOKS.

KRASINSKI, SIGMUND NAPOLEON, COUNT, a Polish poet; born at Paris, France, February 19, 1812; died there, February 24, 1859. His father was Count Vincent Krasinski, an adjutant to Napoleon, who was the poet's godfather. The earliest instructor of Sigmund was the celebrated romance-writer, Joseph Korzeniowski. He continued his studies at the Lyceum, and for a short time at the University of Varsovie. His literary talent revealed itself at such an early age that he was called the "Wonderful Child." When scarcely fifteen he had written novels in the style of Sir Walter Scott. In 1834 his historical novel of *Agay Han* appeared, followed by the *Undivine Comedy,* a fantastic drama in prose, which Mickiewicz styled the Modern Apocalypse; *Irydion; The Three Thoughts of Henry Logenza; Day Dawn; Psalms of the Future; Psalm of Good Will; Resurrecturis; Letters to My Friends.*

POLAND DIES FOR THE WORLD.

The divine law, wounded and offended in this world, must possess the inward force to heal itself from the wound, to reinstate itself in its own form. In that nationality, by whose injury humanity has been most cruelly violated, the idea of humanity must most powerfully vibrate. Our death was necessary; our rising up will be necessary; in order that the word of the Son of God, the eternal word of life, may diffuse itself through the social circles of the world. It is through our nationality, tortured to death upon the cross of history, that it will be revealed to the human spirit, that the political sphere must be transformed into a religious sphere, and that the temple of God on earth must be, not this or that place, this or that form of worship, but the whole planet.

For "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."—
From Przedswit (*Morning Twilight*).

THE TRUE POET.

But blest is he in whom thou hast thy dwelling,
As the creating spirit dwells in nature;
Invisible, unheard, yet felt through all;
Ennobling all; the God before whose presence
Creation bends, confessing, He is here!
From this man's brow thy glory shall beam forth,
Even as a star, nor shall he ever set
A gulf of words between his soul and thee.
He shall love men, and shall go forth a man
Among his brothers.— But who guards thee not
Yielding thee forth a vain delight to men,
Upon his head thou scatterest fading flowers,
Aud turn'st away. He grasps thy parting gifts,
And twines these funeral garlands to the close.
— *From Nieboska Komedyia (The Undivine Comedy).* —

THE INSURGENTS.

See you the crowd before the city gates,
Between the heights and the long rows of poplars?
There tents are pitched; there, on long wooden planks,
Raised upon blocks, are spread forth meat and drink.
The cup flies round, and from the lips it touches
Burst threats and imprecations. On it goes,
Amid the thousands; now returns again;
Again careers; still full, still foaming, flashing,
Hail to the cup, the maddener, the consoler!

See you not how impatiently they wait,
Murmur among themselves, prepare for clamor?
Poor wretches all, with sweat upon their brows;
All with rough hair, torn garments, sunburn faces,
And hands made hard by labor. These bear hammers,
Those brandish scythes; that tall man swings an axe;
One waves above his head an iron ramrod.
There, in the corner, underneath the willows,

A little boy is seated, eating cherries,
An awl grasped tightly in the small right hand.
Women, their wives and mothers, too, are there,
Wretched and hungry, like themselves; wan, withered
Before their time; without a trace of beauty;
The dust of the highway upon their hair;
In their sunk eyes a dim, expiring gleam,
A dismal mockery of the sense of sight.
They suddenly revive; the cup goes round.
Hail to the cup that stupefies, consoles!

And now a murmur rises from the crowd;—
Is it the tone of joy or of despair?—
Who, in the voice of thousands, can distinguish
The varying feelings!— He who, just arrived,
Mounts on the table, springs upon a chair,
And now addresses and controls the mob.
His voice is penetrating, clear, distinct;
You hear each word, you understand each word;
His easy, quiet, and harmonious gestures
Accompany his words as music song.
His forehead broad and lofty; from the temples,
The face wreathed by a thick black beard; the hair
Is from the upper part of the head worn off,
As by the wearing of incessant thought.
No blood, no changeful color on that cheek;—
On brow and cheeks, the yellow, wrinkled skin
Is channelled in among the bones and muscles.
His eye, unwavering, fixed upon his hearers;
No doubt, no hesitation in that look.——
And now he stretches forth his arms above them;
They bow their heads to him, as they would kneel
Before the blessing of a mighty mind,
Not of a heart.— Die, heart! die, prejudice!
And let the words of hope and murder live!

This is their leader, their informing spirit;
Their loved — adored — he that will give them bread.
A shout breaks forth — spreads — bursts from every side,
"Long live Pancratius!— Bread! Pancratius! Bread!"
— *From Nieboska Komedyia* (*The Undivine Comedy*).

KRAUSÉ, Lyda Farrington ("Barbara Yechton"), an American novelist and juvenile writer; born at Saint Croix, West Indies, in 1864. She was for many years on the editorial staff of *The Churchman* in New York. Among her published books are *Christine's Inspiration* (1892); *Toinette* (1897); *A Little Turning Aside* (1898); *A Young Savage* (1899); *Fortune's Boats* (1900); *We Ten* (1901); *Young Mrs. Teddy* (1902); *Derick* (1903); *Honor d'Everel* (1904).

LEAVING HOME.

At last the way was clear for Hetty Drayton to accomplish her great ambition — to go to New York to study art. Though she was barely eighteen, it seemed to the girl that she had been waiting *years* for this opportunity; and now that it was within her grasp she told herself nothing should prevent her making use of it.

Ever since she could remember, Hetty had drawn pictures; on her slate, before the death of her parents, and in cheap blank books, which were provided for her, and since then, when she had lived with her great-uncle and aunt Slade, on pieces of wood, birch-bark, odd scraps of paper, and anything else that she could utilize. For Uncle Hiram did not approve of art; in fact, he had the lowest possible opinion of any one who was "so dumb fulish ez to ondertake to make a livin' outer drawin' picturs." In his estimation, it was "a fool business, only fit to starve on." And, as Aunt Drusilla never dreamed of differing from any opinion of her husband's, she was one with him in this. The old couple, therefore, felt it a duty incumbent upon them rigidly to suppress all Hetty's longings and ambitions. In this they were unanimously supported — though Uncle Hiram needed no such support, being a law unto himself — by their neighbors and friends, who entirely disapproved of Hetty's attempts

at art, and did not hesitate to express their disapproval in the plainest of language.

So Hetty received encouragement from no one but Miss Fanshawe, who was the sister of the young clergyman in charge of the little village church. Miss Fanshawe had artistic aspirations of her own, and very soon after she came to live in Pendleton these created a strong bond of sympathy between herself and Hetty, whom the villagers commonly designated as "Slade's queer young un."

Miss Fanshawe had studied at the Art Students' League for a time, and she realized that there was ability of no mean order — perhaps genius — in Hetty's drawings, crude though they were. She it was, who, when she could, gave a drawing-book or a crayon, and made time from her many duties for the instruction and criticism which were of even more value to the young artist.

Fortunately for Hetty, the "parson" and his sister were favorites with Uncle Hiram, so, though it went "ter'bly ag'in the grain," her weekly, sometimes fortnightly visits, to the rectory were not forbidden. But the old man absolutely, and once for all, refused to hear one word of Hetty's going to the city to receive instruction. "I've sot my foot down ag'in it, an' I'm a-goin' to *keep* it thar," he declared, sternly; and there was no gainsaying this decision.

Therefore, with each lesson that Miss Fanshawe gave, she preached patience. "Keep on bravely, Hetty," she would say, kindly, "and put of your very best into your work, a way may yet open up for you to study your beloved art. Only be *patient,* dear, and in the 'waiting time' try to do cheerfully and well the duty that lies right at your hand."

But that was just what Hetty thought she could not do. She hated her daily tasks about the house, and begrudged every moment spent in service for her aunt and uncle, resenting, with a sullen defiance, their persistent efforts to overcome her passion for drawing — efforts which but intensified this great longing, until it became the dominating power of her life.

Hetty had come to Pendleton a bright-eyed, eager, beautiful child, with the most implicit confidence in the

love and good-will of her fellow-creatures; with a daintiness of speech and breeding which Aunt Drusilla speedily classified as "airs," and a temper that was exceedingly short. Very soon the Pendleton verdict was that Hetty was bad-tempered, wilful and saucy—"spiled to death," and she came to be regarded as the "cross" which it had fallen to Hiram Slade and his wife to carry. A few—a very few—discovered that the little stranger had a tender, loving heart, and, sometimes, a sweetness of manner which made amends for much.

These last qualities, however, had not grown and flourished in the new home atmosphere—there was nothing tender or sweet about Hetty now.

In those nine years an unlovely expression had settled on Hetty's face, which marred its beauty; she had grown morose, self-centred, and so morbid that she regarded everything that happened in but one light—as it affected herself. An aggressive independence of manner had succeeded the sweetness of old. She chafed restlessly under the poverty which forced her to stay where she was—she had not a penny of her own—and performed her common daily tasks with a dogged reluctance and an ungraciousness that exasperated the old couple, and called upon her many a sharp reproof. But these seemed only to harden Hetty; she withdrew entirely from the young people of the village, and brooded continually over her dismal lot.

And then, in less than one short week, all had changed—stern, domineering Uncle Hiram lay in the quiet churchyard; and Hetty considered herself free to plan her future as she pleased!

It was while Aunt Drusilla was still dazed with the shock of her sudden loss, that Hetty brought up the subject of going to New York to study. She had been dreadfully afraid of Uncle Hiram—but he was gone now, and this, she told herself, was her opportunity—she *must* seize it.

"Let me go, Aunt Drusie, please, ah! *please* let me go," she pleaded, eagerly, her lips quivering, her fingers twisting nervously together. "Give me some money, and let me go to New York. Will you? Just enough money

for a year — that's all I ask. By the end of that time I *know*," with a proud, confident uplifting of her head, "I'll be able to get some illustrating to do; and I can pay my own way. Oh, Aunt Drusie, will you? You're my mother's own aunt — you *might* do that much for me. Just *lend* it to me for now, and by and by I'll pay you back — when I begin to paint pictures. Oh, you will do it — won't you?" Then, forestalling the refusal she saw in her aunt's eyes, her tone suddenly changed. "If you don't let me go, I'll run away!" she cried, vehemently. "I can't stay here any longer — I won't! cooped up in this miserable hole of a place. I'll run away — just you see if I don't!" Her voice got hoarse with unshed tears, and she began tramping up and down the kitchen, waving her long arms. "I won't stay here! I won't!" she kept repeating. "I want to make something of my life. I'll run away if you don't help me."

Her vehemence, her outspoken demand quite upset Mrs. Slade. She had always realized that she was not equal to coping with Hetty's strong will; and now a mortifying conviction came over her that she would yield — would have to yield to her request. Oh, for the iron strength of character on which she had leaned for forty years, to conquer this bold girl! Hiram wouldn't have given one cent of his money for any "old paintin' tomfoolery." Well she knew it! But Hiram was in the churchyard, and Hetty's will was stronger than hers — she would have to give in! A great loneliness fell on the desolate widow. Hiram gone! to have to rely on her own judgment — to decide for herself — how should she do it? She was like a rudderless boat that has lost its moorings and is drifting about in a rough sea. And Hetty was her sole relative — all the kith and kin she had; now *she* would go — and leave her utterly alone in her old age! A great pity for herself seized her.

"However can you have the heart to go off an' leave me, Hetty?" she quavered; "old's I be, too — an' you the only livin' one I've got." Her faded blue eyes filled with tears, and she looked up reproachfully at the tall, excited girl who had come to her side with a rush.

But reproachful glances were wasted on Hetty just

then. The color had leaped to her cheeks, a glad light into her eyes with the promise which her aunt's words implied. She threw herself on her knees beside the old wooden armchair, and caught Aunt Drusilla's reluctant fingers in her eager grasp. "That means you *are* willing — you will give me the money — you will let me go!" she cried, breathlessly, her words fairly tripping over each other in her hurry to get them spoken. "Doesn't it, Aunt Drusie — doesn't it?" she shook the work-hardened old hand impatiently. "Oh, say yes! *Do!* I shall stay right here on my knees, until you say yes."

Mrs. Slade was scandalized! What *would* Hiram have said to such behavior! Hetty would never have dared to "carry on" in this outrageous way, had Hiram been in his usual place — in the other armchair, just opposite her own.

"Get up this very minute, Hetty!" she exclaimed, sharply, dragging her hand away. "What*ever* would your uncle say — an' you a-puttin' words into my mouth, too."

Hetty caught her breath; she held her head up defiantly, though her heart sank — oh! would Aunt Drusilla not let her go?

"Tell me now, Aunt Drusie — can I go?" she implored. "Can I go to New York to learn to draw and earn my own living? Oh, I can't get up till I know — I would *die* before I'd keep on in this way!"

Aunt Drusilla pushed her chair back abruptly, and, resting on the straight, wooden arms, worn smooth with the friction of years, she looked squarely at Hetty. "You'd die ruther than live here — eh? Then *go* to New York," she cried, raising her thin old voice in a sudden gust of anger. "Go — an' leave me here *stark* alone! Little you care what becomes of me, though I've given you clo'es an' house room an' food these nine years — fur nothin'!" She shook a crooked rheumatic finger in Hetty's face. "You're a fulish, wicked, ongrateful, onnateral gyrl to leave me jest as soon as Hiram's head's laid low. I ain't long for this world — you *might* 'a' waited —" Her voice broke; catching her apron to her eyes with hands that trembled, she sank back, and, resting her face against

the thin, faded old slumber-roll on her chair, began to cry in a weak, pitiful fashion.

Hetty was on her feet now; she stood for a moment, a heavy frown between her eyebrows, looking at her aunt before she spoke. "I can't help it if you think I'm the worst girl in the whole world," she said doggedly. "I *must* take this chance. I've been waiting for it for years — ever since I was little, and I feel as if I *couldn't* lose it. Besides," in a brisker tone, "I'm sure Mandy Gibson'd come and live with you in a minute — she'll take much better care of you than I could. And I've *got* to go. When I paint a grand picture and get to be famous, maybe you'll change your mind about my being so foolish, Aunt Drusie." She had been moving toward the door as she spoke, now with the last word she turned and dashed out of the house and away to the parsonage, to tell her news.

"I'm going *just* as soon as I can get my things together," she informed Miss Fanshawe, eagerly pouring out her story, and ignoring the pained, surprised look on her friend's face, "for fear Aunt Drusilla should change her mind — though I've got to that pitch I feel as if I'd go anyhow, money, or no money. No, Miss Fanshawe — no, *no!*" edging away quickly and throwing out her hands, as if to ward off something. "Don't say a word about my staying on here with her, 'cause I'm *not* going to do it. She said — plainly — that I might go to New York and learn to draw — and *that's* what I'll do! Oh, oh! to think it has come at *last!*" She clapped her hands softly, and laughed aloud, a joyful merry little laugh such as Miss Fanshawe had never heard from her lips before.

But as she slipped softly past the kitchen door that evening Hetty stuck her fingers in her ears — for fear she might hear that quiet sniffling. Resolutely she put all thought of Aunt Drusie from her mind, and, leaning out of her little attic window into the sweet autumn air, with only the shining stars her company, she gave herself up to the most delightful dreams of the future, in which one Hetty Drayton, artist, was always the central figure.

Hetty carried her point; three days after her talk with Aunt Drusilla she stood at the railroad station, with a

small sum of money — it seemed a fortune to her! — carefully secured on her person, and a shabby little trunk beside her, waiting feverishly for the train that was to take her to New York.

Those three days had not been entirely happy ones for Hetty, the more so that in them her aunt had been kinder, more gentle and considerate, than Hetty had ever known her to be. She had uttered no further reproach, but the expression in her weak, faded eyes, when the last good-by was said, haunted Hetty unpleasantly. Aunt Drusilla's friends, however, had not been equally reticent, and that, too, rankled in Hetty's memory. How thankful she was to leave Pendleton, and those hateful, stupid villagers!

"I will *never* come back here," she said to Miss Fanshawe, who was the only person that had come to see her off, "until I have done something wonderful in the world — painted a great picture, I mean, and won fame for myself. I guess they'll all be mighty proud then that I ever lived among them. I can do it," she added, hastily, fancying she saw a look of amusement on her friend's face. "Just let me get some instruction, and you will see if I don't paint a *great* picture — like that wonderful one by Bastien-Lepage — that 'Joan listening to the Voices'— that you have told me about so often. I *know* I can do it, Miss Fanshawe — I feel it here," laying her hand impulsively on her heart. "I shall give every minute to my profession — I *love* it! I shall strain every nerve to perfect myself in it. I shall make that the whole aim and object of my existence. I *must,* I am *determined* to succeed in it!"

Her fierce earnestness and flashing eyes, the clinched, uplifted hand — almost as if registering an oath — startled Miss Fanshawe.

"I am very glad you have the opportunity to study," she said, gently; "and if you should become a great artist you may be sure that no one will be more delighted over it than I; but, oh, my dear, don't let ambition absorb your whole heart. Don't, I beg of you, so give yourself up to your art as to have no thought, no care for your fellow-creatures. If you do," a note of warning in her voice, "you will miss much that is far sweeter, far more

worth having, than fame. I would never belittle honest, well-earned success; but, believe me, Hetty, success — mere gratified ambition — is by no means all in life that is worth having."

She spoke very earnestly, but Hetty threw up her head with the impatient gesture that Miss Fanshawe knew of old, and an incredulous little smile curved her lips. "Success is what I'm going to work for, all the same," she said, brusquely; "and I'll get it, if I can. After that I can afford to be philanthropic and all the rest. Oh, there it is at last! Yes," absently, her eyes on the approaching train, "I'll write, Miss Margaret, but not regularly — I told Aunt Drusie that, too — I'll be busy, you know. Good-by!"

She ran a few steps toward the car, then turned and went swiftly back to Miss Fanshawe's side. "You are the only one that's ever given me a word of encouragement," she said hurriedly. "You've been kind to me — I'll never forget it!" She caught her friend's hand, for an instant held it fast between her own two palms, then, as abruptly dropped it, and raced across the track. The guard helped her to the platform of the car, the engine snorted, and the train moved swiftly away.

There were tears in Miss Fanshawe's eyes as she turned homeward. "Poor, wilful young thing!" she thought, sadly; "how will it be with her alone in that great city?" Then the cross which crowned the spire of the little village church met her gaze, and her face brightened. "Ah!" she said aloud, lifting her face to the blue afternoon sky, "'God's in His Heaven; all's well with the world.' His orphan lambs are dear to Him — *He* will take care of Hetty."— *A Little Turning Aside.*

KROPOTKIN, Pierre Alexeievitch, Prince, a Russian geographer and revolutionist; born at Moscow, December 9, 1842. Entering theMilitary School for Pages at the age of fifteen, he obtained a commission in 1862. An eager explorer, he joined the Cossacks on the Amour, and stayed there five years. During that time he went on numerous exploring expeditions which procured him a gold medal, and his captaincy in 1865. After studying in St. Petersburg for four years he explored in 1871 the glaciers of Finland and Sweden.

At this time he began to ally himself with the Anarchists. In 1872 he joined the International Working Men's Association in Belgium, and on his return to Russia he became a Nihilist. In 1874 he was arrested and imprisoned, but in 1876 escaped to England. In 1877 he went to Geneva, and started the Anarchist paper *La Révolte*. At the request of the Russian Government he was expelled from Switzerland in 1881, and after staying at Thonon returned to England. Visiting Thonon again in 1882 he was arrested, and after his trial at Lyons, condemned to five years' imprisonment. He was released on January 15, 1886, by special decree of the President. Kropotkin's published works include: *Paroles d'un Révolte* (1885); *In Russian and French Prisons* (1887); *A la recherche du Pain* (1892); *The State: Its Part in History* (1898); *Fields, Factories and Workshops* (1899); *Memoirs of a Revolutionist* (1899); *Mutual Aid* (1900); and *Russian Literature* (1904).

THE UPHEAVAL IN RUSSIA.

There are so many nurses and duennas among the people, so many clamoring, "Don't do this, and don't do that, you cannot accomplish much by force!" . . . But few dare to say, as Danton said, "Have the courage — the courage to do and to act — the courage to think and to act." . . . And it is necessary that the few should encourage the mighty of the people to think and to act mightily. It is necessary that the few shall be with the people in all their struggles and plant everywhere the hope in revolutionary destruction of the old and the responsibility of the new forms of life.— *Letter to an American Friend, 1905.*

HABITS OF LEVITOFF.

Whenever he stayed at St. Petersburg or at Moscow he always lived in the poorest quarters, somewhere on the outskirts of the town; they reminded him of his native village. And when he thus settled among the lowest strata of the population he did so, as he wrote himself, "to run away from the moral contradictions, the artificiality of life, the would-be humanitarianism, and the cut-and-dried imaginary superiority of the educated classes." He could not live, even for a couple of months in Summer, in relative well-being; he began to feel the gnawings of conscience, and it ended in his leaving behind his extremely poor belongings and going somewhere — anywhere — where he could be poorer still.— *Russian Literature.*

MAXIM GORKY.

A refreshing note of energy and courage, which is quite unique in Russian literature, sounds through the stories of Gorki. His tramps are miserably poor, but they "don't care." They drink, but there is nothing among them nearly approaching the dark drunkenness of despair which we see in Levitoff. Even the most "down-trodden" one

of them, far from making a virtue of his helplessness, as Dostoyevsky's heroes always did, dreams of reforming the world and making it rich. He dreams of the moment when "we, once 'the poor,' shall vanish, after having enriched the Crœsuses with the richness of the spirit and the power of life." "Gorki can not stand whining; he can not bear that self-castigation in which other Russian writers so much delight, which Turgenef's *sub*-Hamlets used to express so poetically, of which Dostoyevsky has made a virtue, and of which Russia offers such an infinite variety of examples. Gorki knows the type, but he has no pity for such men. 'What's all this talk about circumstances?' he makes 'Old Izerghil' say.

"'Every one makes his own circumstances! I see all sorts of men — but the strong ones — where are they? There are fewer and fewer noble men!' . . .

Gorki's favorite type is the rebel — the man in full revolt against society, but at the same time a strong man, a power; and as he has found among the tramps with whom he has lived, at least the type in embryo, it is from this stratum of society that he takes his most interesting heroes. . . .

In the literature of all nations, including the short stories of Guy de Maupassant and Bret Harte, there are few things in which such a fine analysis of complicated and struggling human feelings is given, such interesting, original, and new pictures are so well depicted, and human psychology is so admirably interwoven with a background of nature, as in the stories of Gorki. He has found at last "that happy combination of realism with idealism for which the Russian folk-novelists have been striving for so many years."— *The Independent.*

KRYLOFF, or KRILOFF, Ivan Andrievitch, a Russian fabulist; born at Moscow, February 13, 1768; died in St. Petersburg, November 21, 1844. In boyhood he held a post under government, and wrote *Philomela, Cleopatra,* and other plays. He was engaged in journalism at the capital for some years, and from 1797 to 1801 was tutor of Prince Galitzin. His first fables, numbering twenty-three, appeared in 1809; their success was so rapid that he gave his mind to this species of composition. Beginning with translations and imitations of La Fontaine, he soon became original and national; before his death 77,000 copies had been sold in Russia, and his fame had reached other lands. He became a member of the Academy of Sciences in 1811, held a post in the Imperial Library 1812–41, and was made councillor in 1840. In 1838 a festival was held in his honor. His works were collected at St. Petersburg in 1844. His *Fables,* which are the first of their kind in modern literature, have been translated into English by W. R. S. Ralston (1868), into French by Einerling (1845) and others, and into German by Löwe (1847).

THE ELEPHANT AND THE PUG-DOG.

An Elephant was being taken through the streets, probably as a sight. It is well known that Elephants are a wonder among us; so crowds of gaping idlers followed the Elephant. From some cause or other, a Pug-dog comes to meet him. It looks at the Elephant, and then begins to run at it, to bark, to squeal, to try to get at it, just as if it wanted to fight it.

"Neighbor, cease to bring shame on yourself," says another Dog. "Are you capable of fighting an Ele-

phant? Just see now, you are already hoarse; but it keeps straight on, and pays you not the slightest attention."

"Aye, aye," replies the Pug-dog, "that's just what gives me courage. In this way, you see, without fighting at all, I may get reckoned among the greatest bullies. Just let the dogs say, 'Ah, look at Puggy! He must be strong, indeed, that's clear, or he would never bark at an Elephant.'"

THE HORSE AND THE DOG.

A Dog and a Horse which served the same peasant began to discuss each other's merits one day.

"How grand we are, to be sure," says the Dog. "I shouldn't be sorry if they were to turn you out of the farm-yard. A noble service, indeed, to plough or draw a cart! And I've never heard of any other proof of your merit. How can you possibly compare yourself with me? I rest neither by day or by night. In the daytime I watch the cattle in the meadows; by night I guard the house."

"Quite true," replied the Horse. "What you say is perfectly correct. Only remember that, if it weren't for my ploughing, you wouldn't have anything at all to guard here."

KUSHAL KHAN, an Afghan poet, who lived in the latter half of the seventeenth century. He was an Afghan chief, as his added name "Khan" might imply, and contemporary with Aurungzebe, the great Mogul conqueror. Kushal was among those overthrown by Aurungzebe, but was allowed to resign his power in favor of his son, and to spend the remainder of a long life among his native moun-

tains in more congenial literary pursuits. He is reported to have composed during his life no less than three hundred and fifty works. He wrote in both Persian and Pushtu on religious jurisprudence, philosophy, ethics, medicine, and falconry, as well as poetry. As master of a seraglio he was similarly prolific, having been the father of fifty-seven sons and a number of daughters. In his brief satire on women, written, like Solomon's last book, out of the sadness and vanity of a large experience, we may presume that he meant just the plain implications of his words, however nearly they may be rendered by this English version:

WOMEN.

All womankind are of intellect deficient,
And the voluntary causes of all life's ills.
Thou mayest be straight and even with them,
But they are crooked and wayward with thee.
Do them a thousand benefits and services,
Yet at a single word their hearts sulky grow.
They become poison unto thee, and kill thee,—
They whom thou deemest a healing balm.
They have no fidelity in their composition;
They are naturally unto perfidiousness prone,
Created, indeed, in the figure of mankind,
But in reality with no humanity in them.
They make thee out culpable on a slight offense,
But they cannot be wrong, however great their sins.
The more crosses borne, the more petulant they.
The more whims brooked, the more capricious they grow.
In all things they are fickle and changeable,
Tame in tongue, but untameable in heart.
They are beautiful in person from head to foot,
But are like unto the wily serpent within.

Say no more about them, O Kushal!
It would be better had they never existed!
— *Translation of* LAVERTY.

A pleasanter view of womankind is presented by the poet in his many amatory pieces. Notwithstanding his professed cynicism, he did not attempt to cleave his way through the world without the delightsome companionship of the softer sex. Following is one of his love poems:

KUSHAL'S LOVE POEM.

These dark waving curls, they are thine thou dear one, so beautiful, so gay!
Black narcissuses are those eyes of thine, thou dear one, so beautiful, so gay!
When thou gavest me a kiss, I became intoxicated beyond computation;
For like unto red wine are thy lips, thou dear one, so beautiful, so gay!
Now that I have with mine eyes gazed on this, thy lovely cheek,
I know that it is the tulip, thou dear one, so beautiful, so gay!
They who murmur and complain unto others of thy tyranny
Are faithless and inconstant too, thou dear one, so beautiful, so gay!
Free of grief, how can he sleep — in tranquillity how shall he be
Who is separated from thee? thou dear one, so beautiful, so gay!
He only will receive thy kisses on whom thy affections may be,
Though many are enraptured with thee, thou dear one, so beautiful, so gay!
Thou wreakest injustice on me, then sayest, "This is not done by me."

Then whose act is it if not thine? thou dear one, so beautiful, so gay!
Thou sayest unto Kushal, "There are others far prettier than I";
Can there be one than thee more lovely! thou dear one, so beautiful, so gay!

— *Translation of* LAVERTY.

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LABOULAYE, Édouard René Lefebvre de, a French publicist, jurist and historian; born at Paris, January 18, 1811; died there, May 25, 1883. He began life as a type-founder, then studied law, and in 1839 published a *History of Landed Property in Europe.* This was followed by an *Essay on the Life and Doctrines of De Savigny* (1840); *Researches into the Civil and Political Condition of Women* (1843), and an *Essay on the Criminal Laws of the Romans, Concerning the Responsibility of Magistrates* (1845).

In 1849 he was appointed to the Chair of Comparative Legislation in the College of France. During the Second Empire he took an active part in the efforts of the Liberal party, and was consequently regarded with disfavor by the Government. He was an admirer of American institutions, and both before and during the Civil War threw his influence on the side of the North, to which he rendered good service by his work, entitled *The United States and France* (1862). Among his works not already mentioned are *Contemporary Studies on Germany and the Slavic States* (1855); *Religious Liberty* (1856); *Studies upon Literary Property in France and England*

(1858); *Abdallah, an Arabian Romance* (1859); *Moral and Political Studies* (1862); *The State and Its Limits* (1863); *Paris in America* (1863); *Prince Caniche* (1868); *Constitutional Questions* (1872).

THE DEPARTURE OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

The roll of a drum, followed by the flourish of resounding trumpets, drowned my voice. Two Zouaves entered the school; one of them — it was Alfred — ran to Susanna, and tenderly took her hand. The other, my son Henry, threw himself upon my neck. "Father," said he, "the Southerners have crossed the Potomac; Washington is threatened. There is a call for volunteers, and we set out to-night. Come quickly. Mother is waiting."

Followed by my children, I left the peaceful retreat where, at last, I had surprised the secret of American greatness. The aspect of the city had changed; houses were decorated with flags, from every window the Federal standard, tossed by the wind, displayed its stripes of crimson and azure and its thirty-four stars, a mute protest in favor of the Union. Large handbills announced the disaster to the Federal army, and summoned the citizens to their country's aid. Armed battalions were marching to the sound of trumpets and drums. The churches were crowded with volunteers invoking the God of their fathers before they marched to battle. War-songs and religious hymns came, mingled to the ear; fathers, mothers, sisters, accompanied the young recruits, encouraging them, shaking hands, weeping, embracing lifting their hands to Heaven. It was the fervor of a crusade.

I reached home greatly agitated. A Parisian, I had grown up in the midst of disturbances and of civil war; the remembrance of these things saddened me. But in this departure for the frontier, in this enthusiasm impelling a whole nation to arms, there was something so noble, so grand, that I felt myself lifted up. Even the perils that lay before Henry and Alfred did not affright

me: I felt a secret impulse to accompany them. Had not I a fireside, a family to defend? Was not America, where I possessed these treasures, my country also?

At my door I found a whole regiment of Zouaves, volunteers from that ward, the aged Colonel St. John mounted on a white horse. Forgetful of his rheumatism and his wounds, the gallant veteran was eager to lead the young men to conflict. Beside the Colonel marched Rose in a captain's uniform, accompanied by his eight sons, and four other fine young men, Green's sons. Fox, turned into a lieutenant, and the centre of a group, was holding forth, gesticulating and breathing blood and slaughter. His false collar and his snuff-box did not accord very well with his uniform, and might have made me laugh at another time, but he spoke with so much fire that he had to me a martial air. He was different from a professional soldier: he was a man resolved to die for his country.

"Neighbor," said Rose to me, "we count on you; the old should set an example. We need a surgeon for our regiment of Zouaves; you have been unanimously chosen; nothing is wanting but your consent."

"You have it," cried I; "yes, my good friends, I will go with you. We shall be there to watch over the boys, and, if need be, to fire a shot with them. Hurrah for the Union! Our country forever!"

The cry was repeated through all the ranks, mingled with that of "Hurrah for Daniel! Hurrah for the Major!" I felt the very depths of my heart stirred by the acclamations of these brave young fellows. I entered the house with head erect and sparkling eyes. A new life was awakening in my soul. I was happy!

A few hours sufficed to procure me a surgeon's uniform. Rose presented me with a fine case of instruments: I bought revolvers, a sabre, a horse; in three hours I was ready: we were to set out on the same evening.

Up to this time I had not reflected on what I was doing; my French ardor had carried me away. But at the moment of quitting the house in which I had passed so many happy and useful days, I felt an indescribable

sadness, as if once gone, I should never return. And if I did return, would it be with my son, and Alfred, whom I had begun to love as if he were my son?

I shook off these sad thoughts, which nevertheless returned ceaselessly to the assault, when the old Colonel entered my house. The sight of him did me good. He was one of those brave soldiers prodigal of their blood, sparing of the blood of others. We could not have had a more honorable and trustworthy leader.

"Colonel," said I, when his congratulations were ended, "we are alone and I can speak freely. Between ourselves, what do you make of these new recruits? Enthusiasm is a good thing, but what is it beside military drill and discipline? Notwithstanding the courage of these well-meaning young men, there are battalions that break up at the first fire."

"Patience, Major," replied the veteran. "I am less severe than you; and, besides, I have been a soldier all my life. Two months behind the redoubts at Washington will turn these volunteers into soldiers. Discipline is much, it is true, but it is an attainment within reach of the most ignorant. What cannot be given is courage, faith, patriotism. There is the final spring, if we talk of swordsmen; to handle the bayonet a quick and rigorous arm is needed; but it is the soul that gives strength to the arm. A few years of war and endurance suffice to educate a nation and make two enemies equal. There remains, then, moral force; that always has the last word; and this is why the best armies are those composed of citizens."

"Excuse me, Colonel, I think nothing equals experienced troops."

"You are mistaken," said St. John. "In a review, or a parade, that is possible; war is another thing. Good officers, young soldiers, old generals, are necessary. There is nothing like youth for marching without complaint, obeying without murmur, meeting danger fearlessly, and death unmoved and smiling. The more intelligent, pious, and patriotic it is, the more it can be depended upon. They have other ideas in the Old World: there precedent and the worship of brute force still reign. Here

civilization has opened our eyes. No doubt, victory always belongs to the general who at the critical moment can throw against a given point the greatest number of battalions. But other conditions being equal, the young and patriotic soldier is worth more than an old one who follows war as a trade."

"You have no generals," said I. "Up to the present time yours has been a peaceful country, begetting farmers and merchants rather than Cæsars."

"Be tranquil," replied the Colonel. "You will have generals, and more than enough of them. War is like the chase, a profession in which certain men excel from the first. Such an one — to-day a blacksmith, an engineer, a lawyer, perhaps a doctor — will awake to-morrow a general. History shows that there are sterile epochs when letters, art, and industry are dead, but in none of them have soldiers been wanting. Man has the hunter's sanguinary instinct; peace may restrain, but cannot destroy it. With the coming of war you will have heroes. Heaven grant that the people may esteem them aright, and not sacrifice liberty to them!" . . .

The sound of bugles announced the time of departure. I went down holding the hands of Henry and Alfred. Jenny embraced us all with the courage of a woman and a Christian mother. Susanna, silent and agitated, gave us each a Bible to carry with us everywhere. Martha had prepared a prophetic sermon, but at the first word the poor girl gave a terrible sob, and taking Henry in her arms, as if he had been a child, covered him with tears and kisses. I wrung her hand; she threw herself on my neck, and half-strangled me before I could mount my horse.

At the same instant Sambo came running out, ludicrously accoutred, with a red and blue sash, a plumed hat, and a sabre that dragged on the ground. "Massa," cried he, "take me with you; I am brave. If my skin is black, my blood is red. If they don't kill me first I will beat them all." I could hardly get rid of the poor boy, though I gave the sagest reasons to convince him that his courage was ridiculous.

As long as I was near the house I dared not look

back; there were tears in my eyes, and I feared they would overflow; but at a turn in the street I looked back. The three women were waving their handkerchiefs and following us with their eyes. My heart beat tumultuously. "O God!" cried I, "to thee I confide my loved ones!" For the first time I wept, I prayed, and was comforted.

At four o'clock we were drawn up in battle array before the Mayor's office. Green reviewed us, and spoke to us of the country with an emotion that bordered on eloquence. His voice was drowned by our cheers. Then all became silent, self-controlled. Perhaps I alone of the whole regiment was restless. Strange thing! I longed to be under fire. In a moment of rest I passed before my companions, laughing, talking, gesticulating, with a word for everyone, rallying those who were moved, encouraging those who tried to smile, promising my aid in time of danger. I had already the war-fever. . . .

The night was fine: the early risen moon shone far and wide on fields bordered with poplars and divided by willows. On the horizon a river rolled its silvered waters. There was a certain charm in letting myself be carried by my horse; and in giving myself up to reverie in the midst of that beautiful country. It is the soldier's good fortune that he can enjoy the present hour without disquieting himself about the morrow.

The camping-place was not far distant. At eight o'clock we halted. The Colonel had wished us to learn to march. The lesson was not needless; the regiment had the air of a flock of sheep in disorder. But the brave St. John congratulated all the recruits, accustoming them, little by little, to look upon him as a father, and put confidence in him.

"Major," said he to me, "do not laugh. In a month we shall be worth as much as the Prussians. When a man believes himself a soldier, he is half one already; you shall see what an army of citizens can be."

The bivouac was in the midst of the fields. The fires lighted and the horses picketed, we supped cheerfully on the provisions that each one had brought with him. For the conscripts this first repast in the open air was a feast:

war had not yet made them regret the comfort and affection of the fireside.

When supper was over, and it did not last long, the soldiers, instead of laughing and shouting, seated themselves in silence upon their blankets to listen to the ministers. The officers formed the circle. Truth advanced in the midst of us, and opening the Bible, read with inspired voice the song of David when God had delivered him from the hand of his enemies.

While Truth recited this lofty poem, I looked about me. All the officers listened, praying, their eyes flashing with ardor and faith. The last flames of our dying fires illuminated their noble faces and cast upon them an indescribable, mysterious brightness. I could almost have believed myself carried back into the middle of the seventeenth century, and set down in a camp of Roundheads. "And these," thought I, "are the men to whom our Parisian newspapers deny all patriotism and all religion! No: military despotism can never obtain a foothold in this generous land. The soil upturned and made fruitful by the Puritans can bring forth only liberty."

The reading over, I wrung the hand of Truth, and, taking advantage of my privilege, I inspected all the companies, in search of my son and Alfred. I found them both lying on the ground, wrapped in their blankets, and talking in low tones, I well knew of whom.

"Boys," said I, "a soldier must husband his strength; the first requisite is sleep. Make a place for me between you, and dream with your eyes shut."

So saying I embraced my two sons, wrapped my cloak carefully about me, drew the hood over my face, and went to sleep with a heart as light as if I were at home. — *Paris in America.*

LACOSTE, MARIE, an American poet; born at Savannah, Georgia, in 1842. In 1863 she wrote the poem, *Somebody's Darling*. Without her consent it was published, with her name attached, in the *Southern Churchman*. In 1886 she removed to Baltimore. In a letter of that year she writes: "I am thoroughly French, and desire always to be identified with France; to be known and considered ever as a Frenchwoman."

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
  Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
  Somebody's Darling was borne one day:—
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
  Wearing yet, on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
  The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
  Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould:—
  Somebody's Darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful, blue-veined brow
  Brush all the wondering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now:—
  Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once more for somebody's sake;
  Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
  They were somebody's pride, you know;
Somebody's hand had rested there:—
  Was it a mother's soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
  Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He has somebody's love;
  Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above
  Night and morn on the wings of prayer;
Somebody wept when he marched away,
  Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
  Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
  Yearning to hold him again to the heart;
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
  And the smiling childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
  Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
  "Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

LA FAYETTE, Marie Madeleine Pioche de la Vergne, Comtesse de, a French novelist; born at Paris, March 16, 1634; died there May 25, 1693. Her father, Aymar de la Vergne, was governor of Havre. She received an excellent education, and in 1655 married the Count de La Fayette. After the death of her husband, an attachment grew up between her and La Rochefoucauld, which continued until the death of the latter. She wrote *Histoire de Madame Henrietta d'Angleterre* and *Mémoires da la Cour de France;* but her fame rests upon her novels and short stories. *La Princesse de Clèves,* her masterpiece, was published in 1678. *Zayde,* another novel, was issued eight years earlier. Other works were *Mademoiselle de Montpensier* (1662) and *La Comtesse de Tende* (1680). *La Princesse de Clèves*

was an immediate success; everybody talked about it, and the author spoke of people even "coming to blows" about it. Boursault dramatized it, and the best critics wrote it up and down. Madame de La Fayette was the first to introduce naturalness into fiction — the first to draw human beings and real feelings; and thereby she earned a place among the true classics.

THE BETROTHAL OF MADAME ELIZABETH.

The ceremony of her betrothal took place at the Louvre; and, the banquet and the ball concluded, the whole royal household went, as was the custom, to the bishop's palace to pass the night. The next morning the Duke of Alva, who was always very simple in his dress, donned a coat of cloth and gold, interwoven with red, yellow, and black, and plentifully besprinkled with precious stones: on his head, he had a crown. The Prince of Orange, dressed in as splendid style, came with his servants, and all the Spaniards, too, appeared with a goodly following, to escort the Duke of Alva from the Villeroy mansion where he was staying; and, four abreast, they started to walk to the bishop's palace. Upon their arrival, they proceeded in due order to the church, and the wedding ceremony took place. They returned to dine with the bishop, and at about five left for the palace to attend the banquet, to which the parliament, the sovereign courts, and the city officials had been invited. The King, the queens, the princes ate at the marble table in the great hall of the palace, the Duke of Alva's seat being near the new Queen of Spain. At the King's right hand, below the steps of the marble table, sat the ambassadors, the archbishops and the knights of the orders; opposite them were seated the members of parliament.— *From La Princesse de Clèves.*

THE TOURNAMENT.

At last came the day of the tournament. Raised seats were reserved for the queens in the galleries, and thither

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE.

they betook themselves. The four champions, with their many horses and servants, appearing at the end of the list, formed the most magnificent spectacle ever witnessed in France. Out of respect to Madame de Valentinois, who was a widow, the King's colors were always plain black and white. The Duke of Ferrara and his entire suite wore yellow and red, Monsieur de Guise pink and white, Monsieur de Nemours yellow and black. Never was seen greater skill than the four champions evinced. If the King was the best horseman in the realm, it was difficult to decide to whom to give the palm.

Toward evening, when the jousts were all but concluded, and the company about to depart, the evil fate of the country induced the King to break another lance. The Count of Montgomery, who was very skilful, was ordered to enter the lists. The lances broke, and a splinter from that of the Count's struck the King in the eye, and could not be withdrawn. He at once fell to the ground. It is easy to imagine the excitement and distress which this unhappy accident caused, after a day devoted to merry-making. The Constable recalled the prophecy, of the fulfilment of which he had no doubt, that the King should be slain in single combat. On the seventh day the King grew so much worse that his physicians lost all hope. He received the news of his approaching death with wonderful firmness, all the more praiseworthy since he died by such an unfortunate accident, in the prime of life, happy and almost worshipped by his people.— *From La Princesse de Clèves.*

LA FONTAINE, JEAN DE, a French fabulist and poet; born at Chateau-Thierry, Champagne, July 8, 1621; died at Paris, April 13, 1695. At the age of twenty he was sent by his father to the Oratory at Rheims, where he began to exhibit a decided taste for the classics and for poetry. He later

enjoyed the friendship of Molière, Boileau, Racine, and other contemporary celebrities. His best productions are *Contes et Nouvelles en Vers* (1665; 2d part, 1666; 3d part, 1671) and *Fables Choisies mises en Vers* (1668–93).

THE CRAFTY FOX AND THE SIMPLE GOAT.

A fox once journeyed, and for company
A certain bearded, horned goat had he;
Which goat no farther than his nose could see;
The fox was deeply versed in trickery.

These travelers did thirst compel
To seek the bottom of a well.
There, having drank enough for two,
Says fox, "My friend, what shall we do?
'Tis time that we were thinking
Of something else than drinking.
Raise you your feet upon the wall,
And stick your horns up straight and tall;
Then up your back I'll climb with ease,
And draw you after, if you please."
"Yes, by my beard," the other said,
"'Tis just the thing. I like a head
Well stocked with sense, like thine.
Had it been left to mine,
I do confess,
I never should have thought of this."
So Renard clambered out
And, leaving there the goat,
Discharged his obligations
By preaching thus on patience:—
"Had Heaven put sense thy head within
To match the beard upon thy chin,
Thou would'st have thought a bit
Before descending such a pit.
I'm out of it; good-by;
With prudent effort try
Yourself to extricate.

For me, affairs of state
Permit me not to wait."

Whatever way you wend,
Consider well the end.

— *Translation of* ELIZA WRIGHT.

LAMARCK, JEAN BAPTISTE PIERRE ANTOINE DE MONET, a French scientist and philosopher; born at Barentin, Picardy, August 11, 1744; died at Paris, December 18, 1829. He was of noble family, entered the army in 1760, but was compelled on account of an accident, to abandon active military service, after which he devoted his attention to study, first to medicine; afterward, after hearing Jussieu's illustrations of botany, he turned to the study of that science. Jussieu had intimated that the old method of classification in botany was defective and Lamarck determined to remedy the deficiency. He labored with great diligence on a treatise in which he showed the defects of the old classification, and proposed a new one, which met with general approval. He then applied his new system to the plants of France, and delivered to the Academy his *Flore Francais, ou Description succincte de toutes les Plantos qui croissent naturellement en France.* This work was printed, by the recommendation of the Academy, at the expense of the government, for the benefit of the author (1780).

Lamarck now turned his whole attention to botanical research, and made several excursions to Auvergne, and into Germany, in the last of which he was accom-

panied by the son of Buffon. On his return to Paris he undertook the botanical department of the encyclopædia which Panckoucke was publishing, and applied himself to this task with such assiduity, that, in 1783, he produced the first half of the first volume, with an introduction, containing a sketch of the history of the science. He published the second volume in 1788. But a dispute between him and the publisher, brought the undertaking to a stand, and ended Lamarck's botanical career. At the breaking out of the Revolution he was the second professor in the royal *Jardin des Plantes,* but in consequence of new arrangements he received a chair in the department of zoology, in which he was soon as much distinguished as he had been in botany. In his writings he shows himself a real forerunner of Darwin. Lamarck's comprehensive mind was also directed toward physics, and he published in 1794 *Recherches sur les Causes des Principaux Faits Physics,* in which he exposes many false theories. With the same view he also wrote his *Refutation de la Theorie Pneumatique,* etc., which appeared in Paris in 1796.

LAMARCK'S THEORY.

The most permanently important work of Lamarck is his *Philosophic Zoologique,* although at the time it was published, it excited little attention. He was doubtless familiar with Erasmus Darwin's *Love of the Plants,* which in spite of its many absurdities contained some premonitions of the great discoveries to be made by the author's greater grandson. The essence of Lamarck's theory may be stated in the following propositions: (1) Every considerable and sustained change, in the conditions of life produces a real change in the needs of the animals involved; (2) change of needs involves new habits; (3) altered function evokes change of structure,

DE LAMARTINE.

for parts formerly less used become with increased exercise more highly developed, other organs in default of use deteriorate and finally disappear, while new parts gradually arise in the organism by its own efforts from within (*efforts de son sentiment interieur*); (4) gains or losses due to use or disuse are transmitted from parents to offspring. The main point is of course contained in the last proposition, which is controverted by Darwin and Weisman, and their adherents in England and Germany. There is, however, a Lamarckian school of considerable influence in Paris, and the Neo-Lamarckians of the United States, including Cope, Hyatt and Packard have much to support their "laws of growth" as involving the inherited effects of use, disuse and new environments.— *Encyclopedia Americana*

LAMARTINE, Alphonse Marie Louis de, a French poet, historian and statesman; born near Mâcon, October 21, 1790; died at Paris, March 1, 1869. He was educated chiefly by his mother, and was sent to the college at Belley, where he remained until his nineteenth year. In 1811 he went to Italy, where he spent two years. His family had suffered for their adherence to the Royalist cause, and when Napoleon was sent to Elba, Lamartine returned to France and entered the service of Louis XVIII. On the return of Napoleon he took refuge in Switzerland. In 1818–19 he traveled in Savoy, Switzerland, and Italy, writing poetry, of which his first volume, *Méditations Poétiques,* was published in 1820. He now entered the diplomatic service. In 1823 he married an English lady of fortune, and the same year published *Nouvelles Méditations.* After the ac-

cession of Louis Philippe he traveled with his family in Turkey, Egypt, and Syria. During his absence he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and took his place about the beginning of 1834. He was re-elected in 1837. In 1841 he opposed Thiers's project of fortifying the capital. In 1843 he advocated the extension of the franchise, and the foundation of a constitutional monarchy.

The Revolution of February, 1848, gave him a foremost place among the men of France. He was made Minister of Foreign Affairs, was elected for the Constitutional Assembly in ten departments, and was chosen one of the five members of the Executive Committee. For four months he held the reins of government, but in June his influence succumbed to that of Cavaignac.

The remainder of his life was spent in literary labor. His private fortune was gone, and the Government in 1867 granted him $100,000. In 1860 he supervised an edition of his works in forty-one volumes. Among them are *Harmonies Poétiques et Réligieuses* (1830); *Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées et Paysages pendant un Voyage en Orient* (1835); *Jocelyn, Journal trouvé chez un Curé de Village* (1836); *La Chute d'un Ange* (1838); *Récueillements Poétiques* (1839); *Histoire des Girondins* (1847); *History of the Revolution of 1848*, and *Histories* of Turkey and Russia.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Eagles, that wheel above our crests,
Say to the storms that round us blow,
They cannot harm our gnarled breasts,
Firm-rooted as we are below.
Their utmost efforts we defy.
They lift the sea-waves to the sky;

But when they wrestle with our arms,
Nervous and gaunt, or lift our hair,
Balanced within its cradle fair
The tiniest bird has no alarms.

Sons of the rock, no mortal hand
Here planted us: God-sown we grew.
We are the diadem green and grand
On Eden's summit that He threw.
When waters in a deluge rose,
Our hollow flanks could well enclose
Awhile the whole of Adam's race;
And children of the Patriarch
Within our forest built the Ark
Of Covenant, foreshadowing Grace.

We saw the tribes as captives led,
We saw them back return anon;
As rafters have our branches dead
Covered the porch of Solomon;
And later, when the Word made man
Came down in God's salvation-plan
To pay for sin the ransom-price,
The beams that form'd the Cross we gave:
These, red in blood of power to save,
Were altars of that Sacrifice.

In memory of such great events,
Men come to worship our remains;
Kneel down in prayer within our tents,
And kiss our old trunk's weather-stains,
The saint, the poet, and the sage,
Hear and shall hear from age to age
Sounds in our foliage like the voice
Of many waters; in these shades
Their burning words are forged like blades,
While their uplifted souls rejoice.

— *Translation of* Toru Dutt.

THE TEMPLE.

We left Louis XVI. at the threshold of the Temple, where Pétion had conducted him, without his being able to know as yet whether he entered there as suspended from the throne or as a prisoner. This uncertainty lasted some days.

The Temple was an ancient and dismal fortress, built by the monastic Order of Templars, at the time when sacerdotal and military theocrasies, uniting in revolt against princes with tyranny toward the people, constructed for themselves forts for monasteries, and marched to dominion by the double power of the cross and the sword. After their fall their fortified dwelling had remained standing, as a wreck of past times neglected by the present. The chateau of the Temple was situated near the Faubourg St. Antoine, not far from the Bastile; it enclosed with its buildings, its palace, its towers, and its gardens, a vast space of solitude and silence, in the centre of a most densely populated quarter. The buildings were composed of a *prieuré,* or palace of the Order, the apartments of which served as an occasional dwelling for the Comte d'Artois, when that prince came from Versailles to Paris. This dilapidated palace contained apartments furnished with ancient movables, beds, and linen for the suite of the prince. A porter and his family were its only hosts. A garden surrounded it, as empty and neglected as the palace. At some steps from this dwelling was the donjon of the chateau, once the fortification of the Temple. Its abrupt, dark mass rose on a simple spot of ground toward the sky; two square towers, the one larger, the other smaller, were united to each other like a mass of walls, each one having at its flank other small suspended towers, in former days crowned with battlements at their extremity, and these formed the principal group of this construction. Some low and more modern buildings abutted upon it, and served, by disappearing in its shade, to raise its height. This donjon and tower were constructed of large stones, cut in Paris, the excoriations and cicatrices of which marbled

the walls with yellow, livid spots, upon the black ground which the rain and snow incrust upon the large buildings of the north of France. The large tower, almost as high as the towers of a cathedral, was not less than sixty feet from the base to the top. It enclosed within its four walls a space of thirty square feet. An enormous pile of masonry occupied the centre of the tower, and rose almost to the point of the edifice. This pile, larger and wider at each story, leaned its arches upon the exterior walls, and formed four successive arched roofs, which contained four guard-rooms. These halls communicated with other hidden and more narrow places cut in the towers. The walls of the edifice were nine feet thick. The embrasures of the few windows which lighted it, very large at the entrance of the hall, sunk, as they became narrow, even to the crosswork of stone, and left only a feeble and remote light to penetrate into the interior. Bars of iron darkened these apartments still further. Two doors, the one of doubled oak-wood very thick, and studded with large diamond-headed nails; the other plated with iron, and fortified with bars of the same metal, divided each hall from the stair by which one ascended to it.

This staircase rose in a spiral to the platform of the edifice. Seven successive wickets, or seven solid doors, shut by bolt and key, were ranged from landing to landing, from the base to the terrace. At each one of these wickets a sentinel and a key-bearer were on guard. An exterior gallery crowned the summit of the donjon. One made here ten steps at each turn. The least breath of air howled there like a tempest. The noises of Paris mounted there, weakening as they came. Thence the eye ranged freely over the low roofs of the quarter Saint Antoine, or the streets of the Temple, upon the dome of the Pantheon, upon the towers of the cathedral, upon the roofs of the pavilions of the Tuileries, or upon the green hills of Issy, or of Choisy-le-Roi, descending, with their villages, their parks, and their meadows, toward the course of the Seine.

The small tower stood with its back to the large one. It had also two little towers upon each of its flanks. It

was equally square, and divided into four stories. No interior communication existed between these two contiguous edifices; each had its separate staircase; an open platform crowned this tower in place of a roof, as on the donjon. The first story enclosed an antechamber, an eating-hall, and a library of old books collected by the ancient priors of the Temple, or serving as a depot for the refuse of the libraries of the Comte d'Artois; the second, third, and fourth stories offered to the eye the same disposition of apartments, the same nakedness of wall, and the same dilapidation of furniture. The winds whistled there, the rain fell across the broken panes, the swallow flew in there at pleasure; no beds, sofas, or hangings were there. One or two couches for the assistant jailers, some broken straw-bottom chairs, and earthen vessels in an abandoned kitchen, formed the whole of the furniture. Two low-arched doors, whose freestone mouldings represented a bundle of pillars, surmounted by broken escutcheons of the Temple, led to the vestibule of these two towers.

Large alleys paved with flagstones surrounded the building; these were separated by barriers of planks. The garden was overgrown with vegetation — thick with coarse herbs, and choked by heaps of stones and gravel, the relics of demolished buildings. A high and dull wall, like that of a cloister, made the place still more gloomy. This wall had only one outlet, at the extremity of a long alley on the Vieille Ru du Temple.

Such were the exterior aspect and interior disposition of this abode, when the owners of the Tuileries, Versailles, and Fontainebleau arrived at nightfall. These deserted halls no longer expected tenants since the Templars had left them, to go to the funeral pile of Jacques de Molay. These pyramidal towers, empty, cold, and mute for so many ages, more resembled the chambers of a pyramid in the sepulchre of a Pharaoh of the West than a residence.— *History of the Girondists; translation of* H. T. Ryde.

Ch^s Lamb

LAMB, CHARLES ("ELIA"), an English poet, essayist and humorist; born at London, February 10, 1775; died at Edmonton, December 27, 1834. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, Coleridge being one of his school-fellows. At the age of fourteen he was employed as a clerk in the South Sea House; and three years later he received an appointment in the accountant's office of the East India Company, a position which he held for more than thirty years, until 1825, when he was suffered to retire with a life annuity of £450.

He commenced his literary career by publishing, in conjunction with Coleridge and Lloyd, a volume of poems (1797); the next year he wrote *Rosamund Gray,* a prose tale, and still later *John Woodville,* a drama. In 1808 he published *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets,* who flourished nearly contemporary with Shakespeare. But by far the most notable of his writings are the *Essays of Elia,* begun in 1820, and continued until 1833.

MODERN GALLANTRY.

In comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry: a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females as females. I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct when I can forget that in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility we are just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public in common with the coarsest male offenders. I shall believe it when Dorimont hands a fishwife across the kennel, or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit which some unlucky dray has just

dissipated. Until that day comes I shall never believe this boasted point to be anything more than a conventional fiction — a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear — to the woman as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title. I shall believe it to be something more than a name when a well-dressed gentleman, in a well-dressed company, can advert to the topic of female old age without exciting, and intending to excite, a sneer; when the phrases "antiquated virginity," and such a one has "overstood her market," pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offence in man or woman that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread Street Hill, merchant, and one of the Directors of the South Sea Company, was the only pattern of consistent gallantry that I have ever met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more.

Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not one system of attention to females in the drawing-room and another in the shop or in the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bareheaded —smile if you please — to a poor servant-girl while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street — in such a posture of unforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance nor himself in the offer of it. He was no dangler in the common acceptation of the word; but he reverenced and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, womanhood. I have seen him — nay, smile not — tenderly escorting a market-

woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as though she had been a countess.

He was never married, but in his youth he had paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley, who, dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their courtship, he told me, that he had been treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches — the common gallanties — to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance; but in this instance with no effect. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day — finding her a little better humored —to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her position had a right to expect all sort of civil things to be said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women. But that, a little before he had commenced his compliments, she had overheard him, by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman, who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time; and she thought to herself:

"As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady — a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune — I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me; but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one, and had failed in bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour — though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them — what sort of compliments should I have received then? And my woman's pride came to my assistance; and I thought that if it were only to do *me* honor, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage. And I was determined not to accept any fine speeches to the compromise

of that sex, belonging to which was, after all, my strongest claim and title to them."

I think the lady discovered both generosity and a just way of thinking in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined that the uncommon strain of courtesy which through life regulated the actions and behavior of my friend toward all of womankind owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress. I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry, and no longer witness of the anomaly of the same man — a pattern of true politeness to a wife, of cold contempt or rudeness to a sister; the idolater of his female mistress; the despiser of his no less female aunt or unfortunate — still female — maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed — her handmaid or dependent — she deserves to have derogated from herself on that score.

What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first, respect for her as she is a woman; and next to that, to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions incident to individual preference be so many pretty additaments and ornaments — as many and as fanciful as you please — to the main structure. Let her first lesson be, with sweet Susan Winstanley, to reverence her sex.— *Elia.*

DISTANT CORRESPONDENTS.

(*In a Letter to B. F., Esq., at Sydney, New South Wales.*)

My Dear F——: When I think how welcome the sight of a letter from the world where you were born must be to you in that strange one to which you are transplanted, I feel some compunctious visitings at my long silence. But, indeed, it is no easy effort to set about a correspondence at our distance. The weary world of waters between us oppresses the imagination. It is difficult to

conceive how a scrawl of mine should ever stretch across it. It is a sort of presumption to expect that one's thoughts should live so far. It is like writing for posterity; and reminds me of one of Mrs. Rowe's superscriptions, "Alexander to Strephon in the Shades."

Epistolary matter usually comprises three topics: News, Sentiment, and Puns. In the latter I include all non-serious subjects; or subjects serious in themselves, but treated after my fashion, non-seriously. And first for News. In them the most desirable circumstance, I suppose, is that they shall be true. But what security can I have that what I send you for truth shall not before you get it unaccountably turn into a lie? For instance, our mutual friend P—— is at this present writing — *my Now* — in good health, and enjoys a fair share of worldly reputation. You are glad to hear of it? This is natural and friendly. But at this present reading — *your Now* — he may possibly be in the Bench, or going to be hanged, which in reason ought to abate something of your transport (*i.e.*, at hearing he was well, etc.), or at least considerably to modify it.

Not only does truth, in these long intervals, unessence herself, but (what is harder) one cannot venture a crude fiction for fear that it may ripen into a truth upon the voyage. What a wild, improbable banter I put upon you some three years since — of Will Weatherall having married a servant-maid! I remember gravely consulting you how we were to receive her (for Will's wife was in no case to be rejected); and your no less serious replication in the matter; how tenderly you advised an abstemious introduction of literary topics before the lady, with a caution not to be too forward in bringing on the carpet matters more within the sphere of her intelligence; your deliberate judgment — a rather wise suspension of sentence — how far jacks and spits and mops could be introduced as subjects; whether the conscious avoiding of all such matters in discourse would not have a worse look than the taking them casually in our way; and in what manner we should carry ourselves to our Maid Becky — Mrs. William Weatherall being by: whether we should show more delicacy and truer sense for Will's wife

by treating Becky with our customary chiding before her, or by unusual deferential civility paid to Becky as to a person of great worth, but thrown by the caprice of fate into a humble situation.

There were difficulties, I remember, on both sides, which you did me the favor to state with the precision of a lawyer, united to the tenderness of a friend. I laughed in my sleeve at your solemn pleadings, when lo! while I was valuing myself upon this flam put upon you in New South Wales, the devil in England — jealous of any lie-children not his own, or working after my copy — has actually instigated our friend (not three days since) to the commission of a matrimony which I had only conjured up for your diversion. William Weatherall has married Mrs. Cotterel's maid. But to take it in its truest sense, you will see, my dear F——, that News from me must become History to you; which I neither profess to write, nor, indeed, care much for reading. No person, unless a diviner, can with any prospect of veracity conduct a correspondence at such an arm's length.

Then as to Sentiment. It fares little better with that. This kind of dish, above all, requires to be served up hot, or sent off in water-plates, that your friend may have it almost as warm as yourself. If it have time to cool, it is the most tasteless of all cold meats. I have often smiled at a conceit of the late Lord C——. It seems that travelling somewhere about Geneva, he came to some pretty green spot or nook, where a willow or something hung so fantastically and invitingly over a stream — was it? or a rock?— no matter: but the stillness or the repose, after a weary journey, 'tis likely in a languid moment in his Lordship's not restless life, so took his fancy that he could imagine no place so proper, in the event of his death, to lay his bones in. This was all very natural and excusable as a sentiment, and shows his character in a very pleasing light. But when from a passing sentiment it came to be an act; and when by a positive testamentary disposal his remains were actually carried all that way from England, who was there — some desperate sentimentalists excepted — that did not ask the question, Why could not his Lordship have found a spot as solitary, a nook as romantic, a

tree as green and pendent, in Surrey, in Dorset, or in Devon? Conceive the sentiment boarded up, freighted, entered at the Custom House (startling the tide-waiters with the novelty), hoisted into a ship. Conceive it passed about and handled between the rude jests of tarpaulin ruffians — a thing of its delicate texture — the salt bilge wetting it till it became as vapid as a damaged lustring. Trace it then to its lucky landing at Lyons, shall we say — I have not the map before me — jostled upon four men's shoulders — baiting at this town — stopping to refresh at t'other village — waiting a passport here, a license there — the sanction of the magistracy in this district — the concurrence of the ecclesiastics in that canton; till at length it arrives at its destination, tired out and jaded, from a brisk Sentiment into a feature of silly Pride or tawdry, senseless Affectation. How few Sentiments, my dear F ——, I am afraid we can set down, in the sailors' phrase, as quite seaworthy.

Lastly, as to the agreeable levities which, though contemptible in bulk, are the twinkling corpuscula which should irradiate a right friendly epistle — your Puns and small Jests are, I apprehend, extremely circumscribed in their sphere of action. They are so far from a capacity of being packed up and sent beyond sea, that they will scarce endure to be transported by hand from this room to the next. Their vigor is at the instant of their birth. Their nutriment for their brief existence is the intellectual atmosphere of the by-standers. A Pun hath a hearty kind of present ear-kissing smack wi'h it; you can no more transmit it in its pristine flavor than you can send a kiss. Have you not tried in some instances to palm off a yesterday's pun upon a gentleman, and has it answered? Not but it was new to his hearing, but it did not seem to come new from you. It did not seem to hitch in. It was like picking up at a village alehouse a two-days' old newspaper. You have not seen it before, but you resent the stale thing as an affront. This sort of merchandise, above all, requires a quick return. A pun and its recognitory laugh must be co-instantaneous. The one is the brisk lightning, the other the fierce thunder. A moment's interval, and the link is snapped. A pun is

reflected from a friend's face as from a mirror. Who would consult his sweet visnomy were it two or three minutes (not to speak of twelve months) in giving back its copy?

I am insensibly chatting to you as familiarly as when we used to exchange good-morrow out of our old contiguous windows in pump-famed Hare-Court in the Temple. My heart is as dry as that spring sometimes turns in a thirsty August, when I revert to the space that is between us; a length of passage enough to render obsolete the phrases of our English letters before they can reach you. But while I talk, I think you hear me — thoughts dallying with vain surmise —

"Aye me! while thee the seas and sounding shores hold
far away."

Come back before I am grown into a very old man, so as you shall hardly know me. Come before Bridget walks on crutches. Girls whom you left as children have become sage matrons while you are tarrying there. The blooming Miss W —— r (you remember Sally W —— r) called upon us yesterday, an aged crone. Folks whom you knew die off every year. If you do not make haste to return, there will be little left to greet you of me or mine.— *Elia.*

HESTER.

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead;
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her, together.

A springing motion in her gait
A rising step, did indicate

Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:— if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was trained in nature's school —
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind —
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore!
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day —
A bliss that would not go away —
A sweet forewarning?

THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages, ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius, in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following —

The swine herd Ho-ti, having gone out into the wood one morning, as his manner was, to collect food for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labour of an hour or two at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and ringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage — he had smelt that smell before; indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand — much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them, in his booby fashion, to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) — he tasted — *crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole

handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his father entered amid the smoking rafters armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you but you must be eating fire and I know not what? What have you got there I say?"

"O, father, the pig — the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats!"

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father; only taste! O, Lord!" with suchlike barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion, both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for

a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time.

As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced at court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,— to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision: and, when the Court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district.

The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus the custom of firing houses continued, till, in process of time, says the manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that

MARTHA J. LAMB.

the flesh of swine, or, indeed, of any other animal might be cooked (*burnt,* as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later — I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

LAMB, MARTHA JOAN READE NASH, an American historian; born at Plainfield, Mass., August 13, 1829; died at New York, January 2, 1893. In 1852 she married Charles A. Lamb, of Ohio. For several years she lived in Chicago, where she was instrumental in founding a Home for the Friendless and a Half-Orphan Asylum. After 1866 she lived in New York. In 1883 she became the editor of the *Magazine of American History.* Among her works are several books for children (1869–70); *Spicy,* a novel (1872); *The Tombs of Old Trinity* (1876); *State and Society in Washington* (1878); *The Coast Survey* (1879); *The Life-Saving Service* (1881); *The Christmas Owl* (1881); *History of the City of New York* (1866–81); *Snow and Sunshine* (1882), and *Wall Street in History* (1883). She also wrote numerous short stories and contributed many papers to magazines. In 1879 she edited *American Homes,* and in 1883 wrote the *Historical Sketch of New York,* for the tenth census.

Her *History of the City of New York* is of enduring excellence, literary and historical.

MANHATTAN ISLAND.

Two hundred and sixty-five years ago the site of the city of New York was a rocky, wooded, canoe-shaped, thirteen-mile-long island, bounded by two salt rivers and a bay, and peopled by dusky, skin-clad savages. A half-dozen portable wigwam villages, some patches of tobacco and corn, and a few bark canoes drawn up on the shore, gave little promise of our present four hundred and fifty miles of streets, vast property interests, and the encircling forest of shipping. . . .

To the right, the majestic North River, a mile wide, unbroken by an island; to the left, the deep East River, a third of a mile wide, with a chain of slender islands abreast; ahead, a beautiful bay fifteen miles in circumference, at the foot of which the waters were cramped into a narrow strait with bold steeps on either side; and astern, a small channel dividing the island from the mainland to the north, and connecting the two salt rivers. Nature wore a hardy countenance, as wild and untamed as the savage landholders. Manhattan's twenty-two thousand acres of rock, lake, and rolling table-land, rising in places to an altitude of one hundred and thirty-eight feet, were covered with sombre forests, grassy knolls, and dismal swamps. The trees were lofty; and old, decayed, and withered limbs contrasted with the younger growth of branches, and wild flowers wasted their sweetness among the dead leaves and uncut herbage at their roots. The entire surface of the island was bold and gigantic, and in profile resembled the cartilaginous back of the sturgeon. Where the Tombs prison now casts its grim shadow in Centre Street, was a fresh-water lake, supplied by springs from the high grounds about it, so deep that the largest ships might have floated upon its surface, and pure as the Croton which now flows through the reservoirs of the city. It had two outlets — small streams, one emptying into the North, the other into the East River.— *History of the City of New York.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON IN NEW YORK.

The winter of 1790 opened auspiciously. New York City was in promising health and picturesque attire. The weather until February was remarkably mild and lovely. "I see the President has returned fragrant with the odor of incense," wrote Trumbull to Wolcott in December. "This tour has answered a good political purpose, and in a great measure stilled those who were clamoring about the wages of Congress." The community at large was full of pleasing anticipations. People flocked into the metropolis from all quarters, and the presence of so much dignity of character, statesmanship, legal learning, culture, and social elegance produced new sensations, aspirations, and ambitions.

Washington was the observed of all observers. His wonderful figure, which it has pleased the present age to clothe in cold and mythical disguises, was neither unreal nor marble. He stood six feet three inches in his slippers, well-proportioned, evenly developed, and straight as an arrow. He had a long, muscular arm, and probably the largest hand of any man in New York. He was fifty-eight, with a character so firm and true, kindly and sweet, kingly and grand, as to remain unshaken as the air when a boy wings his arrow into it, through all subsequent history. His great will-power and gravity seem to have most attracted the attention of mankind. His abilities as a business man, the accuracy of his accounts, which through much of his life he kept with his own hand, and his boundless generosity should also be remembered. He took care of his money; at the same time he cast a fortune worth at least three-quarters of a million into the scale — to be forfeited should the Revolution fail. But the greatest of all his traits was a manly self-poise, founded upon the most perfect self-control. He was withal essentially human, full of feeling, emotional, sympathetic, and sometimes passionate. He was fond of society, conversed well, enjoyed humor in a quiet way, and was sensible to the beauty and open to the appeal of a good story.

While loyal to every duty, and closeted with Jay, Hamil-

ton, and Knox for hours each day in shaping the conduct of the departments, he found time for healthful recreation. The citizens of New York grew accustomed to his appearance upon the streets in one or another of his numerous equipages, or on horseback, or on foot. His diary throws many a domestic and private light upon the pleasing picture. He tells us, for instance, how, after visiting the Vice-President and his wife one afternoon, at Richmond Hill, with Mrs. Washington, in the post-chaise, he walked to Rufus King's to make a social call, "and neither Mr. King nor his lady was at home to be seen." On another occasion he sent tickets to Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Greene, General Philip and Mrs. Schuyler, Secretary and Mrs. Hamilton, and Mr. and Mrs. Rufus King, inviting them to seats in his box at the little John Street theatre. Music commenced, and the audience rose the moment Washington and his friends entered the building. The play was *Darby's Return,* written by William Dunlap. Darby, an Irish lad, proceeded to recount his adventures in New York and elsewhere to his friends in Ireland. Washington smiled at the humorous allusion to the change in the government:—

> "Here, too, I saw some mighty pretty shows —
> A revolution without blood or blows;
> For, as I understood, the cunning elves,
> The people, all revolted from themselves."

But at the lines:—

> "A man who fought to free the land from woe,
> *Like me,* had left his farm a-soldiering to go,
> Then, having gained his point, he had, *like me,*
> Returned, his own potato-ground to see.
> But there he could not rest. With one accord
> He is called to be kind of — not a lord —
> I don't know what; he's not a *great man,* sure,
> For poor men love him just as he were poor;"

the eyes of the audience were fixed curiously upon the President, who changed color slightly and looked serious, when Kathleen asked,

"How looked he, Darby? Was he short or tall?" and Darby replied that he did not see him because he had mistaken a man "all lace and glitter, botherum and shine," for him, until the show was out of sight, Washington's features relaxed and he indulged in a rare and hearty laugh.— *History of the City of New York*

LAMB, MARY ANN, an English poet and essayist, sister of Charles Lamb; born at London in 1765; died there in 1847. She was intimately connected with the entire life of her brother. In 1796, while suffering from acute mania, she stabbed her mother, and from that time and during the whole course of his domestic life Charles Lamb was devoted to the safe-keeping and care of his sister. At intervals during her mental troubles she shared his literary tastes and labors. She was joint author with him of *Tales from Shakespeare* and of *Poetry for Children.* She also wrote *Mrs. Leicester's School,* a collection of juvenile tales.

CHOOSING A NAME.

I have got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing-woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten!
She will shortly be to christen;
And papa has made the offer
I shall have the naming of her.
  Now I wonder what would please her—
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?
Ann and Mary — they're too common;
Joan's too formal for a woman;

Jane's a prettier name beside;
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say if 'twas Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books;
Ellen's left off long ago;
Blanche is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are as good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine;
What do you think of Caroline?
How I'm puzzled and perplexed,
What to choose or think of next!
I am in a little fever
Lest the name that I should give her
Should disgrace her or defame her: —
I will leave papa to name her.

PARENTAL RECOLLECTIONS.

A child's a plaything for an hour; its pretty tricks we try
For that or for a longer space, then tire and lay it by.

But I know one that to itself all seasons could control;
That would have mocked the sense of pain out of a grieved soul.

Thou straggler into loving arms, young climber up of knees,
When I forget thy thousand ways, then life and all shall cease.

LAMENNAIS, Hugues Félicité Robert de, a French ecclesiastic and philosopher; born at St. Malo, June 19, 1782; died at Paris, February 27, 1854. He received the tonsure in 1811, and entered holy orders in 1817. His first book, *Réflexions sur l' État de l'Église* (1808), was destroyed by the police. *Tradition de l'Église sur l'Institution des Evêques* (1814) took Ultramontane ground against the Gallican position. The first volume of *Essai sur l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion* (1817) asserted the absolutism of faith; but the author valued the State chiefly as an adjunct to the Church. The second volume (1820) gave less satisfaction, and the third and fourth (1824) were denounced by the Sorbonne and the bishops. He presented a defence to Pope Leo XII., who said that he would give trouble. *De la Religion considcrée dans ses Rapports avec l'Ordre Civil et Catholique* (1825–26) claimed entire spiritual supremacy for the Pope; for it he was prosecuted in France. *Des Progrès de la Révolution et de la Guerre contre l' Église* (1829) gave the first signs of his leaning toward political liberty. In 1830 he founded *L'Avenir,* with the motto *"Dieu et Liberté — le Pape et le Peuple,"* and was assisted by Lacordaire, Montalembert, and others. They sought the papal approbation in vain, and were condemned by a rescript of August 25, 1832. They yielded, and *L'Avenir* was suspended; but Lamennais's greatest book, *Paroles d'un Croyant* (1834), made a breach with all authority, alike ecclesiastical and civil. This prose poem won instant fame, ran rapidly through a hundred editions, and was translated into nearly every European lan-

guage; the Pope condemned it as "small in size, but immense in its perversity." *Affaires de Rome* (1836); *Le Livre du Peuple* (1837); *Esquisse d'une Philosophie* (1840–46); *De La Religion* (1841), and *Du Passé et de l'Avenir du Peuple* (1842), maintained the position of pure theoratic democracy. For *Le Pays et le Gouvernement* (1840) he was imprisoned a year. In 1848 he was sent to the Assembly, and offered a Constitution, which was rejected as too radical. His last years were occupied in translating Dante. At his own direction, he was buried in Père la Chaise among the unknown poor.

JUSTICE AND LIBERTY.

He who asketh himself how much justice is worth profaneth justice in his heart; and he who stops to calculate what liberty will cost hath renounced liberty in his heart. Liberty and justice will weigh you in the same balance in which you have weighed them. Learn, then, to know their value.

There have been nations who have not known that value, and never misery equalled theirs.

If there be upon earth anything truly great, it is the resolute firmness of a people who march on, under the eye of God, to the conquest of those rights which they hold from Him, without flagging for a moment; who think not of their wounds, their days of toil and sleepless nights, and say, "What are all these? Justice and liberty are well worthy of severer labors." Such a people may be tried by misfortunes, by reverses, by treachery; nay, may even be sold by some Judas: but let nothing discourage them. For in truth I say unto you that when, like the Saviour of the world, they shall go down into the tomb, like Him they shall come forth again, conquerors over death, and over the prince of this world and his servants.

The laborer beareth the burthen of the day, exposed to the rain and sun and winds, that he may by his labor

prepare that harvest which shall enrich his granaries in autumn.

Justice is the harvest of nations.

The workman rises before the dawn, he lights his little lamp, and endures ceaseless fatigue, that he may gain a little bread with which to feed himself and his children.

Justice is the bread of nations.

The merchant shrinks from no labor, complains of no trouble, exhausts his body, and forgets repose, that he may amass wealth.

Liberty is the wealth of nations.

The mariner traverses seas, trusts himself to wave and tempest, risks his body amid the rocks, and endures heat and cold, that he may secure repose in his old age.

Liberty is the repose of nations.

The soldier submits to many hard privations, he watches, fights, and sheds his blood, for what he calls glory.

Liberty is the glory of nations.

If there be on earth a people who think less of justice and liberty than the laborer does of his harvest, or the workman of his daily bread, or the merchant of his wealth, or the mariner of his repose, or the soldier of his glory: — build around that people a high wall, that their breath may not infect the rest of the world.

When the great day of judgment for nations shall come, it will be said to that people, "What hast thou done with thy soul? There is neither sign nor trace of it to be seen. The enjoyments of the brute have been everything to thee. Thou hast loved the mire — go, wallow in the mire."

And that people who, rising above mere material good, have placed their affections on the true good; who, to obtain that true good, have spared no labor, no fatigue, no sacrifice, shall hear this word: "For those who have a soul, there is the recompense of souls. Because thou hast loved justice and liberty before all things, come and possess forever liberty and justice."— *Words of a Believer.*

"LOYALTY."

The rulers of this world have opposed to the wisdom of God, which men understand not, the wisdom of the prince of this world, even of Satan.

Satan, who is the king of the oppressors of nations, suggested to them an infernal strategem, by which to confirm their tyranny.

He said to them: "This is what ye should do. Take in each family the strongest of the young men, put arms in their hands and teach them to use them, and they will fight for you against their fathers and their brethren; for I will persuade them that the action will be glorious. I will make for them two idols, which they shall call Honor and Loyalty, and a law which they shall call Passive Obedience; and they will worship these idols, and blindly submit themselves to that law, because I will seduce their understandings; and ye will then have nothing more to fear."

And the oppressors of nations did as Satan had advised them, and Satan accomplished what he had promised them.

Then might be seen the children of a nation, raising their hands against that nation, to murder their brothers and to chain their fathers, forgetting even the mothers who bore them.

And when you showed them the altars of that God who made man, of that Christ who saved him, they would say, "This is the God of the country; but, as for us, we have no gods but those of our masters, Honor and Loyalty."

Since the seduction of the first woman by the serpent, there hath been no seduction more dreadful than this. But it approacheth its end.— *Words of a Believer.*

LAMPMAN, Archibald, a Canadian poet; born at Morpeth, Kent County, Ontario, November 17, 1861; died at Ottawa, February 10, 1899. He was graduated from Trinity College, Ontario, in 1882, and after 1883 held an appointment in the Post-office Department of Ottawa. He was a constant contributor of verse to the papers and magazines of the Dominion and the States, and published two collections of poems, *Among the Millet* (1888); and *Lyrics of Earth* (1895), which reveal a deep love of nature and outdoor life. His *Complete Poems* with *Memoir* by D. C. Scott appeared in 1900.

THE CITY OF THE END OF THINGS.

Beside the pounding cataracts
Of midnight streams unknown to us,
'Tis builded in the dismal tracts
And valleys huge of Tartarus.
Lurid and lofty and vast it seems;
It hath no rounded name that rings,
But I have heard it called in dreams
The City of the End of Things.

Its roofs and iron towers have grown
None knoweth how high within the night,
But in its murky streets far down
A flaming terrible and bright
Shakes all the stalking shadows there,
Across the walls, across the floors,
And shifts upon the upper air
From out a thousand furnace doors;
And all the while an awful sound
Keeps roaring on continually,
And crashes in the ceaseless round
Of a gigantic harmony.

Through its grim depths reëchoing,
And all its weary height of walls,
With measured roar and iron ring,
The inhuman music lifts and falls.
Where no thing rests and no man is,
And only fire and night hold sway,
The beat, the thunder, and the hiss
Cease not, and change not, night nor day.

And moving at unheard commands,
The abysses and vast fires between
Flit figures that, with clanking hands,
Obey a hideous routine.
They are not flesh, they are not bone,
They see not with the human eye,
And from their iron lips is blown
A dreadful and monotonous cry.
And whoso of our mortal race
Should find that city unaware,
Lean death would smite him face to face,
And blanch him with its venomed air;
Or, caught by the terrific spell,
Each thread of memory snapped and cut,
His soul would shrivel, and its shell
Go rattling like an empty nut.

It was not always so, but once,
In days that no man thinks upon,
Fair voices echoed from its stones,
The light above it leaped and shone.
Once there were multitudes of men
That built that city in their pride,
Until its might was made, and then
They withered, age by age, and died;
And now of that prodigious race
Three only in an iron tower,
Set like carved idols face to face,
Remain the masters of its power;
And at the city gate a fourth,
Gigantic and with dreadful eyes,
Sits looking toward the lightless north,

Beyond the reach of memories:
Fast-rooted to the lurid floor,
A bulk that never moves a jot,
In his pale body dwells no more
Or mind or soul,— an idiot!

But some time in the end those three
Shall perish and their hands be still,
And with the masters' touch shall flee
Their incommunicable skill.
A stillness, absolute as death,
Along the slacking wheels shall lie,
And, flagging at a single breath,
The fires shall smoulder out and die.
The roar shall vanish at its height,
And over that tremendous town
The silence of eternal night
Shall gather close and settle down.
All its grim grandeur, tower and hall,
Shall be abandoned utterly,
And into rust and dust shall fall
From century to century.
Nor ever living thing shall grow,
Or trunk of tree or blade of grass;
No drop shall fall, no wind shall blow,
Nor sound of any foot shall pass.
Alone of its accursèd state
One thing the hand of Time shall spare,
For the grim Idiot at the gate
Is deathless and eternal there!

— *Atlantic Monthly.*

LANDO, Ortensio, an Italian novelist, who flourished about the middle of the sixteenth century. He was by birth a Milanese, and traced his family origin to Piacenza. He devoted himself to the medical profession, in which he may probably have imbibed those heretical opinions which led to his subsequent banishment, many of the physicians of that period being distinguished for the freedom of their religious sentiments. It is said by some of the authorities that Lando was an Augustine friar, but the fact that he was persecuted for the heretical tendency of his opinions, militates against this assertion, which seems to be unsupported by any kind of evidence. It is certain that he abandoned his native country in dread of an impending martyrdom, and embraced the party of Luther on retiring into Germany, where he ended his days in poverty and distress. We may thus account for the various theological discussions which we find mingled with his writings, both in the Italian and Latin languages. His novels, to the number of fourteen, appeared with a collection of his *Varii Componimenti,* at Venice, in 1552. According to the author's own statement, they were composed in imitation of the great Boccaccio, however far they may be from reaching the excellence of their model. He may nevertheless be allowed to take his rank among the best novelists of that day, who were as anxious to persuade their readers of their resemblance to Boccaccio as their predecessors had been to testify the truth and originality of their stories.

Lando is considered remarkable for the easy and

graceful flow of his language, in which he has scarcely any competitor. His narratives, likewise, in point of incident, are in general very lively and pleasing. He was of a very whimsical disposition, and is said to have been so strongly addicted to the sin of scandal, that, in default of other subjects, he was unable even to spare himself, having drawn so unfavorable a portrait of his own character as to leave his orthodox enemies very little to say against him.

FATHER AND SON.

Riccardo Capponi, a noble Florentine, having devoted himself in early life to trade, in the course of time realized a very handsome property. When advanced in years, he took his son, Vincenti, into partnership, and not long after gave up his whole mercantile concern into his hands; and falling into a bad state of health, owing either to his great exertions or to his subsequent high living, he became unable to leave the house.

His son, Vincenti, who was of an extremely avaricious disposition, finding his father continued to linger much beyond the period his covetous and ungrateful heart would have assigned him, and unwilling longer to support him, took measures, under pretence of obtaining for him better medical advice than he could at home provide, to have him conveyed to the city hospital. Yet his affairs were then in a flourishing state, and everything that he possessed he owed to his unhappy parent, whose age and infirmities, whose tears and entreaties, he alike disregarded. This unnatural son could not, however, contrive to conduct the matter so secretly as to elude the observation and the reproaches of all classes of people in the city. He at first tried to impose, both upon his friends and the public, by the false representations which he set on foot; but finding these could not avail him, he resolved, in order the better to disarm the popular voice against him, to send his own children with little presents to their grandfather.

On one occasion he gave to his eldest boy, about six years of age, two fine cambric shirts, desiring him, early the next morning, to take them carefully to his poor grandfather in the hospital. The little boy, with an expression of great respect and tenderness in his countenance, promised that he would do so; and on his return the next day, his father calling him into his presence, inquired whether he had delivered them safe into the hands of his grandfather. "I only gave him one, father," replied the little boy. "What!" exclaimed Vincenti with an angry voice; "did I not tell you both were for your grandfather?" "Yes," returned the little fellow with a steady and undaunted look, "but I thought that I would keep one of them for you, father, against the time when I shall have to send you, I hope, to the hospital." "How!" exclaimed Vincenti, "would you ever have the cruelty to send me there, my boy?" "Why not?" retorted the lad; "let him that does evil expect evil in return. For you know you made your own father go there, old and ailing as he is, and he never did you any harm in his life, and do you think I shall not send you when I am able? Indeed, father, I am resolved that I will; for, as I have said before, let him that does evil expect evil in return."

On hearing these words, Vincenti, giving signs of the utmost emotion, as if suddenly smitten by the hand of Heaven, sorely repented of the heinous offence against humanity and justice which he had committed. He hastened himself to the hospital; he entreated his father's pardon on his knees, and had him conveyed instantly home; ever afterwards showing himself a gentle and obedient son, and frequently administering to his aged parent's wants with his own hands.

This incident gave rise throughout all Tuscany to the well-known proverb above mentioned, "Let him that does evil expect evil in return;" and from Tuscany it passed into many other parts of Italy.

LANDON, Letitia Elizabeth ("L. E. L."), an English poet and novelist; born at Brompton, London, August 14, 1802; died at Cape Coast Castle, Western Africa, October 15, 1838. At the age of eighteen she began to contribute to the *Literary Gazette,* with the editorship of which she soon became connected. In the summer of 1838 she married Governor Maclean, of Cape Coast Castle, and accompanied him to Africa. Soon after her arrival at the Castle she was found dead in her chamber; an accidental overdose of poison probably caused her death. She published several volumes of prose and verse. Her *Literary Remains,* with a *Life* by Laman Blanchard, were published in 1841. Saintsbury says she was the most popular of all writers of verse who made any mark between the death of Byron and the time when Tennyson definitely asserted himself in 1842.

THE SETTING OF THE POLE-STAR.

A star has left the kindling sky —
  A lovely northern light:
How many planets are on high,
  But that has left the night.

I miss its bright, familiar face;
  It was a friend to me —
Associate with my native place,
  And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,
  Shone o'er our English land,
And brought back many a loving eye,
  And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought,
  It called the past to mind
And with its welcome presence brought
  All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer ends
  Soon on a foreign shore;
How can I but recall the friends
  That I may see no more?

Fresh from the pain it was to part —
  How could I bear the pain? —
Yet strong the omen in my heart
  That says — We meet again.

Meet, with a deeper, dearer love,
  For absence shows the worth
Of all from which we then remove —
  Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely Polar-Star, mine eyes
  Still turned the first on thee.
Till I have felt a sad surprise,
  That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk upon the wave,
  Thy radiant place unknown;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
  And stand by it alone.

Farewell! Ah, would to me were given
  A power upon thy light!
What words upon our English heaven
  Thy loving rays should write!

Kind messages of love and hope
  Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit should have scope
  Scarcely enough for me.

Walter Savage Landor

Oh, fancy vain, as it is fond,
And little needed, too;
My friends! I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you.

LANDOR, Walter Savage, an English poet and prose-writer; born at Warwick, January 30, 1775; died at Florence, Italy, September 17, 1864. He was educated at Rugby, and afterward entered the University of Oxford, but having been rusticated for a trifling breach of discipline, he did not return, and so never took his degree. He early manifested an uncontrollable temper, which at times bordered upon insanity. At the death of his father he succeeded to the family estates, and purchased Llanthony Abbey, a wild property in Wales, upon which he spent much money, and commenced the building of a mansion, expending thereon £8,000. He soon quarrelled with his tenants and neighbors, and abandoned Llanthony, ordering his unfinished mansion to be demolished. In 1815 he went to the Continent and, after spending some time in France, proceeded to Italy, where he resided in several places until 1821, when he took up his abode at Florence, in the neighborhood of which he purchased the fine Gherardesca villa.

As early as 1811 he had married Julia Thuillier, a young woman of French extraction. Disagreements and quarrels arose, which culminated in 1835, when he finally broke with his family, and went back to England, settling himself at Bath, which was his residence until 1858. In that year he published a metrical

miscellany entitled *Dry Sticks Fagoted by W. S. Landor;* this brochure contained some attacks upon a lady who had become obnoxious to him. A suit for libel was instituted, and Landor — now past fourscore — was cast in large damages. He at once put his remaining property out of his hands, and went back to Florence, where the remaining six years of his life were passed.

Landor's English works were finally edited and arranged by John Forster (1869; second edition, 1874). They fill seven volumes, to which is prefixed a *Life of Landor,* in one volume. The principal of his prose works are *Imaginary Conversations,* of which several series appeared (1824–46); *The Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare* (1834); *Pericles and Aspasia* (1834); *The Pentameron* (1837). His poetical works fill something more than one volume. *Gebir* is a narrative poem, as wild and fanciful as *The Arabian Nights* or Beckford's *Vathek* (1798); of which he published in 1803 a Latin version, which, says Swinburne, "for might and melody of line, for power and perfection of language, must always dispute the palm of precedence with the English version." There are several dramatic pieces, among which is *Count Julian* (1812). The *Hellenics* (1847) contain some of the very noblest of Landor's poetry. *The Last Fruit of an Old Tree* (1853) contains poems of various kinds and merit, closing with *Five Scenes* on the martyrdom of Beatrice Cenci. The *Imaginary Conversations,* of which there are about 125, form about half the works of Landor, as they appear in the collection edited by John Forster. The interlocutors are men and women of all ages and countries. In most of them one of the speakers — and sometimes both — are rep-

resented as saying precisely what Landor would have said had he been in their place; in some of them, indeed, he presents himself by name as one of the colloquists.

ROGER ASCHAM AND LADY JANE GREY.

Ascham.—Thou art going, my dear young lady, into a most awful state; thou art passing into matrimony and great wealth. God hath willed it; submit in thankfulness. Thy affections are rightly placed and well distributed. Love is a secondary passion in those who love most; a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a high degree is inspired by honor in a higher; it never reaches the plentitude of growth and perfection but in the most exalted minds. Alas! alas!

Lady Jane.—What aileth my virtuous Ascham? What is amiss? Why do I tremble?

Ascham.—I remember a sort of prophecy, made three years ago. It is a prophecy of thy condition and of my feelings upon it. Recollectest thou who wrote, sitting upon the sea-beach, the evening after an excursion to the Isle of Wight, these verses? —

"Invisibly bright water! so like air,
On looking down I fear'd thou could'st not bear
My little bark, of all light barks most light,
And look'd again, and drew me from the sight,
And hanging back, breathed each fresh gale aghast,
And held the bench, not to go on so fast."

Lady Jane.—I was very childish when I composed them; and if I had thought any more about the matter, I should have hoped you had been too generous to keep them in your memory as witnesses against me.

Ascham.—Nay, they are not so much amiss for so young a girl; and there being so few of them, I did not reprove thee. Half an hour, I thought, might have been spent more unprofitably; and I now shall believe it firmly, if thou wilt but be led by them to meditate a little on the

similarity of the situation in which thou wert to what thou art now in.

Lady Jane.—I will do it, and whatever else you command; for I am weak by nature, and very timorous, unless where a strong sense of duty holdeth and supporteth me: there God acteth, and not his creature. Those were with me at sea who would have been attentive to me if I had seemed to be afraid, even though worshipful men and women were in the company: so that something more powerful threw my fear overboard. Yet I never will go again upon the water.

Ascham.—Exercise that beauteous couple — that mind and body — much and variously; but at home, at home, Jane! indoors, and about things indoors; for God is there, too. We have rocks and quicksands on the banks of our Thames, O lady, such as ocean never heard of; and many (who knows how soon!) may be ingulfed in the current under their garden-walls.

Lady Jane.—Thoroughly do I now understand you. Yes, indeed, I have read evil things of courts; but I think nobody can go out bad who entereth good, if timely and true warning shall have been given.

Ascham.—I see perils on perils which thou dost not see, albeit thou art wiser than thy poor old master. And it is not because Love hath blinded thee, for that surpasseth his supposed omnipotence; but it is because thy tender heart, having always leaned affectionately upon good, hath felt and known nothing of evil. I once persuaded thee to reflect much: let me now persuade thee to avoid the habitude of reflection; to lay aside books, and to gaze carefully and steadfastly on what is under and before thee.

Lady Jane.—I have well bethought me of my duties. Oh, how extensive they are! what a goodly and fair inheritance! But tell me, would you command me never more to read Cicero, and Epictetus, and Plutarch, and Polybius? The others I do resign: they are good for the arbor and for the gravel-walk; yet leave unto me, I beseech you, my friend and father, leave unto me, for my fireside and for my pillow, truth, eloquence, courage, constancy.

Ascham.—Read them on thy marriage-bed, on thy child-bed, on thy death-bed. Thou spotless, undrooping lily, they have fenced thee right well. These are the men for men; these are to fashion the bright and blessed creatures whom God one day shall smile upon in thy chaste bosom. Mind thou thy husband.

Lady Jane.—I sincerely love the youth who hath espoused me; I love him with the fondest, the most solicitous, affection. I pray to the Almighty for his goodness and happiness; and do forget at times — unworthy supplicant! — the prayers I should have offered for myself. Never fear that I will disparage my kind religious teacher by disobedience to my husband in the most trying duties.

Ascham.—Gentle is he, gentle and virtuous; but time will harden him; time must harden even thee, sweet Jane! Do thou, complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition.

Lady Jane.—He is contented with me, and with home.

Ascham.—Ah, Jane! Jane! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

Lady Jane.—He told me he never liked books unless I read them to him. I will read them to him every evening; I will open new worlds to him richer than those discovered by the Spaniards; I will conduct him to treasures — Oh, what treasures! — on which he may sleep in innocence and peace.

Ascham.—Rather do thou walk with him, ride with him, play with him; be his fairy, his page, his everything that love and poetry have invented. But watch him well; sport with his fancies, turn them about like the ringlets upon his cheek; and if he ever meditate upon power, go toss thy baby to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discourse. Teach him to live unto God and unto thee; and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.—*Imaginary Conversations.*

We are inclined to regard *Pericles and Aspasia,* written at the age of fifty-eight, as the best of Lan-

dor's works. It consists of a series of letters written mainly by Aspasia, an Ionian girl who had just come to Athens, to her friend Cleone, who remained at her Asiatic home. In her first letter Aspasia tells of her witnessing a representation on the stage of the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus.

THE PROMETHEUS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

How fortunate! To have arrived at Athens at dawn on the twelfth day of Elaphobolio. On this day began the festivals of Bacchus, and the theatre was thrown open at sunrise. What a theatre! What an elevation! what a prospect of city and port, of land and water, of porticoes and temples, of men and heroes, of demigods and gods! It was indeed my wish and intention, when I left Ionia, to be present at the first of the Dionysiacs; but how rarely are wishes and intentions so accomplished, even when the winds and waters do not interfere.

I will now tell you all. No time was to be lost; so I hastened on shore in the dress of an Athenian boy who came over with his mother from Lemnos. In the giddiness of youth he forgot to tell me that, not being eighteen years old, he could not be admitted; and he left me on the steps. My heart sank within me; so many young men stared and whispered; yet never was stranger treated with more civility. Crowded as the theatre was (for the tragedy had begun) everyone made room for me.

When they were seated, and I, too, I looked toward the stage; and behold, there lay before me, but afar off, bound upon a rock, a more majestic form, and bearing a countenance more heroic — I should rather say more divine — than ever my imagination had conceived! I know not how long it was before I discovered that as many eyes were directed toward me as toward the competitor of the gods.

Every wish, hope, sigh, sensation, was successively with the champion of the human race, with this antagonist of Zeus, and his creator, Æschylus. How often, O Cleone, have we throbbed with his injuries! how often

has this vulture torn our breasts! how often have we thrown our arms round each other's neck, and half-renounced the religion of our fathers!

Even your image, inseparable at other times, came not across me then: Prometheus stood between us. He had resisted in silence and disdain the cruelest torments that Almightiness could inflict; and now arose the Nymphs of the Ocean, which heaved its vast waves before us; and now they descended with open arms and sweet, benign countenances, and spake with pity, and the insurgent heart was mollified and quelled. I sobbed, I dropped. There is much to be told when Aspasia faints in a theatre — and Aspasia in disguise! Everything appeared to me an illusion but the tragedy. What was divine seemed human, and what was human seemed divine.— *Pericles and Aspasia.*

This fainting of Aspasia discloses her sex, and brings her into connection with Pericles, to whom she soon came to be just what Marian Evans was to George Lewes. Landor was perhaps more thoroughly permeated with the Homeric spirit than any other man of modern times, and running through *Pericles and Aspasia* are remarks upon Homer and his poems. These are put into the mouth of Pericles.

THE HOMER OF THE ODYSSEY.

The Ulysses of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* is not the same, but the Homer is. Might not the poet have collected in his earlier voyages many wonderful tales about the chieftain of Ithaca; about his wanderings and return; about his wife and her suitors? Might not afterward the son or grandson have solicited his guest and friend to place the sagacious, the courageous, the enduring man among the others whom he was celebrating, in detached poems, as leaders against Troy? He describes with precision everything in Ithaca; it is evident he must have been on the spot. Of all other countries — of Sicily, of Italy, of

Phrygia — he quite as undoubtedly writes from tradition and representation.—*Pericles and Aspasia.*

THE HOMER OF THE ILIAD.

Needless is it to remark that the *Iliad* is a work of much reflection and various knowledge; the *Odyssey* is a marvellous result of a vivid and wild imagination. Homer, in the nearly thirty years which I conceive to have intervened between the fanciful work and the graver, had totally lost his pleasantries. Polyphemus could amuse him no longer; Circe lighted up in vain her fires of cedar-wood; Calypso had lost her charms; her maidens were mute around her; the Læstrigons lay asleep; the Sirens sang, "Come hither, O passer-by! Come hither, O glory of the Achaians!" and the smooth waves quivered with the sound, but the harp of the old man had no chord that vibrated. In the *Odyssey* he invokes the Muse; in the *Iliad* he invokes her as a goddess he had invoked before. He begins the *Odyssey* as the tale of a family, to which she would listen as she rehearsed it; the *Iliad* as a song of warriors and divinities, worthy of the goddess herself to sing before the world.—*Pericles and Aspasia.*

HOMER AN ASIATIC.

We claim Homer, but he is *yours*. Observe with what partiality he always dwells upon Asia. How infinitely more civilized are Glaucus and Sarpedon than any of the Grecians he was called upon to celebrate. Priam, Paris, Hector; what polished men! Civilization has never made a step in advance, and never will, on those countries: she had gone so far in the days of Homer. He keeps Helen pretty vigorously out of sight, but he opens his heart to the virtues of Andromache. What a barbarian is Achilles, the son of a goddess! Pallas must seize him by the hair to arrest the murder of his leader; but at the eloquence of the Phrygian king the storm of the intractable homicide bursts into tears.

I cannot but think that Homer took from Sesostris

the shield that he has given to Achilles. The Greeks never worked gold so skilfully as in this shield, until our own Phidias taught them; and even he possessed not the art of giving all the various colors to the metal which are represented as designating the fruitage and other things included in this stupendous work, and which the Egyptians in his time, and long earlier, understood. How happened it that the Trojans had Greek names, and the leader of the Greeks an Egyptian one? — *Pericles and Aspasia.*

One passage at least in *Gebir* has become a household word. The sea-nymph, Tamar, thus describes the chief treasures of her ocean home:

LANDOR'S SEA-SHELL.

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the Sun's palace-porch where, when unyoked,
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

Wordsworth, in *The Excursion,* used the Sea Shell. Landor will have it, filched it from him, and spoiled it: an opinion in which we think no one will agree. It is worth while to compare the two Shells.

WORDSWORTH'S SEA-SHELL.

"I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon

Brightened with joy: for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with his native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation."

Touching this alleged appropriation and deformation, Landor says:

THE TWO SEA-SHELLS.

Within these few months a wholesale dealer in the brittle crockery-ware of market criticism has picked up some shards of my *Gebir,* and stuck them on his shelves. Among them is my *Sea-Shell,* which Wordsworth clapped in his pouch. There it became incrusted with a compost of mucus and shingle; there it lost its "pearly hue within," and its memory of where it had abided.

IPHIGENIA AND AGAMEMNON.

Iphigenia, when she heard her doom
At Aulis, and when all beside the King
Had gone away, took his right hand, and said:
"O father! I am young and very happy.
I do not think the pious Calchas heard
Distinctly what the Goddess spake. Old age
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood,
While I was resting on her knee both arms,
And hitting it to make her mind my words,
And looking in her face, and she in mine,
Might not he also hear one word amiss,
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus?"
The father placed his cheek upon her head,
And tears dropped down it, but the King of men

Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more:
O father! say'st thou nothing? Hear'st thou not
Me whom thou ever hast, until this hour
Listened to fondly, and awakened me
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
When it was inarticulate as theirs,
And the down deadened it within the nest."
He moved her gently from him, silent still;
And this, and this alone brought tears from her,
Although she saw fate nearer. Then with sighs:
"I thought to have laid down my hair before
Benignant Artemis, and not have dimmed
Her polished altar with my virgin blood;
I thought to have selected the white flowers
To please the Nymphs, and to have asked of each
By name, and with no sorrowful regret.
Whether, since both my parents willed the change,
I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipped brow;
And (after those who mind us girls the most)
Adore our own Athena, that she would
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes —
But, father! to see you no more, and see
Your love, O father! go ere I am gone ——"
Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,
Bending his lofty head far over hers,
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.
He turned away; not far, but silent still.
She now first shuddered; for in him, so nigh,
So long a silence seemed the approach of death,
And like it. Once again she raised her voice:
"O father! if the ships are now detained,
And all your vows move not the Gods above,
When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer
The less to them: and purer can there be
Any, or more fervent than the daughter's prayer
For her dear father's safety and success?"
A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.
An aged man now entered, and without
One word, stepped slowly on, and took the wrist
Of the pale maiden. She looked up, and saw
The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes.

Then turned she where her parent stood, and cried
"O father! grieve no more: the ships can sail!"
—*Hellenics.*

LANG, ANDREW, a British critic, essayist and biographer; born at Selkirk, Scotland, March 31, 1844. He was educated at St. Andrews University and at Balliol College, Oxford. In 1868 he was elected a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. He has contributed largely to periodical literature, writing sometimes light papers on current topics, and sometimes masterly essays on French literature, on scientific subjects, and on comparative mythology. He has published *Ballades in Blue China* (1881); *Helen of Troy* (1882); *Rhymes à la Mode* (1884); *Custom and Myth* and *Ballades and Verses Vaine* (1884); *The Mark of Cain,* a novel (1886); *Letters to Dead Authors* (1886); *Books and Bookmen* (1886); *Myth, Ritual, and Religion* (1887); *Grass of Parnassus* (1888); *Letters in Literature* (1889); *Life of Sir Stafford Northcote* (1890); *Essays in Little* (1891); *St. Andrews* (1893); *The Red True Story Book* (1895), and *My Own Fairy Book* (1895). In 1890 he collaborated with H. Rider Haggard in the production of *The World's Desire,* a novel. He also translated the *Odyssey* with Professor Butcher, and the *Iliad* with Walter Leaf and Ernest Myers, and has published a series of critical articles on Shakespeare's plays. His later works include *Biography of Lockhart* (1896); *Adventures Among Books* (1900); *Life of Tennyson* (1901); *The Brown Fairy Book* (1902);

History of Scotland (1904); *Historic Mysteries* (1905); *John Knox and the Reformation* (1905); *The Secret of the Totem* (1905).

Mr. Lang is accorded the high honor of being the most versatile of living authors.

THE SCYTHE SONG.

Mowers, weary and brown, and blithe,
What is the word methinks ye know,
Endless over-word that the Scythe
Sings to the blades of the grass below?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something, still, they say as they pass;
What is the word that, over and over,
Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass?

Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush — 'tis the lullaby Time is singing —
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass,
Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass!

THE OLD BOOKS.

Deep in the past I peer and see
A child upon the nursery floor,
Holding a book upon his knee,
Who asks, like Oliver, for more.
The number of his years is four,
And yet in letters hath he skill.
How deep he dives in fairy lore!
The books I loved, I love them still.

One gift the fairies gave me — three
They commonly bestowed of yore —
The love of books, the golden key
That opens the enchanted door.

Behind it Bluebeard lurks, and o'er
And o'er doth Jack his giants kill,
And there is Aladdin's store.
The books I loved, I love them still.

Take all, but leave my books to me!
Those heavy creels of old we loved
We fill not now, nor wander free,
Nor wear the heart that once we wore.
Not now each giver seems to pour
His waters from the muse's hill,
Though sometimes gone from stream to shore.
The books I loved, I love them still.

THE OLD BLACKGUARD SLATING.

Many years ago, I chanced to be recovering from a severe illness in a famous Italian town. Little remains in my memory about the charms and historic antiquities of this city. The home of Juliet, I think, I did not see, and I am not sure whether I saw the amphitheater or not. I remember the wine-card at the hotel in Verona, for thereon, among the names of outlandish vintages (which looked, and tasted, like the contents of Rosamond's Purple Jar), I saw the words, "Old Whiskey Scott."

"'Old Whiskey Scott'! Now, which of the Scotts is *that?*" inquired my enfeebled intellect, which wandered from Verona to the hills and burns of Teviotdale and Ettrick, where Scotts are plentiful, and whiskey is no rarity. But the words, with all their kind fragrance of home, merely meant, "Old Scotch Whiskey."

Perhaps the title of this essay may equally puzzle the ingenious reader. "The Old Blackguard Slating"? he or she will murmur, and expect from me a personal attack on a Mr. Slating, unknown, who is apparently designated as "The Old Blackguard." Even as the young lady, to whom *Locksley Hall* was read, observed that it was a pretty composition, but that she did not quite understand who "the individual Withers," might be, "The Old Blackguard Slating" is not a person, but a phrase used

by Sir Walter Besant in an essay on *Books and Reviews*. To make everything clear, "blackguard" is employed by Sir Walter as an adjective, not as a substantive, though, if we wish to be purists, perhaps "blackguardly" is the adjective, if we are to use the adjective. To be sure "blackguardly" does look more like an adverb. "Slating," again, is a technical term for a severe criticism, or *éreintement*. I humbly suggest that "slating" and "to slate" are derived from "slat," a long, thin, flat piece of wood, like Harlequin's wand in the pantomime. As a weapon it is not dangerous, but its application produces a good deal of noise. The old blackguard slating, then, is a very severe review, in very bad taste. We have many examples of this kind of performance — classical examples. Thus, when Hazlitt reviewed Coleridge's *Christabel*, he more than insinuated that the author was a lunatic, and a Radical who had ceased to hold Radical opinions. The propositions are not convertible. As for the poetry of Coleridge, there were only about a dozen lines, said Hazlitt, which soared above the level of the Poet's Corner in a rural newspaper. If Scott and Byron expressed more favorable views, that was because Scott and Byron expected the grateful Coleridge to praise them, in turn, in the press. When Coleridge reviewed a play by Mathurin, he even surpassed Hazlitt in the art of blackguard slating. The word "putrid," I think, was among the mildest blossoms of his style, for Mathurin's play had been successful, and that of Coleridge had not, or had failed even to be accepted. Mathurin wrote to Scott about the critique, and, I presume, wished to call Coleridge out. Scott replied that it would be very pleasant to have such a reviewer "on the sod," or "where the muircock was baillie," that is, in a sequestered spot not under police supervision. But, after all, Coleridge was an unfortunate man, and "slating" did nobody much harm. Thus S. T. C. was never paraded "at a nice gentleman's distance," as Sir Lucius O'Trigger recommends. He could not have been a dangerous opponent. Other familiar examples of blackguard slating are afforded by *Blackwood's Magazine* on Keats, and, I fear, by Poe upon many persons. This kind of criticism

has almost disappeared, as Sir Walter Besant says. It was usually inspired by personal or political hatred. But, while we should certainly never permit ourselves to stray from urbanity, I think that criticism has a right to be severe when a book is bad. Many bad books are highly popular, and few be they who lift up a hand against them. Plain speaking, now and then, is very necessary. The author will call the critic a "blackguard slater," of course, but he need not be a blackguard. Ferocity of language only hurts his effect. In her last years Mrs. Oliphant reviewed a silly, snobbish book in a masterly manner. Her humorous severity was worth far more, as literature, than the book itself. If the critics of to-day were conscientious, familiar with good models, and impatient of fustian and affectation, they would produce little effect on public taste, perhaps, but they would be doing their duty.

Sir Walter Besant appears to have thought that we need a school of critics of this kind, and that we have it not. I am happy to agree with him. The difficulty is that there are so many books, and that each of them is thought worthy of notice. Of course, the vast majority, especially so the novels, deserve no remark from an educated man or woman. "In the matter of novels alone," said Sir Walter, "two might be selected every week; this was formerly the wholesome and intelligent practice of the *Saturday Review*." But two were far too many. There are not a hundred novels in a year which are not *négligeable*. In the old days of which Sir Walter speaks, I also was a *Saturday* reviewer. I remembered that we used often to give two columns to a novel which did not deserve even to be mentioned. The two columns might, if the critic was lucky, be diverting columns, but, for all other purposes, they were waste. To be sure, the novels reviewed were actually read by the critic. Sir Walter thinks that they are not so fortunate when six or eight of them are reviewed "in a lump." That depends on the critic. If he is allowed, as I dare say he often is, to select what he finds readable from a huge parcel, then, if he is given time, he will actually read what he writes about: he, or, as Sir Walter thinks, more probably she.

This is a favorite grievance with novelists — this habit of reviewing them "in a lump." But what is to be done? If nothing is said about them, they do not like it, and I conceive that their publishers become rebellious. Yet if *The Athenæum,* for example, gave two columns, or even one column, to every novel, there would be no room for critiques of other books, and for reports on music, the drama, painting, and the meetings of learned societies. Why not erect a literary review, of vast bulk, which shall review nothing but novels, and each novel at full length? Then, perhaps, novelists would be happier in their minds. I take up at random a number of *The Athenæum.* There are nearly four columns of a review of an Anthology, whereof many of the contents are not even modern! Then we have three columns on a historical work by Mr. Marion Crawford. Two follow on a biography; two on the history of a town; three on a work about Old England glosses; two and a half on Egyptian Papyri; three on Dante; three on the religion of the Nosairis, and then two columns deal with six novels. Nearly as much space is actually devoted to a history of the Rising of 1745. Now here twenty columns might have been given to novelists, a whole column to each of them. Six columns, again, which might have made six novelists happy, are sacrificed to letters on Charles Lamb, King Alfred, Dante, Huchown, William Penn, and (*mea culpa,* this last) to Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. All these persons are dead; the public, like Huckleberry Finn, has no use for dead persons. Six more novelists might have been cheered. Then, after a trifle of "Literary Gossip" (without even a photograph or an interview!) we come to electricity, botany, astronomy, and the Fine Arts. "May the Devil," ejaculated Mr. Carlyle, "fly away with the Fine Arts!" Even music, itself no better than a fine art, has twice as much room to expatiate in as the novelists. And this infernal tyranny has been going on for half a century: lording it over a literary population almost exclusively consisting of novelists. These men — I speak of them with tender sympathy — are becoming soured and dangerous to the community. Not nearly enough is said

about them in print. One might think that they were interviewed enough, sufficiently photographed; essays about their birthplaces, and grandmothers, and early studies, or neglect of studies, abound, but they are not satisfied. Sermons are preached about them: it does not suffice. They also want "intelligent judgments by educated and competent critics," and they do not get what they want. It may be that they also need a little "slating." Queen Mary once informed her husband that he "needed to be daggered a little," so it is said. To be "daggered a little" (only with a pen) might be salutary to some novelists. I deeply sympathize with their desire for intelligent criticism. It is, as Sir Walter Besant justly says, what we call for; not novelists alone, but other authors. How are we to get it? The only way known to me is to make intelligent enemies in our own line of work. Could I secure the hatred of about twenty specialists as my favorite themes, I, for one, would be satisfied. But there are not twenty critical specialists in Ghosts, Homer, Primitive Man, Secret History, and so forth; and the few who exist are good-natured creatures, who hate to find fault. So one does not get intelligent criticism. Eager to do as I would be done by, I sedulously point out what I deem the errors of my neighbors in research. But there is no reciprocity.

From this point of view, how are novelists to get a hearing for their bitter cry? They cannot in fairness review each other. If they do, they cannot write their minds, which, however, they *speak* with much freedom. There always remains the original difficulty. There are not *columnæ* enough in the world for all the novelists. The kind of literary journal which Sir Walter Besant and I want, the review which only reviews books worth reviewing, would, he says, "in the long run, compel advertisements." But the run is so terribly long — a run on the bank — and, where is the capital? Having little of that commodity, I do not feel anxious to invest it in the shares of this otherwise desirable periodical. A benevolent capitalist, who shall never interfere, is what we need. To millionaires an eligible opportunity is offered. They might start one review of one hundred

weekly pages, about novelists alone, and another, of the size of the *Revue Critique,* about other forms of literature. Perhaps the former would pay the expenses of the latter. Then there is a plan, which was a dream of Coleridge's, a serial in which every man would be his own reviewer, as M. Lemaître reviews his own plays. There would be intelligent criticism! I once reviewed the *Encyclopædia Britannica,* anonymously, and having found out a blunder in an article by Mr. Andrew Lang, I gave him an "old black-guard slating." "His habitual and apparently congenital inaccuracy" was finely trounced. But the editor of the *Encyclopædia,* though a Scot, did not see the joke.— *The Critic.*

EGYPTIAN DIVINE MYTHS.

All forces, all powers, were finally recognized in Osiris. He was Sun and Moon, and the Maker of all things; he was the Truth and the Life; in him all men were justified. His functions as king over death and the dead find their scientific place among other myths of the homes of the departed. M. Lefebvre recognizes in the name "Osiris" the meaning of "the infernal abode," or "the nocturnal residence of the sacred eye;" for in the duel of Set and Horus he sees a mythical account of the daily setting of the sun. "Osiris himself — the sun at his setting — became a centre round which the other incidents of the war of the gods gradually crystallized." Osiris is also the Earth. It would be difficult either to prove or disprove this contention, and the usual divergency of opinion as to the meaning and etymology of the word "Osiris" has always prevailed. Plutarch identifies Osiris with Hades; "both," says M. Lefebvre, "originally meant the dwelling — and came to mean the god — of the dead."

In the same spirit Anubis, the jackal (a beast still degraded as a ghost by the Egyptians), is explained as "the circle of the horizon," or "the portal of the land of darkness," the gate kept — as Homer would say — by Hades, the mighty warden. Whether it is more natural that men should represent the circle of the horizon as a

jackal, or that a jackal *totem* should survive as a god, mythologists will decide for themselves. The jackal, by a myth which cannot be called pious, was said to have eaten his father Osiris. Thus, throughout the whole realm of Egyptian myths, when we find beast-gods, blasphemous fables, apparent nature-myths, such as are familiar in Australia, South Africa, or among the Eskimo, we may imagine that they are the symbols of noble ideas, deemed appropriate by priestly fancy. Thus the hieroglyphic name of Ptah, for example, shows a little figure carrying something on his head; and this denotes "Him who raised the heaven above the earth." But is this image derived from *un point de vue philosophique*, or is it borrowed from a tale like that of the Maori Tutenganahan, who first severed heaven and earth? The most enthusiastic anthropologist must admit that, among a race which constantly used a kind of picture-writing, symbols of noble ideas *might* be represented in the coarsest concrete forms — as of animals and monsters. The most devoted believer in symbolism, on the other hand, ought to be aware that most of the phenomena which he explains as symbolic are plain matters of fact, or supposed fact, among hundreds of the lower peoples. However, Egyptologists are seldom students of the lower races and their religions. The hypothesis maintained here is that most of the Egyptian gods (theriomorphic in their earliest shapes), and that certain of the myths about these gods, are a heritage derived from the savage condition.

LANGLANDE, WILLIAM ("PIERS PLOUGHMAN"), an early English poet; born probably in South Shropshire, about 1332; died about 1400. He is known by a poem of some eight thousand lines, the full title of which is *The Vision of William concerning Piers Ploughman.* Langlande

was a contemporary of Chaucer, being born four years later, but preceding him as a poet by many years. Although the *Vision* was highly popular, very little is known of the author. He seems to have at least entered upon his novitiate as a monk, but he incidentally speaks of being married, so that he could not take orders, although he wore the clerical tonsure. He appears for a while to have gained a precarious livelihood by singing the Penitential Psalms for the good of the souls of good people. The *Vision* was composed about 1362, and twice much enlarged some ten years later. It was the first considerable poem written in what may be strictly styled the English language. The distinguishing features of the versification are that it is based upon the number of *accented* syllables; that it is destitute of rhyme, but abounds in alliteration. We have called attention to this last feature by italicizing the alliterations, in the first three of the following specimens, in which the original spelling is strictly retained. Piers Ploughman represents himself as having fallen asleep among the Malvern Hills, where was presented to him a series of visions of the corruptions of society, especially among the religious orders. The poem was printed four times during the sixteenth century. It was edited and printed three times during the last century, the latest editor being Professor Skeat.

BEGINNING OF THE VISION.

In a *s*omer *s*eson when *s*oft was the *s*onne,
I *sh*ope me in *sh*roudes as I a *sh*epe [herd] were,
In *h*abit as a *h*eremite un*h*oly of werkes,
*W*ent *w*yde in this *w*orld *w*ondres to here.
As on a *M*ay *m*ornynge, on *M*aluerne hulles,
Me by*f*el a *f*erly of *f*airy, me thouhte;

I was *w*ery for*w*andered, and *w*ent me to reste,
Vnder a *b*rode *b*ank *b*y a *b*ornes side;
And as I *l*ay, and *l*ened, and *l*oked in the wateres,
I *sl*ombered in *sl*epying, it sweyed so mury.
Then gan I *m*eten a *m*arvelous sweven
That I *w*as in a *w*ilderness, *w*ist I never *wh*ere.

The personified Vices and Virtues come one after another, singly or in pairs, trooping before the sleeping Ploughman.

VISION OF MERCY AND TRUTH.

Out of the *w*est, as it *w*ere, a *w*ench as, methouhte,
Came *w*alking in the *w*ay to helle-*w*ard she looked;
*M*ercy hight that *m*aid, a *m*ild thing withal,
A full *b*enign *b*urd, and *b*uxom of speech.
Her *s*ister, as it *s*eemed, came *s*oftly walking
*E*ven out of the *e*ast, and westward she looked,
A full *c*omely *c*reature, Truth she hight,
*F*or the virtue that her *f*ollowed a*ff*eard was she never.
When these *m*aidens *m*etten *M*ercy and Truth
Either axed of *other* of this great wonder,
Of the *d*in and of the *d*arkness.

A SELLER OF INDULGENCES.

There *p*reached a *p*ardoner, as he a *p*riest were;
And *s*aid that him*s*elf might a*ss*oilen hem all
Of *f*alse hede of *f*asting, of avowes y-broken.
*L*ewed men *l*eked it well, and *l*iked his words;
*C*omen up *k*neeling to *k*issen his bulls.
He *b*ouched hem with his *b*revet, and *b*leared their eyen,
And *r*aught with his *r*agman, *r*inges, and brooches.

But the Vision foreshadows a speedy end to these ecclesiastical abuses.

THE COMING REFORMATION.

Ac now is Religion a rider a roamer about,
A leader of lovadays, and a loud-buyer,
A pricker on a palfrey from manor to manor;
An heap of hounds as he a lord were.
And but if his knave kneel that shall his cope bring,
He lowred on him, and asketh him who taught him courtesy?
Little had lords to done to give him lond from her heirs
To Religious, that have no ruth though it rain on her altars.
In many places they be Parsons by hemself at ease;
Of the poor have they no pity; and that is her charity!
And they letten hem as lords, her londs lie so broad.
Ac there shall come a King and confess you, Religious,
An beat you, as the Bible telleth, for breaking of your rule,
And amend monials, monks, and canons,
And put hem to her penance.

The Ploughman is a good Catholic. He admits the efficacy of prayer, penances, masses, and papal pardons; but insists that, after all, well-doing is the one thing essential to salvation.

WELL-BELIEVING AND WELL-DOING.

Now hath the Pope power pardon to grant the people,
Withouten any penance, to passen into heaven?
This is our belief, as lettered men us teacheth
And so I leave it verily (Lord forbid else!)
That pardon and penance and prayers don save
Souls that have sinned seven sins deadly.
But to trust to these triennales, truly me thinketh
Is nought so sicher for the soul, certes, as Dowell.
Forthwith I rede you, renkes, that rich ben on this earth
Upon trust of your treasure triennales to have,
Be ye never the balder to break the ten behests;

And namely the masters, mayors, and judges
That have the wealth of this world, and for wise men
ben holden,
To purchase you pardon and the Pope's bulls,
At the dreadful doom when dead shallen rise,
And comen all before Christ accounts to yield,
How thou leddest thy life here and his laws kept'st,
And how thou diddest day by day the doom will rehearse;
A poke full of pardons there, ne provinciales letters,
Though they be found in the fraternity of all the four
orders,
And have indulgences double-fold; but if Do-well you
help
I set your patents and your pardons at one pese hull! —
Forthwith I counsel all Christians to cry God mercy,
And Mary his mother be our mene between,
That God give us grace here ere we go hence,
Such works to work while we ben here,
That after our death-day, Do-well rehearse
At the day of doom, we did as he hight.

Thus closes Langlande's poem. Not many years later a writer, whose name is unknown, published a clever continuation — or, rather, an imitation — of the *Vision,* entitled *Piers the Ploughman's Creed.* The Ploughman of Langlande becomes a poor peasant, from whom the narrator receives that instruction in divine things which he had vainly sought from the clergy. The poem opens with an account of the first meeting of the narrator and the Ploughman. The spelling is here modernized, and in a few cases obsolete words have been replaced by their current equivalents:

THE MEETING WITH THE PLOUGHMAN.

Then turned I me forth, and talked to myself
Of the false heads of this folk, how faithless they weren.

SIDNEY LANIER.

And as I went by the way, weeping for sorrow,
I see a simple man me by upon the plough hongen.

His coat was of cloth that *cary* was y-called;
His hood was full of holes, and his hair out;
With his knopped shoon, clouted full thick,
His toes peeped out, as he the lond treaded;
His hosen overhangen his hock shins, on every side,
All beslomered in fen, as he the plough followed. . . .

His wife walked him with, with a long goad,
In a cutted coat, cutted full high,
Wrapped in a winnow-sheet, to waren her for weathers,
Barefoot on the bare ice, that the blood followed.
And at the field's end lieth a little crumb-bowl,
And thereon lay a little child lapped in clouts,
And tweyn of twey years old upon another side,
And they all songen ae song, that sorrow was to hearen;
They cried all ae cry, a care-full note,
The simple man sighed sore, and said, "Children, be still!"
This man looked upon me, and let the plough stonden;
And said, "Simple man, why sighest thou so hard?
If thee lack lifehood, lend thee I will
Such good as God hath sent;
Go we, dear brother."

LANIER, SIDNEY, an American poet and critic; born at Macon, Ga., February 3, 1842; died at Lynn, N. C., September 7, 1881. He studied at Oglethorpe College, Georgia, and at the breaking out of the Civil War entered the Confederate service; took command of a blockade-runner; was captured, and held a prisoner for five months. In 1873 he took up his residence at Baltimore, devoting himself to lit-

erature and music. In 1876 he was engaged to compose the Cantata for the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and in 1877 was appointed Lecturer on English Literature at the Johns Hopkins University. His works are *Tiger Lilies,* a novel (1867); *Florida, Its Scenery, Climate, and History* (1876); *Poems* (1877); *The Boys' Froissart* (1878); *The Science of English Verse* and *The Boys' King Arthur* (1880); *The Boys' Mabinogion* (1881). After his death were published *The Boys' Percy* and *The English Novel and the Principles of Its Development.* An edition of his *Poems,* prepared by his wife, with a brief *Memorial* by W. H. Ward, was published in 1884.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN.

Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven
With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven
Clamber the forks of the multiform boug}
Emerald twilights,—
Virginal sky lights,
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,
When lovers pace timidly down through the green colonnades
Of the dim, sweet woods, of the dear, dark woods,
Of the heavenly woods and glades,
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn;—

Beautiful gloom, soft dusks in the noon-day fire—
Wild wood privacies, closets of lone desire,
Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of leaves—
Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul that grieves,
Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the wood,
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good;—

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the vine,
While the riotous noon-day sun of the June-day long did shine
Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in mine;
But now when the noon is no more, and riot is at rest,
And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West,
And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream —
Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul of the oak,
And my soul is at ease from men, and the wearisome sound of the stroke
Of the scythe of time, and the travel of trade is low,
And belief o'ermasters doubt, and I know that I know,
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within,
That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn
Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought me of yore
When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but bitterness sore,
And when terror and shrinking and dreary, unnamable pain
Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the plain —

Oh, now unafraid, I am fain to face
The vast, sweet visage of space.
To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the dawn,
For a mete and a mark
To the forest-dark: —
So:
Affable live-oak, leaning low —
Thus — with your favor — soft, with a reverent hand,
(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land!)
Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand
On the firm-packed sand,

Free
By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.
Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band
Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the land.
Inward and outward to northward and southward the beach-lines linger and curl,
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm, sweet limbs of a girl.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim, gray looping of light,
And what if behind me to westward the wall of the woods stand high?
The world lies east: how ample the marsh and the sea and the sky!
A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad in the blade,
Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or a shade,
Stretch leisurely off in a pleasant plain,
To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge, and good out of infinite pain,
And sight out of blindness, and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh
and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

And the sea bends large as the marsh; lo, out of his
plenty the sea
Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood-tide must be:
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there
Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the
low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
Farewell, my lord Sun!
The creeks o'erflow; a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the rod; the blades of the marsh-grass
stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whir;
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.
How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy.
The tide is at his highest height:
And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of
sleep
Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the waves that creep
Under the waters of sleep?

And I would I could know what swimmeth below when
the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvellous marshes
of Glynn.

A ROSE-MORAL.

Soul, get thee to the heart
Of yonder tube-rose; hide thee there,
There breathe the mediations of thine art
Suffused with prayer.

Of spirit grave yet light
How fervent fragrances uprise,
Pure-born from these most rich and yet most white Vir-
ginities!

Mulched with unsavory death,
Reach soul! yon rose's white estate:
Give off thine art as she doth issue breath,
And wait — and wait.

LARCOM, Lucy, an American poet; born at Beverly, Mass., in 1826; died at Boston, April 17, 1893. She began to write stories and verses at the age of seven; and while working in a cotton-mill at Lowell, a few years later, she became known as a contributor to the Lowell *Offering*. Whittier gave her much encouragement; and a series of parables from her pen established her reputation as a writer. She studied and taught school for some time in Illinois, and then became a teacher in the seminary at Norton, Mass. Her name was familiar during the Civil War as a writer of patriotic verses. *Our Young Folks* was founded in 1865; and Miss Larcom

LUCY LARCOM.

was its editor until 1874, after which she resided in her native town. Her works include *Ships in the Mist and Other Stories* (1859); *Poems* (1868); *An Idyl of Work* (1875); *Childhood Songs* (1877); *Wild Roses of Cape Ann* (1880). In 1884 she issued a complete collection of her *Poetical Works;* and she was the editor of several collections of poetry. Her later publications were *Beckonings for Every Day* (1886); *A New England Girlhood* (1889); *Easter Gleams* (1890); *At the Beautiful Gate* (1891); *The Unseen Friend* (1892).

WHO PLANTS A TREE.

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy.
Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree,
He plants peace;
Under its green curtains jargons cease,
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep

Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benedictions thou shalt be.

. . . . . .

He who plants a tree,
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest.
Plant — life does the rest.
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window binding shoes,
Faded, wrinkled,
Stitching, stitching in a mournful muse —
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree!
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or anwer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly wooes;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow

And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing,
'Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon cooes.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound a schooner sped!
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

'Tis November;
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews;
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely: "Fisher men
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.
Twenty seasons!
Never one has brought her any news;
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea!
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

LARDNER, DIONYSIUS, a British physicist; born at Dublin, April 3, 1793; died at Naples, April 29, 1859. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1812, was graduated in 1817, and was a resident member of the University until 1827. He took orders,

and was for some time chaplain of his college. In 1828 he took up his residence in London; and in 1830 began to edit the *Cabinet Cyclopædia,* which was continued until 1844, making in all one hundred and thirty-two volumes, to which Herschel, Brewster, and other eminent authorities contributed. For this work Dr. Lardner wrote the treatises on hydrostatics, pneumatics, geometry, etc. In 1840 he went to the United States, where he remained about five years, delivering courses of lectures in the principal cities. The following extract is from one of these lectures.

THE STEAM ENGINE PROPER.

In the Atmospheric Engine the piston was maintained steam-tight in the cylinder by supplying a stream of cold water above it, by which the small interstice between the piston and the cylinder would be stopped. It is evident that the effect of this wall, as the piston descended, would be to cool the cylinder; besides which, any portion of it which might pass below the piston would boil the moment it would fall into the cylinder, which itself would be maintained at the boiling-point. This water, therefore, would produce steam, the pressure of which would resist the descent of the piston.

Watt perceived that, even though this inconvenience were removed by the use of oil or tallow upon the piston, still that as the piston would descend in the cylinder, the cold atmosphere would follow it, and would to a certain extent lower the temperature of the cylinder. On the next ascent of the piston this temperature would have to be again raised to 212° by the steam coming from the boiler, and would entail upon the machine a proportionate waste of power. If the atmosphere of the engine-house could be kept heated to the temperature of boiling water, this inconvenience would be removed. The piston would then be pressed down by air as hot as the steam to be subsequently introduced into it.

On further consideration, however, it occurred to

Watt that it would be still more advantageous if the cylinder itself could be worked in an atmosphere of steam, having only the same pressure as the atmosphere. Such steam would press the piston down as effectually as the air would, and it would have the further advantage over air that if any portion of it leaked through between the piston and the cylinder, it would be condensed — which would not be the case with atmospheric air.

He therefore determined on surrounding the cylinder by an external casing, the space between which and the cylinder he proposed to be filled with steam supplied from the boiler. The cylinder would thus be enclosed in an atmosphere of its own, independent of the external air; and the vessel so enclosing it would only require to be a little larger than the cylinder, and to have a close cover at the top, the centre of which might be perforated with a hole to admit the rod of the piston to pass through — the rod being smooth, and so fitted to the perforation that no steam could escape between them. This method would be attended also with the advantage of keeping the cylinder and piston always heated, not only inside but outside. And Watt saw that it would be further advantageous to employ the pressure of steam to drive the piston in its descent, instead of the atmosphere, as its intensity, or force, would be much more manageable; for by increasing or diminishing the heat of the steam in which the cylinder was enclosed, its pressure might be regulated at pleasure, and might be made to urge the piston with any force that might be required. The power of the engine would therefore be completely under control, and independent of all variations in the pressure of the atmosphere.

This was a step which totally changed the character of the machine, and which rendered it a Steam Engine instead of an Atmospheric Engine. Not only was the vacuum below the piston now produced by the property of steam in virtue of which it is re-converted into water by cold, but the pressure which urged the piston into this vacuum was due to the elasticity of steam. The ex-

ternal cylinder within which the working cylinder was enclosed was called the "Jacket," and is still in general use.— *Lectures on the Steam Engine.*

LATHROP, GEORGE PARSONS, an American poet and novelist; born at Honolulu, Hawaii, August 25, 1851; died at New York, April 19, 1898. He was educated in New York and Dresden, and, in 1870, studied law at Columbia College. He soon turned, however, to literature; and going abroad again he married in London a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne; and in 1879 he settled at Concord in the old home of his father-in-law. He became assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1875, and editor of the Boston *Courier* in 1877. His works include *Rose and Rooftree* (1875); *Afterglow* (1876); *An Echo of Passion* (1882); *Spanish Vistas* (1888); *Gettysburg, a Battle Ode* (1888); *Would You Kill Him?* (1889); *Dreams and Days* (1892); *Gold of Pleasure* (1893).

MUSIC OF GROWTH.

Music is in all growing things;
And underneath the silky wings
  Of smallest insects there is stirred
  A pulse of air that must be heard;
Earth's silence lives, and throbs, and sings.

If poet from the vibrant strings
Of his poor heart a measure flings,
  Laugh not that he no trumpet blows;
  It may be that Heaven hears and knows
His language of low listenings.

THE SUNSHINE OF THINE EYES.

The sunshine of thine eyes (Oh still celestial beam!)
Whatever it touches it fills with the life of its lambent gleam.
The sunshine of thine eyes, Oh let it fall on me!
Though I be but a mote of the air, I could turn to gold for thee!

THE LOVER'S YEAR.

Thou art my Morning, Twilight, Noon and Eve,
My Summer and my Winter, Spring and Fall;
For nature left on thee a touch of all
The moods that come to gladden or to grieve
The heart of Time, with purpose to relieve
From lagging sameness. So do these forestall
In thee such o'erheaped sweetnesses as pall
Too swiftly, and the taster tasteless leave.
Scenes that I love, to me always remain
Beautiful, whether under summer's sun
Beheld, or, storm-dark, stricken across with rain.
So, through all humors thou 'rt the same, sweet one:
Doubt not I love thee well in each, who see
Thy constant change is changeful constancy.

LATHROP, Rose Hawthorne, an American philanthropist, poet and essayist; born at Lenox, Mass., May 20, 1851. She was educated in the public schools, having lived during the years 1853–60 in England, where her father, Nathaniel Hawthorne, was United States consul at Liverpool. She studied art in Dresden and London; and in 1871 married George Parsons Lathrop, with whom, until his death, she was associated in literary labors. She has been especially interested in the improvement of

conditions for suffering and needy people, and in 1891 established Saint Rose's Free Home for Cancer, and Rosary Hill Home, in New York, where she afterward became head of a Dominican community of the Third Order and directress of a charitable home, her title being Mother Mary Alphonsa. Besides many sketches and stories, her writings include *Along the Shore,* poems (1888), and *Memories of Hawthorne,* with her husband (1897), with whom she also collaborated in other works.

HAWTHORNE'S LITERARY METHODS.

I am asked to write of my father's literary methods. I wish I knew just what they were — it would be easier then to write an article pleasing to the gentle reader — I might even hope to write a romance. But as the bird on the tree bough catches here and there a glimpse of what men are about, although he hardly hopes to plow the field himself or benefit by human labor until the harvest comes, so I have observed some facts and gathered some notions as to how my father thought out his literary work.

One method of obtaining his end was to work constantly at writing, whether it brought him money or not. He might not have seemed to be working all the time, but to be enjoying endless leisure in walking about the country, or the city streets. But even a bird would have had more penetration than to make such a mistake in regard to him. Another method was to choose just the right wife, whether or no she brought him money. Just the right wife let no bores reach him, if they could be diverted.

One of his methods was to love and pity mankind more than he scorned them, so that he never created a character which did not possess a soul — the only puppet he ever contrived of straw, "Feathertop," had an excellent soul until the end of the story. Still another method of gaining his success was to write with a noble respect for his own best effort, on which account he never felt satis-

fied with his writing unless he had exerted every muscle of his faculty; unless every word he had written seemed to his severest self-criticism absolutely true. He loved his art more than his time, more than his ease, and could thrust into the flames an armful of manuscript because he suspected the pages of weakness and exaggeration.

One of his methods of avoiding failure was to be rigorous in the care of his daily existence. A preponderance of frivolous interruption to a modicum of thorough labor at thinking was a system utterly foreign to him. He would not talk with a fool; as a usual thing he would not entertain a bore. If thrown with these common pests, he tried, I think, to study them. And they report that he did so very silently. But he did not waste his time, either by politely chattering with people whom he meant to sneer at after they had turned their backs, or in indulgences of loafing of all sorts, which leave a narcotic stupidity in their wake. He had plenty of time, therefore, for thought, and he could think while walking either in the fresh air, or back and forth in his study. Men of success detest inactivity. It is a hardship for them to be as if dead for a single moment. So, when my father could not walk out-of-doors during meditation, he moved back and forth in his room, sturdily alert, his hands clasped behind him, quietly thinking, his head either bent forward or suddenly lifted upward with a light in his eager, gray eyes.

He wrote principally in the morning, with that absorption and regularity which characterize the labor of men who are remembered. When his health began to show signs of giving way, in 1861, it was suggested by a relative, whose intellect, strength of will and appetite for theories were of equally splendid proportions, that my father only needed a high desk at which to stand when writing, to be restored to all his pristine vigor. With his usual tolerance of possible wisdom he permitted such a desk to be arranged in the tower-study at "The Wayside"; but with his inexorable contempt for mistakes of judgment he never, after a brief trial, used it for writing. Upon his simple desk of walnut wood, of which he had nothing to complain, although it barely

served its purpose, like most of the inexpensive objects about him, was a charming Italian bronze inkstand — over whose cover wrestled the infant Hercules in the act of strangling a goose — in friendly aid, no doubt, of "drivers of the quill." My father wrote with a gold pen, and I can hear now, as it seems, the rapid rolling of his chirography over the broad page, as he formed his small, rounded, but irregular letters, when filling his journals, in Italy. He leaned very much on his left arm while writing, often holding the top of the manuscript book lovingly with his left hand, quite in the attitude of a boy. At the end of a sentence or two he would sometimes unconsciously bow his head, as if bidding goodby to a thought well rid of for the present in its new garb of ink.

In writing he had little care for paper and ink. To be sure, his large, square manuscript was firmly bound into covers, and the paper was usually of a neutral blue; and when I say that he had little care for his mechanical materials I mean that he had no servile anxiety as to how they looked to another person, for I am convinced that he himself loved his manuscript books. There was a certain air about the titles, which he wrote with a flourish, as compared with the involved minuteness of the rest of the script, and the latter covers every limit of the page in a devoted way. His letters were formed obscurely, though most fascinatingly, and he was almost frolicsome in his indifference to the comfort of the compositor. Still he had none of the frantic reconsiderations of Scott or Balzac. If he made a change in a word it was while it was fresh, and no one could obliterate what he had written with a more fearless blot of the finger, or one which looked more earnest and interesting. There was no scratching nor quiddling in the manner with which he fought for his art. Each day he thought out the problems he had set himself before beginning to write, and if a word offended him, as he recorded the result, he thrust it back into chaos before the ink had dried. I think that the manuscript of *Dr. Grimshaw's Secret* is an exception, to some extent. There are many written self-communings and changes in it. My father was de-

clining in health while it was being evolved. But yet, in *The Dolliver Romance,* the last work of all in process of development, written while he was physically breaking down, we see the effect of will and heroic attempt. It is the most beautiful of his compositions, because his mind was greater at that time than ever and because death could not frighten him, and in its very face he desired to complete the proof of his whole power, as the dying soldier rises to the greatest act of his life, having given his life-blood for his country's cause. Though the script of this manuscript is extremely difficult to read, the speculation had evidently been done before taking up the pen. I am not sure but that my father sometimes destroyed first draughts, of which his family knew nothing. Indeed we have his own word for it that "he passed the day in writing stories and the night in burning them." Nevertheless, his tendency we know to have been that of thinking out his plots and scenes and characters, and transcribing them rapidly without further change.

Since he did not write anything wholly for the pleasure of creative writing, but had moral motives and perfect artistic harmony to consider, he could not have indulged in the spontaneous, passionate effusions which are the substance of so much other fiction. He was obliged to train his mind to reflection and judgment, and therefore he never tasted luxury of any kind. The enjoyment of historical settings in all their charm and richness, rehabilitated for their own sake or for worldly gain; the enjoyment of caricatures of the members of the human family, because they are so often so desperately funny; the enjoyment of realistic pictures of life as it is found, because life as it is found is a more absorbing study than that of geology or chemistry; the enjoyment of redundant scenes of love and intrigue, which flatter the reader like experiences of his own — these things he was not willing to admit to his art — a magic that served his literary palate with still finer food. He wrote with temperateness, and in pitying love of human nature, in the instinctive hope of helping it to know and redeem itself.

His manner was philosophy, his style forgiveness. And

for this temperate and logical and laconic work — giving nothing to the world for its mere enjoyment, but going beyond all that to ennoble each reader by his perfect renunciation of artistic clap-trap and artistic license — for this aim he needed a mental method that could entirely command itself, and when necessary, weigh and gauge with the laborious fidelity of a coal surveyor, before the account was rendered with pen and ink upon paper.

But who will ever be able to weigh and gauge the genius which carries methods and philosophies and aims into an atmosphere of wonderful power, where the sunlight and the color, and the lightning and ominous thunder transfigure the familiar things of life in glorious haste and inspiration? While following his rules and habits my father was constantly attended by the rapturous spirit of such a genius, transmuting swarming reality into a few symbolic types.

Another way in which he effected telling labor was to conserve his force in the matter of wrangling. He kept his temper. He had a temper, of course. He was not without the fires of life, but he banked them. He did not permit disgust at others nor the adverse destiny of the moment to absorb his vitality by throwing it off in long harangues of rage, long seasons of the sulks. There are no such good calculators as men of consummate genius. They dread the squandering of energy of an Edgar Allan Poe or of a boiling Walter Savage Landor. Temperateness implies the control of fierce elements. And as it rejoices the heart to see the graceful skill with which a Napoleon manages his mettlesome horse (says Heine), so in all subtle management of volcanic power we perceive sweetness and beauty.

When he handled sin it became uncontaminating tragedy; when he handled vulgarity, as in *The Artist of the Beautiful,* it became inevitable pathos; when he handled suspicion, as in *The Birthmark,* and *Rappacini's Daughter,* it evolved devoted trust. When he brought within his art the personality of a human devil he honored its humanity and proved that the real devil is quite another thing. Though he dealt with romance he never gave the advantage of an inch to the wiles of bizarre witchery,

the grotesque masks of wanton caprice in imagination — those elements which exhibit the intoxication of talent. His terrors were those of our own hearts; his playfulness was the merit of the sunlight, which comes from vast mysteries as dark as they are radiant. In short, he was artistically temperate, in that he guided the forces he used with the reins of truth, and he could do this unbrokenly because he governed his character with Christian fellowship.

I will give a few illustrations of his attitudes of mind, which I have chosen from some of my mother's letters to her family.

Here is evidence of that genial tolerance which made my father so dear to those who could not afterward remember that he had entered into much actual conversation with them:

"Friday, August 13, 1851.

"My Dearest Mother . . .

We have had here an Englishman, an artist, whom George Putnam sent to take sketches of Mr. Emerson's house and of the 'Old Manse.' He came here with his carpetbag, and there seemed nothing to be done but to ask him to stay with us while in town. . . . This gentleman is from the North of England, but has lived mostly in London. . . . He talks like the Cataract of Lodore. . . . He has the magnetic influence upon Mr. Hawthorne which produces sleepiness. . . . You know Mr. Hawthorne is a sort of loadstone, which attracts all men's inmost confidences, without a word of question and scarcely any answer, and so Mr. Miller tells his whole life, and thoughts, and aspirations, and experiences, to him. . . . If he has the national reservedness it certainly vanishes in Mr. Hawthorne's presences, for it seems as if he could not tell enough. . . . But, oh, dear, how the little man talked! . . . It was with a truly divine patience that my husband gave ear to this personated paper mill, because he saw that he was good, and true, and honest. . . . Into those depths of mystic gray light, which stand for eyes under my husband's brow, the little man was drawn as by a line. . . . It really is marvelous how the mighty heart, with its im-

mense charities and comprehending humanity, which glows and burns beneath the grand intellect, as if to keep warm and fused the otherwise cold abstractions of thought — pictured by Mr. Hawthorne's eyes and head — it is marvelous how it opens the bosoms of men. I have seen it so often in persons who have come to him. So Mr. Melville, generally silent and uncommunicative, pours out the rich floods of his mind and experience to him, so sure of apprehension, so sure of a large and generous interpretation, and of the most delicate and fine judgment. How truly St. Paul spoke when he said that without charity all was a tinkling cymbal. I never knew what charity meant till I knew my husband. Thus only could the poetic insight, the far-searching, analytic power, be safely intrusted. To him only who can tenderly sympathize must the highest and profoundest insight be given."

Though such eager, clinging appeals as were brought to my father's sympathy by Mr. Miller and Herman Melville and others, as well as his vigorously companionable letters to friends, show the strength of his innate intercourse with his kind, yet he cherished the virtues of isolation. Writing to her sister, from Lenox, 1851, my mother says:

"I never intend to have a guest for so long again as father stayed, on Mr. Hawthorne's account. It fairly destroys both his artistic and domestic life. . . . I do not know that any one but myself can estimate the cost to him of having a stranger in our courts. . . . A week or so does very well, but months do not do at all. . . . You know he has but just stepped over the threshold of a hermitage. He is but just not a hermit still. . . . Una says she does not think father is imaginative enough. Is not that funny?"

Una was seven years old, but she had been brought up upon instincts which cultivate rapidly, and which left her very practical grandfather Peabody outside the inmost intimacies of the Hawthorne home.

If, however, my father shrank from unnecessary interruptions, which jarred the harmony of his artistic life, he nevertheless met any that were to him inevitable. Could he have written with the heart's blood of old Hep-

zibah if he had failed to put his own shoulder to the domestic wheel on the plea that it was too deep in the slough of disaster to merit his assistance? He did not dread besmirching his hands with any affairs God sent.

From the "Old Manse," in 1844, my mother writes to her mother:

"We dined upon potatoes, corn, carrots and whortleberry pudding quite sumptuously. Our cook was Hyperion, whom we have engaged. . . . He, with his eyes of light, his arched brow and 'locks of lovely splendor,' officiated even to dish-washing, with the air of one making worlds. I, with babe on arm, looked at him part of the time. . . . He will not let me go into his kitchen hardly. . . . But as the only way we can make money now seems to be to save it, and as he declares he can manage till September, we will remain alone till then. It is beyond words enchanting to be alone as we are." There are plenty of records of my mother's happy labor for her husband's comfort and delight when she was able to perform it.

The frequently ethereal meals of vegetables and fruit prove my father's capacity for temperateness in daily living, and show how it was, in one of many ways, that he could carry out a principle such as that referred to in the following paragraph, written in 1863:

"Mr. Hawthorne will never run in debt, even to save life, and his principle is immutable, and I agree to it heartily. It has saved us from ruin aforetime. . . . He never presumes on the next day. . . . Bankruptcy would cease if the world was like him."

In 1859, at Redcar, my mother mentions, when writing to Miss E. P. Peabody, *The Marble Faun,* or, as we all preferred to call it, *The Romance of Monte Beni:* "Mr. Hawthorne has about finished his book. More than four hundred pages are now in the hands of the publishers. I have read as much as that, but do not yet know the *dénouement.* . . . He is very well and in very good spirits, despite all his hard toil of so many months. As usual he thinks the book good for nothing, and based upon a very foolish idea, which nobody will like or accept. But I am used to such opinions, and understand

why he feels oppressed with disgust of what has so long occupied him. The true judgment of the work was his first idea of it when it seemed to him worth doing. He has regularly despised each one of his books immediately upon finishing it. My enthusiasm is too much his own music, as it were."

My father's success with *The Scarlet Letter* had not shaken his equilibrium. In 1851 my mother gladly reported to the same correspondent: "Mr. Fields writes from Europe that sixteen thousand copies of *The Scarlet Letter* have been sold in England! That Mr. Hawthorne's books are even peddled about the streets. His popularity there is immense. . . . Mr. Browning told Mr. Fields in Paris that Mr. Hawthorne was the greatest genius that had appeared in English literature for many years, and Mr. Fields wrote that he was as much read in Paris as in London. Mr. Thackeray made some other splendid encomium and Douglas Jerrold another, and all the finest spirits in England and on the Continent recognize and admire him."

Some passages from a copy of an article in *The North British Review* of Edinburgh during 1851 were capable of filling a wife's heart, at any rate, with exultation:

"The most striking features in these tales are the extraordinary skill and masterly care which are displayed in their composition. . . . It would be difficult to pick out a page which could be omitted without loss to the development of the narrative and the idea, which are always mutually illustrative to a degree not often attained in any species of modern art. . . . His language, though extraordinarily accurate, is always light and free. . . . We know of nothing equal to it, in its way [*The Portrayal of Dimmesdale*], in the whole circle of English literature," and much more in the same superlative vein.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy," and the joy and the bitterness of creative work are not intermeddled with as much as one might suppose by the outside weather of praise or non-comprehension if the artist is great enough to keep his private self-respect. I am of opinion that my father enjoyed his own indifference to his accom-

plished work, and, on the other hand, sharply challenged the enchantment of his first conception. I believe that the men we admire most, in the small group of great minds, are always sufficiently necromantic to look two ways at once. Therefore my father heard himself praised quietly, and blamed his skill with even more composure.

To revert to Redcar, 1859, my mother says: "The sea entirely restores Mr. Hawthorne, and he is finishing his book in great peace and quiet. He writes from nine till three, and then dines, and then walks on the beach for three hours. At seven he takes tea, and walks again till near nine. . . . We have here the finest, hardest sands on the English coast. For ten miles there is a firm carriage drive on the beach. It is an old, small town of one winding street, but every house is filled with visitors, small and inconvenient though the houses are. Lords and ladies, as well as lower gentles, throng the place."

And in 1860 my mother remarks: "Mr. Hawthorne had no idea of portraying me in Hilda. Whatever resemblance any one sees is accidental."

This little allusion suggests a symphony of questions from minds untrained in art or unfamiliar with it. To any one at least permeated by its atmosphere it seems strange that a truly artistic work should be thought to be an imitation of individual models. The distance of inspiration is the distance of a heavenly fair day, or of a night made luminous by mystery, giving a new quality and a new species of delight to facts about us. In reading the sympathetic merriment of the introduction to *The Scarlet Letter,* and then the story itself, we perceive the difference between the charm of a Dutch-like realism and the thrill of imaginative creation, which uses material made incomprehensibly wonderful by God in order to make it comprehensibly wonderful to men. But, of course, the material thus transmuted by the distance of inspiration is only new and fine to men who have ears to hear and eyes to see. The blind puppies among books are many and noisy. My father never imitated the men and women he met, nor man nor woman, and such con-

ceptions of his way would bring us to a dense forest of mistake.

In the afternoon my father went, if practicable, into the open spaces of nature, or at least into the fresh air, to gather inspiration for his work. I have sometimes had the pleasure of being present, always out-of-doors, while he was smoking a cigar, of which the fragrance was so exquisite that it has been a symbol of elegance to me all my life. He never, I think, smoked but one cigar a day, but it was of a quality to make up for this self-denial, and I am sure that he reserved his most puzzling literary involutions for the delicious half hour of this dainty rite. In Lenox he walked the "stately woods," as my mother calls them in a letter of that period, or lay upon his back under the trees beside the lake intervening between the "little red cottage" and Monument Mountain. Also, in Concord, a year afterward, my mother writes: "My husband at full length upon a carpet of withered pine presented no hindrance to the tides of divine life that are ready to flow through us, if we will." She further says: "He cannot write deeply in mid-summer at any rate. He can only seize the skirts of ideas, and pin them down for further investigation."

In 1861, and thereafter, he traversed the wooded hill-top behind his home, which was reached by various pretty, climbing paths that crept under larches and pines and scraggy, goat-like apple trees. We could catch sight of him, going back and forth up there, with now and then a pale blue gleam of sky among the trees, against which his figure passed clear. He wore a soft, brown felt hat, and looked in it like a brother to Tennyson, though with a difference. Along this path, made by his own steps only, he thought out the tragedy of "Septimius Felton," who buried the young English officer at the foot of one of the large pines my father saw at each return. At one end of the hilltop path was a thicket of birch and maple trees, and at the end toward the west and the village was the open brow of the hill, sloping rapidly to the Lexington road, and overlooking meadows and distant wood-ranges, some of the cottages of humble folk, and the neighboring huge, owlet-haunted elms of Alcott's lawn.

And along this path in spring huddled pale blue violets, of a blue that held sunlight, pure as his own eyes. Masses also of sweet fern grew at the side of these abundant bordering violets, and spacious apartments of brown-floored pine groves flanked the sweet fern here and there. But my father's violets were the wonder of the year to us. We never saw so many anywhere else, that is, until his death, when they greeted him with their celestial color in wide profusion as he was borne into Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, apparently in remembrance of his long and steady sentinelship among them at "The Wayside," and as if they were eager to join in the loving farewell which we were making to the clear eyes that had been so full of sunlight for us in the days that were ended, but were never to be forgotten by those who had known and honored him.— *Ladies' Home Journal.*

LAVATER, JOHANN KASPAR, a Swiss poet, theologian, and founder of the science of physiognomy; born at Zurich, November 15, 1741; died there, January 2, 1801. After studying theology at home and in Berlin, he became pastor at Zurich in 1764. His mystical views and enthusiastic but benevolent and amiable character attracted much friendly attention. Among his publications are *Schweitzerlieder* (1767); *Aussichten in die Ewigkeit* (1768–73), and *Pontius Pilatus* (1785). The last was the means of breaking Goethe's friendship with the author. The most important of his books is *Physiognomische Fragmente zur Beforderung der Menschenkenntniss und Menschenliebe* (1775–78), which first attempted to reduce physiognomy to a science, as some claim, though others say he regarded its practice as independent on

individual talent, and valued rules merely as a convenience. Lavater at first welcomed the French Revolution, but soon repudiated its barbarities with disgust. He was banished to Basel in 1796, and was shot when Massena took Zurich in 1799; this wound caused his death fifteen months later. A selection from his works, in 8 vols., appeared in 1841–44. His book on physiognomy has been translated into many languages, and into English by H. Hunter (5 vols., 1789–98), by T. Holcroft (3 vols., 1789–93), by Morton (3 vols., 1793), and Moore (4 vols., 1797). His *Aphorisms on Man* were translated by Fuseli (1788). Shortly after his decease, his *Life* was written by his son-in-law, George Gessner. It has also been written by Bodemin, from a purely religious point of view.

MAXIMS.

Maxims are as necessary for the weak as rules for a beginner: the master wants neither rule nor principle — he possesses both without thinking of them.

Who pursues means of enjoyment contradictory, irreconcilable, and self-destructive, is a fool, or what is called a sinner — sin and destruction of order are the same.

He knows not how to speak who cannot be silent; still less how to act with vigor and decision. Who hastens to the end is silent: loudness is impotence.

Wishes run over in loquacious impotence, *Will* presses on with laconic energy.

All affectation is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty to appear rich.

There are offences against individuals, to all appearance trifling, which are capital offences against the human race: — fly him who can commit them.

Who will sacrifice nothing, and enjoys all, is a fool.

Call him wise whose actions, word, and steps, are all a clear *because* to a clear *why*.

Say not you know another entirely till you have divided an inheritance with him.

Who, without call or office, industriously recalls the remembrance of past errors to confound him who has repented of them is a villain.

Too much gravity argues a shallow mind.

Who makes too much or too little of himself has a false measure for everything.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint — the affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.

Kiss the hand of him who can renounce what he has publicly taught, when convicted of his error, and who with heartfelt joy embraces truth, though with the sacrifice of favorite opinions.

The friend of order has made half his way to virtue.

Whom mediocrity attracts, taste has abandoned.

The art to love your enemy consists in never losing sight of *man* in him. Humanity has power over all that is human: the most inhuman still remains man, and never can throw off all taste for what becomes a man — but you must learn to wait.

The merely just can generally bear great virtues as little as great vices.

He has not a little of the devil in him who prays and bites.

Be not the fourth friend of him who had three before, and lost them.

She neglects her heart who always studies her glass.

Who comes from the kitchen smells of its smoke; who adheres to a sect has something of its cant; the college air pursues the student, and dry inhumanity him who herds with literary pedants.

He knows little of the epicurism of reason and religion who examines the dinner in the kitchen.

Let none turn over books or scan the stars in quest of God who sees Him not in man.

He knows nothing of men who expects to convince a determined party man; and he nothing of the world who despairs of the final impartiality of the public.

He who stands on a height sees farther than those

beneath; but let him not fancy that he shall make them believe all he sees.

Pretend not to self-knowledge if you find nothing worse within you than what enmity or calumny dares loudly lay to your charge. Yet you are not very good if you are not better than your best friends imagine you to be.

He who wants witnesses in order to be good has neither virtue nor religion.

He submits to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a fit of passion.

Receive no satisfaction for premeditated impertinence. Forget it, forgive it — but keep him inexorably at a distance who offered it.

The public seldom forgives twice.

He surely is most in want of another's patience who has none of his own. — *Aphorisms on Man.*

LAYARD, Sir Austen Henry, an English diplomat and archæologist; born at Paris, March 5, 1817; died at London, July 5, 1894. He began the study of law, but in 1839 set out upon a series of travels which took him through European Turkey and various parts of the East, during which he mastered the Arabic and Persian languages. Of these early travels he published an account in 1887. In 1845, and subsequently, he set on foot explorations in the region of ancient Nineveh and Babylon. The results of his remarkable discoveries are embodied in two sumptuously illustrated works, *Nineveh and Its Remains* (1849) and *Discoveries Among the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon* (1853). As early as 1849 he entered upon political life in a diplomatic or semi-diplomatic capacity. In 1852 he was returned to Par-

liament for Ailesbury, was an unsuccessful candidate for York in 1859, but was returned as a Liberal for Southwark at the close of 1860. In 1868 he was made a member of the Privy Council; but near the close of 1869 he was appointed Envoy Plenipotentiary at Madrid, and later was sent as Ambassador to Constantinople. In 1887 he published *Early Adventures in Persia, Babylonia and Susiana.*

THE RUINS IN ASSYRIA AND BABYLONIA.

These ruins, chiefly large mounds, apparently of mere earth and rubbish, had long excited curiosity from their size and evident antiquity. They were the only remains of an unknown period — of a period antecedent to the Macedonian conquest. Consequently they alone could be identified with Ninevah and Babylon, and could afford a clew to the site and nature of those cities. There is at the same time a vague mystery attaching to remains like these, which induces travellers to examine them with more than ordinary interest, and even with some degree of awe. A great vitrified mass of brickwork, surrounded by the accumulated rubbish of ages, was believed to represent the identical tower which called down the Divine vengeance, and was overthrown, according to an universal tradition, by the fires of heaven. The mystery and dread which attached to the place were kept up by exaggerated accounts of wild beasts who haunted the subterraneous passages, and of the no less savage tribes who wandered among the ruins. Other mounds in the vicinity were identified with the Hanging Gardens, and those marvellous structures which tradition has attributed to two queens — Semiramis and Nitocris. The difficulty of reaching the site of these remains increased the curiosity and interest with which they were regarded; and a fragment from Babylon was esteemed a precious relic, not altogether devoid of a sacred character.

The ruins which might be presumed to occupy the site of the Assyrian capital were even less known and

less visited than those in Babylonia. Several travelers had noticed the great mounds of earth opposite the modern city of Mosul; and when the inhabitants of the neighborhood pointed out the tomb of Jonah upon the summit of one of them, it was of course natural to conclude at once that it marked the site of the great Nineveh. Macdonald Kinneir — no mean antiquarian and geographer — who examined these mounds, was inclined to believe that they marked the site of a Roman camp of the time of Hadrian; and yet a very superficial knowledge of the subject would have shown at once that they were of a very different period.— *Nineveh and Its Remains, Introduction.*

LAYARD'S FIRST DAY'S EXCAVATION AT NIMROUD.

I had slept little during the night. The hovel in which we had taken shelter, and its inmates, did not invite shelter. I was at length sinking into sleep, when, hearing the voice of Awad, I arose from my carpet and joined him outside the hovel. The day had already dawned; he had returned with six Arabs, who agreed for a small sum to work under my direction. The lofty cone and broad mound of Nimroud broke like a distant mountain on the morning sky. No sign of habitation, not even the black tent of an Arab, was seen upon the plain. The eye wandered over a parched and barren waste, across which occasionally swept the whirlwind, dragging with it a cloud of sand. About a mile from us was the small village of Nimroud — like Naifa, a heap of ruins.

Ten minutes' walk brought us to the principal mound. The absence of all vegetation enabled me to examine the remains with which it was covered. Broken pottery and fragments of brick, both inscribed with cuneiform characters, were strewed on all sides. The Arab watched my motions as I wandered to and fro, and observed with surprise the objects I had collected. They joined, however, in the search, and brought me handfuls of rubbish, among which I found with joy the fragment of a bas-relief. The material on which it was

carved had been exposed to fire, and resembled in every respect the burnt gypsum of Khorsabad.

Convinced from this discovery that sculptured remains must still exist in some part of the mound, I sought for a place where excavations might be commenced with a prospect of success. Awad led me to a piece of alabaster which appeared above the soil. We could not remove it, and on digging downward, it proved to be the upper part of a large slab. I ordered all the men to work around it and they shortly uncovered a second slab to which it had been united. Continuing in the same line, we came upon a third; and in the course of the morning laid bare ten more — the whole forming a square, with one stone missing at the northwest corner. It was evident that the top of a chamber had been discovered, and that the gap was its entrance.

I now dug down the face of the stones, and an inscription in the cuneiform character was soon exposed to view. Similar inscriptions occupied the centre of all the slabs, which were in the best preservation, but plain, with the exception of the writing. Leaving half of the workmen to uncover as much of the chamber as possible, I led the rest to the southwest corner of the mound, where I had observed many fragments of calcined alabaster. I dug at once into the side of the mound, which was here very steep, and thus avoided the necessity of removing much earth. We came almost immediately to a wall bearing inscriptions in the same character as those already described; but the slabs had evidently been exposed to intense heat, were cracked in every part, and, reduced to lime, threatened to fall to pieces as soon as uncovered.

Night interrupted our labors. I returned to the village well satisfied with the result. It was now evident that buildings of considerable extent existed in the mound; and that although some had been destroyed by fire, others had escaped the conflagration. As there were inscriptions, and as a fragment of a bas-relief had been found, it was natural to conclude that sculptures were still buried under the soil. I determined to follow the

search at the northwest corner, and to empty the chamber partly uncovered during the day.— *Nineveh and Its Remains, Chap. II.*

LAZARUS, Emma, an American poet; born at New York, July 22, 1849; died there, November 19, 1887. She was of Hebrew parentage, and was educated by private tutors in her native city. The outbreak of the Civil War brought out her poetic gift, and very early she began to publish her poems in *Lippincott's Magazine.* In 1866 she issued her first volume of *Poems and Translations;* and in 1871 a second collection, entitled *Admetus and Other Poems.* A prose work entitled *Alide* appeared in 1874. From this time she contributed many translations from Heine, and numerous original poems, to *Scribner's Magazine;* and the former were collected and published in 1881 as *Poems and Ballads of Heine,* and the latter the year following as *Songs of a Semite.* For the same magazine she also wrote some striking essays in behalf of her race; and during the great Russian-Jewish immigration of 1882, she elaborated, in the *American Hebrew,* her successful system of technical education for the suffering Jews. Her last works included *In Exile; The Crowing of the Red Cock; The Banner of the Jew,* and a series of beautiful prose poems. Her translations extended to the poetry of the mediæval Jewish writers, and several of them have been printed in the rituals of the synagogue.

THE BANNER OF THE JEW.

Wake, Israel, wake! Recall to-day
  The glorious Maccabean rage;
The sire heroic, hoary-gray,
  His fivefold lion lineage.
The Wise, the Elect, the Help-of-God,
The Burst of Spring, the Avenging Rod.

From Mizpah's mountain-ridge they saw
  Jerusalem's empty streets, her shrine
Laid waste where Greeks profaned the Law,
  With idol and with pagan sign.
Mourners in tattered black were there,
With ashes sprinkled on their hair.

Then from the stony peak there rang
  A blast to ope the graves: down poured
The Maccabean clan, who sang
  Their battle-anthem to the Lord.
Five heroes lead, and following, see
Ten thousand rush to victory!

Oh, for Jerusalem's trumpet now,
  To blow a blast of shattering power,
To wake the sleepers high and low,
  And rouse them to the urgent hour!
No hand for vengeance — but to save,
A million naked swords should wave.

Oh deem not dead that martial fire,
  Say not the mystic flame is spent!
With Moses's law and David's lyre,
  Your ancient strength remains unbent.
Let but an Ezra rise anew,
To lift the Banner of the Jew!

A rag, a mock at first — erelong,
  When men have bled and women wept,
To guard its precious folds from wrong,

Even they who shrunk, even they who slept,
Shall leap to bless it and to save.
Strike! for the brave revere the brave!

THE NEW COLOSSUS.

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

LEA, HENRY CHARLES, an American historical writer; born at Philadelphia, September 19, 1825. He was educated in his native city; and from 1843 to 1880 he was connected with the publishing house founded by Matthew Carey, his grandfather. His writings include numerous papers on scientific, social, and political questions; but he is best known by his works on religious history. Among these are *Superstition and Force* (1866); *Sacerdotal Celibacy* (1867); *Church History* (1867); *The Inquisition of the Middle Ages* (1888); *Chapters from the Religious History of Spain* (1890); *Formulary of the Papal Penitentiary in the Thirteenth Century*

(1893), and *A History of Sacramental Confession and Indulgences in the Latin Church* (1894), which is considered to be the crowning work of his series of writings in that line.

THE INQUISITION AS AN INSTITUTION.

The history of the Inquisition naturally divides itself into two portions. The Reformation is the boundary line between them, except in Spain, where the new Inquisition was founded by Ferdinand and Isabella. The Inquisition was not an organization arbitrarily devised and imposed upon the judicial system of Christendom, by the ambition or fanaticism of the Church. It was, rather, a natural — one might almost say inevitable — evolution of the forces at work in the thirteenth century; and no one can rightly appreciate the process of its development and the results of its activity without a somewhat minute consideration of the factors controlling the minds and souls of men during the ages which laid the foundations of modern civilization.

No serious historical work is worth the writing or the reading unless it conveys a moral; but to be useful, the moral must develop itself in the mind of the reader without being obtruded upon him. Especially must this be the case in a history treating of a subject which has called forth the fiercest passions of man, arousing alternately his highest and his basest impulses. I have not paused to moralize, but I have missed my aim if the events narrated are not so presented as to teach their appropriate lesson.— *History of the Inquisition, Preface.*

SUMMARY OF THE INQUISITION.

A few words will suffice to summarize the career of the mediæval Inquisition. It introduced a system of jurisprudence which infected the criminal laws of all the lands subjected to its influence, and rendered the administration of penal justice a cruel mockery for centuries. It furnished the Holy See with a powerful weapon in aid of political aggrandizement; it tempted

secular sovereigns to imitate the example, and it prostituted the name of religion to the vilest temporal ends. It stimulated the morbid sensitiveness to doctrinal aberations until the most trifling dissidence was capable of arousing insane fury, and of convulsing Europe from end to end. On the other hand, when atheism became fashionable in high places, its thunders were mute. Energetic only in evil, when its powers might have been used on the side of virtue, it held its hand, and gave the people to understand that the only sins demanding repression were doubts as to the accuracy of the Church's knowledge of the unknown, and attendance on the Sabbath. In its long career of blood and fire, the only credit which it can claim is the suppression of the pernicious dogmas of the Cathari; and in this its agency was superfluous, for these dogmas carried in themselves the seeds of self-destruction, and might more wisely have been left to self-destruction. Thus the judgment of impartial history must be that the Inquisition was the monstrous offspring of mistaken zeal, utilized by selfish greed and lust of power to smother the higher aspirations of humanity and stimulate its baser appetites.— *History of the Inquisition, Conclusion.*

LECKY, WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE, a British historian; born near Dublin, Ireland, March 26, 1838; died at London, October 23, 1903. He was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1859, and in 1861 published anonymously *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, of which a new edition with his name appeared in 1872. After some time spent in travel, he settled in London, and gave his attention to historical and philosophical studies. His *History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe* (1865) attracted great attention, and won

for its author reputation as a deep scholar, acute thinker, and graceful and effective writer. In 1886 he became an opponent of home rule, to which he had been considered favorable. His *History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne* (1869) was of equal merit. Other works were *A History of England in the Eighteenth Century* (12 vols., 1890 and 1892); *Poems* (1891); *Political Value of History* (1893). A lecture on *The Influence of the Imagination in History* was subsequently delivered before the Royal Institution.

His later works include *Democracy and Liberty* (1896), and *The Map of Life* (1899). He was elected to the House of Commons in 1895, and in 1897 was a member of the Privy Council.

THE MIDDLE AGES.

Every doubt, every impulse of rebellion against ecclesiastical authority, above all, every heretical opinion, was regarded as the direct instigation of Satan, and their increase as the measure of his triumph. Yet these things were now gathering darkly all around. Europe was beginning to enter into that inexpressibly painful period in which men have learned to doubt, but have not yet learned to regard doubt as innocent; in which the new mental activity produces a variety of opinions, while the old credulity persuades them that all but one class of opinions are the suggestions of the devil. The spirit of rationalism was yet unborn; or if some faint traces of it may be discovered in the writings of Abelard, it was at least far too weak to allay the panic. There was no independent inquiry; no confidence in an honest research; no disposition to rise above dogmatic systems or traditional teaching; no capacity for enduring the sufferings of a suspended judgment. The Church had cursed the human intellect by cursing the doubts that are the necessary consequence of its exercise. She had cursed

even the moral faculty by asserting the guilt of honest error.— *Rationalism in Europe.*

RATIONALISM

Its central conception is the elevation of conscience into a position of supreme authority as the religious organ, a verifying faculty discriminating between truth and error. It regards Christianity as designed to preside over the moral development of mankind, as a conception which was to become more and more sublimated and spiritualized as the human mind passed into new phases, and was able to bear the splendor of a more unclouded light. Religion it believes to be no exception to the general law of progress, but rather the highest form of its manifestation, and its earlier systems but the necessary steps of an imperfect development. In its eyes the moral element of Christianity is as the sun in heaven, and dogmatic systems are as the clouds that intercept and temper the exceeding brightness of its ray. The insect whose existence is but for a moment might well imagine that these were indeed eternal, that their majestic columns could never sail, and that their luminous folds were the very source and centre of light. And yet they shift and vary with each changing breeze; they blend and separate; they assume new forms and exhibit new dimensions; as the sun that is above them waxes more glorious in its power, they are permeated and at last absorbed by its increasing splendor; they recede, and wither, and disappear, and the eye ranges far beyond the sphere they had occupied into the infinity of glory that is above them.— *Rationalism in Europe.*

MARCUS AURELIUS.

He had embraced the fortifying philosophy of Zeno in its best form, and that philosophy made him perhaps as nearly a perfectly virtuous man as has appeared upon our world. Tried by the checkered events of a reign of nineteen years, presiding over a society that was profoundly corrupt, and over a city that was notorious for

its license, the perfection of his character awed even calumny to silence, and the spontaneous sentiment of his people proclaimed him rather a god than a man. . . . Never, perhaps, had such active and unrelaxing virtue been united with so little enthusiasm, and been cheered by so little illusion of success. "There is but one thing," he wrote, "of real value — to cultivate truth and justice, and to live without anger in the midst of lying and unjust men." . . . Shortly before his death he dismissed his attendants, and, after one last interview with his son, died, as he long had lived, alone. Thus sunk to rest in clouds and darkness the purest and gentlest spirit of all the pagan world, the most perfect model of the later Stoics. In him the hardness, asperity, and arrogance of the sect had altogether disappeared, while the affectation its paradoxes tended to produce was greatly mitigated. Without fanaticism, superstition, or illusion, his whole life was regulated by a simple and unwavering sense of duty. The contemplative and emotional virtues which Stoicism had long depressed had regained their place, but the active virtues had not yet declined. The virtues of the hero were still deeply honored, but gentleness and tenderness had acquired a new prominence in the ideal type.— *History of European Morals.*

TRUTH VERSUS DOGMA.

There is one, and but one, adequate reason that can always justify men in critically reviewing what they have been taught. It is the conviction that opinions should not be regarded as mere mental luxuries, that truth should be deemed an end distinct from and superior to utility, and that it is a moral duty to pursue it, whether it leads to pleasure or to pain. Among the many wise sayings which antiquity ascribed to Pythagoras, few are more remarkable than his division of virtue into two distinct branches — to seek truth and to do good. . . .

An age which has ceased to value impartiality of judgment will soon cease to value accuracy of statement, and when credulity is inculcated as a virtue, falsehood will not long be stigmatized as a vice. When, too, men are

firmly convinced that salvation can only be found within their Church, and that their Church can absolve from all guilt, they will speedily conclude that nothing can possibly be wrong which is beneficial to it. They exchange the love of truth for what they call the love of *the* truth. They regard morals as derived from and subordinate to theology, and they regulate all their statements, not by the standard of veracity, but by the interests of their creed.— *European Morals.*

LECONTE DE LISLE, Charles Marie René, a French poet; born at St. Paul, Réunion Isle, October 23, 1818; died at Louveciennes, near Versailles, July 17, 1894. He established himself at Paris in 1847, and first became known by the publication of his *Poémes Antiques* in 1853. This work, and his *Poèmes et Poèsies* (1855), gave him a leading position among the younger poets. In 1873 he was appointed sub-librarian at the Luxembourg, and in the same year he offered himself as a candidate at the Academy for the chair of the Abbé Gratey. In 1877 he again unsuccessfully presented himself, in opposition to Sardou and D'Audiffret-Pasquier. He became an officer of the Legion of Honor in 1883; and in 1886 was finally elected to the Academy. His other works include *Poèmes Barbares* (1862); *Catechisme Populaire Républicain* (1871); *Histoire Populaire du Christianisme* (1871), and *Poèmes Tragiques* (1884). He also published a series of translations of Theocritus, Anacreon, Homer, Hesiod, Orpheus, Æschylus, Horace, Sophocles, and Euripides. His tragedy *Erynnies* was produced at the Odeon in 1873.

THE ELVES.

With marjoram decked, and thyme-blossoms sweet,
In meads dance the elves, on gay tripping feet.

From paths of the wood, and coverts of doe,
On fiery black steed rides knight all aglow;
Gold glimmer his spurs between day and night;
And where on his path the moon shines full bright,
Of radiant hue the lustre is seen,
Aloft, of his helm of silvery sheen.

With marjoram decked, and thyme-blossoms sweet
In meads dance the elves, on gay tripping feet.

Enshrouding him close — for him, what a strife! —
The still air is breathless, pregnant with life.
"Brave sir, by the light of moon shining clear,"
Spoke faerie Queen, "Why wanderest here?
Ill sprites haunt these woods, these fens, this weird spot.—
Come, dance on the green — stay! stay! —wilt thou not?"

With marjoram decked, and thyme-blossoms sweet,
In meads dance the elves, on gay tripping feet.

"No, no; my love's eyes — dear eyes! clear and sweet!
To-morrow, in marriage, glad, I shall meet.
Back! back from my horse! ye meadowland fays,
Who circle these mossy, flowery ways;
Withhold ye me not from maiden so dear;
For lo! rosy dawn already is near."

With marjoram decked, and thyme-blossoms sweet,
In meads dance the elves, on gay tripping feet.

"Stay, knight; and to thee rare gifts I will bring;
See, here, opal charmed, and burnished gold ring,
And, what is more worth than glory or name,
My robe of the moonbeam, radiant in fame."

"No, no; he replied. "Go, then," said the sprite,
And touched his faint heart with finger cold, white.

With marjoram decked, and thyme-blossoms sweet,
In meads dance the elves, on gay tripping feet.

Now pricked by the spur, trots black charger fast;
No stop, at full speed the two hurry past;—
But see!—the knight bends! Alas. Will he freeze?
For there, in the road, a spectre he sees!
Before him, with outstretched arms, does it walk!
"Elf! demon! no time have I now for talk!"

"Let pass, O thou grewsome goblin or ghost,
To wed that fair maiden whose eyes are my boast."
"My love, the dark tomb," she, weeping sore, said,
"Is nuptial couch now, for that I am dead!"
She spoke; on his love's stiff form his gaze fell;
His heart broke; the knight lay dead in the dell.

With marjoram decked, and thyme-blossoms sweet,
In meads dance the elves, on gay tripping feet.
—*Les Elfes; translation of* DOROTHEA SHEPPERSON.

LEDYARD, JOHN, an American traveler; born at Groton, Conn., in 1751; died at Cairo, Egypt, November 17, 1789. He entered Dartmouth College in 1772, with a view of fitting himself to be a missionary among the Indians; but abandoning this idea, he shipped as common sailor on a vessel bound to the Mediterranean. Afterward he went to London, where he enlisted as corporal of marines in Captain Cook's last expedition to the Pacific. He remained in the British naval service until 1782. The

vessel to which he was attached happening to be off the coast of Long Island, he left it, and went back to his friends, having been absent eight years. While with Cook's expedition he kept a private journal of the voyage. The British Government took possession of this; but Ledyard wrote out from memory an account of the expedition, which was published at Hartford, Conn., in 1783. He now formed the project of an expedition to the then almost unknown northwest coast of America, and went to Europe, hoping to find furtherance of his plan. Baffled in his efforts, he determined to make the journey overland through Northern Europe and Asia to Bering Strait. Reaching Sweden, he attempted to cross the Gulf of Bothnia on the ice; but finding the Gulf not entirely frozen over, he went back, and walked around it to St. Petersburg. The foot-journey of 1,400 miles was performed in seven weeks. He reached St. Petersburg in March, 1787, "without money, shoes, or stockings," as he says. The Empress Catharine II. granted him permission to go with Dr. Brown, a Scotchman in the Russian service, to Barnaul, in Southern Siberia, a distance of 3,000 miles; thence he sailed in a small boat down the River Lena, 1,400 miles, to Irkutsk, but was not allowed to go farther. Soon after, he was arrested by the order of the Empress, conveyed to Poland, and sent out of the country, under penalty of death if he should return. He made his way back to London, where he arrived, as he says, "disappointed, ragged, and penniless, but with a whole heart." An association had been formed for the exploration of the interior of Africa, and Ledyard eagerly accepted an offer to take part in this expedition. He was asked how soon he could be ready to set out. "To-morrow

morning," was the prompt reply. He left England late in June, 1788; but died upon reaching Cairo. The *Memoirs of Ledyard,* by Jared Sparks, were published in 1828, and subsequently in Sparks's *American Biography.*

THE TARTARS AND THE RUSSIANS.

The nice gradations by which I pass from civilization to incivilization appears in everything — in manners, dress, language; and particularly in that remarkable and important circumstance, *color,* which I am now fully convinced originates from natural causes, and is the effect of external and local circumstances. I think the same of *feature.* I see here among the Tartars the large mouth, the thick lip, the broad, flat nose, as well as in Africa. I see also in the same village as great a difference of complexion — from the fair hair, fair skin, and gray eyes, to the olive, the black jetty hair and eyes; and all these are of the same language, same dress, and, I suppose, same tribe.

I have frequently observed in Russian villages, obscure and dirty, mean and poor, that the women of the peasantry paint their faces both red and white. I have had occasion, from this and many other circumstances, to suppose that the Russians are a people who have been early attached to luxury. The contour of their manners is Asiatic, and not European. The Tartars are universally neater than the Russians, particularly in their houses. The Tartars, however situated, are voluptuaries; and it is an original and striking trait in their character — from the Grand Seignior, to him who pitches his tent on the wild frontiers of Russia and China — that they are more addicted to sensual pleasure than any other people.

PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE TARTARS.

The Tartar face, in the first impression it gives, approaches nearer to the African than the European. And

this impression is strengthened on a more deliberate examination of the individual features and the whole compages of the countenance; yet it is very different from an African face. The nose forms a strong feature in the human face. I have seen instances among the Kalmucks where the nose, between the eyes, has been much flatter and broader than I have witnessed among the negroes, and some few instances where it has been as broad over the nostrils, quite to the end, but the nostrils, in any case, are much smaller than in negroes. Where I have seen those noses, they were accompanied with a large mouth and thick lips; and these people were genuine Kalmuck Tartars. The nose protuberates but little from the face, and is shorter than that of the European. The eyes universally are at a great distance from each other and very small. At each corner of the eye the skin projects over the ball; the part appears swelled; the eyelids go in nearly a straight line from corner to corner. When open, the eye appears as in a square frame. The mouth generally, however, is of a middling size, and the lips thin. The next remarkable features are the cheek-bones. These, like the eyes, are very remote from each other, high, broad, and withal project a little forward. The face is flat. When I look at a Tartar *en profile,* I can hardly see the nose between the eyes; and if he blow a coal of fire, I cannot see the nose at all. The face is like an inflated bladder. The forehead is narrow and low. The face has a fresh color, and on the cheek-bones there is commonly a good ruddy hue.

ORIGIN OF TARTAR PECULIARITIES.

The Tartars from a time immemorial (I mean the Asiatic Tartars), have been a people of a wandering disposition. Their converse has been more among the beasts of the forests than among men; and when among men, it has only been among men of their own nation. They have ever been savages, averse to civilization; and have never until very lately mingled with other nations. Whatever cause may have originated their peculiarities of features, the reason why they still continue is their

secluded way of life, which has preserved them from mixing with other people. I am ignorant how far a constant society with beasts may operate in changing the features; but I am persuaded that this circumstance, together with an uncultivated state of mind — if we consider a long and uninterrupted succession of ages — must account in some degree for this remarkable singularity.

LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD, an English poet, essayist and novelist; born at Liverpool, January 20, 1866. He was educated at Liverpool College, and at the age of sixteen entered the office of an accountant. While here he privately printed his first volume of poetry, *My Ladies' Sonnets* (1887). In 1889 he became private secretary to Wilson Barrett; and two years later he was engaged as literary critic for the London *Star,* for which he wrote under the pen-name "Logroller." He also joined the staff of the *Speaker* and of the *Daily Chronicle.* In 1893 he engaged in a newspaper controversy with Robert Buchanan on the question "Is Christianity Played Out?" which led to the publication of *The Religion of a Literary Man.* He has contributed much to the *Nineteenth Century,* the *New Review,* the *Pall Mall Budget, The Book of the Rhymers' Club,* and to the American magazines. His works include *Volumes in Folio* (1889); *The Book-Bills of Narcissus* (1889); *George Meredith* (1889); *English Poems* (1892); *Prose Fancies* (1894); *R. L. Stevenson and Other Poems* (1895); *Retrospective Reviews* (1896); *The Quest of the Golden Girl* (1896); *The Romance of Zion Chapel,* a novel (1898); *Travels in England*

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

(1900); *Young Lives* (1901); *The Sleeping Beauty and Other Poems* (1902); *Odes of Hafiz* (1903); *Old Love Stories Retold* (1904); *Painted Shadows* (1905), and *The Paradise of the Wild Apple* (1905).

SUNSET IN THE CITY.

Above the town a monstrous wheel is turning,
With glowing spokes of red;
Low in the West its fiery axle burning;
And lost amid the spaces overhead,
A vague white moth, the moon, is fluttering.

Above the town an azure sea is flowing,
'Mid long peninsulas of shining sand;
From opal into pearl the moon is growing
Dropped like a shell upon the changing strand.

Within the town the streets grow strange and haunted.
And dark against the western lakes of green
The buildings change to temples, and unwonted
Shadows and sounds creep in where day has been.

TREE WORSHIP.

Give me to clasp this earth with feeding roots like thine,
To mount yon heaven with such star-aspiring head.
Fill full with sap and buds this shrunken life of mine,
And from my boughs, oh! might such stalwart sons be shed.

With loving cheek pressed close against thy horny breast,
I hear the roar of sap mounting within thy veins;
Tingling with buds, thy great hands open toward the west,
To catch the sweetheart winds that bring the sister rains.

O winds that blow from out the fruitful mouth of God,
O rains that softly fall from His all-loving eyes,

You that bring buds to trees and daisies to the sod —
O God's best Angel of the Spring, in me arise.

TENNYSON.

We mourn as though the great good song he gave
Passed with the singer's own informing breath:
Ah, golden book, for thee there is no grave,
Thine is a rhyme that shall not taste of death.

One sings a flower, and one a voice, and one
Screens from the world a corner choice and small,
Each toy its little laureate hath, but none
Sings of the whole: yea, only he sang all.

Fame loved him well, because he loved not Fame,
But Peace and Love, all other things before,
A man was he ere yet he was a name,
His song was much because his love was more.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

Somewhere safe-hidden away
In a meadow of mortals untrod,
I saw in my dreaming to-day
A wonderful flower of God;
Somewhere deep buried in air;
In a flashing abysm afar,
I came in my dreaming aware
Of the beam of a mystical star:
And I knew that each wonderful thing
Was the song that I never may sing.

Yet still it may be for my glory,
Though never the priesthood to bear,
To bend in the shrine of your story,
As the lowliest acolyte there:
And would that the rhyme I am bringing,
A censer incuriously wrought,
Might seem not too poor for the swinging,
Nor too simple the gums I have brought;

No marvel of gold-carven censer,
No frankincense fragrance or myrrh.

And O, if some light from the splendor
  Of mystical Host might strike through
These wreaths as they rise and transfigure
  Their gray to a glory for you,
A glory for you as the sunrise
  Of the years that to-night have begun,
What singer would sing for his song craft
  Boon richer than that I had won?
What token to augur were given
More bright with the blessing of Heaven?

LIMITED EDITIONS: A PROSE FANCY.

Why do the heathen so furiously rage against limited editions, large-papers, first editions, and the rest? For there is certainly more to be said for than against them. Broadly speaking, all such "fads" are worthy of being encouraged, because they, in some measure, maintain the expiring dignity of letters, the mystery of books. Day by day the wonderfulness of life is becoming lost to us. The sanctities of religion are defiled, the "fairy tales" of science are becoming commonplaces. Christian mysteries are debased in the streets to the sound of drum and trumpet, and the sensitive ear of the telephone is but a servile drudge 'twixt speculative bacon-merchants. And Books! those miraculous memories of high thoughts and golden moods; those silver shells, tremulous with the wonderful secrets of the ocean of life; those love-letters that pass from hand to hand of a thousand lovers that never meet; those honeycombs of dreams; those orchards of knowledge; those still-beating hearts of the noble dead; those mysterious signals that beckon along the darksome pathways of the past; voices through which the myriad lispings of the earth find perfect speech; oracles through which its mysteries call like voices in moonlit woods; prisms of beauty; urns stored with all the sweets of all the summers of time; immortal night-

ingales that sing forever to the rose of life — Books, Bibles — ah me! what have ye become to-day!

What, indeed, has become of that mystery of the Printed Word of which Carlyle so movingly wrote? It has gone, it is to be feared, with those Memnonian mornings we sleep through with so determined snore, those ancient mysteries of night we forget beneath the mimic firmament of the music-hall.

Only in the lamplit closet of the bookman, the fanatic of first and fine editions, it is remembered and revered. To him alone of an Americanized, "pirated-edition" reading world, the book remains the sacred thing it is. Therefore we would not have it degraded by, so to say, an indiscriminate breeding, such as has also made the children of men cheap and vulgar to each other. We pity the desert rose that is born to unappreciative beauty, the unset gem that glitters on no woman's hands; but what of the book that eats its heart out in the three-penny box, the remainders that are sold ignominiously in job lots by ignorant auctioneers? Have we no feeling for them?

Over-production, both in men and shirts, is the evil of the day. The world has neither enough food, nor enough love, for the young that are born into it. We have more mouths than we can fill, and more books than we can buy. Well, the publisher and the collector of limited editions aim, in their small corner, to set a limit to this careless procreation. They are literary Malthusians. The ideal world would be that in which there would be at least one lover for each woman. In the higher life of books the ideal is similar. No book should be brought into the world which is not sure of love and lodging on some comfortable shelf. If writers and publishers only gave a thought to what they were doing when they generate such large families of books, careless as the salmon with its million young, we would have no such sad workhouses of learning as Booksellers' Row, no such melancholy distress-sales of noble authors as remainder-auctions. A truly good book is beyond price; and it is far easier to under- than over-sell it. The words of the modern minor poet are as rubies, and what if his sets

bring a hundred guineas — it is more as it should be than that any sacrilegious hand should fumble them for threepence. It records that golden age of which Mr. Dobson has sung, when —

> ". . . a book was still a Book,
> Where a wistful man might look,
> Finding something through the whole,
> Beating — like a human soul;"

days when for one small gilded manuscript men would willingly exchange broad manors, with pasture-lands, chases, and blowing woodlands; days when kings would send anxious embassies across the sea, burdened with rich gifts to abbot and prior, if haply gold might purchase a single poet's book.

But, says the scoffer, these limited editions and so forth foster the vile passions of competition. Well, and if they do! Is it not meet that men should strive together for such possessions? We compete for the allotments of shares in American-meat companies, we outbid each other for tickets "to view the Royal procession," we buffet at the gate of the football field, and enter into many another of the ignoble rivalries of peace; and are not books worth a scrimmage for — books that are all those wonderful things so poetically set forth in a preceding paragraph? Lightly earned, lightly spurned, is the sense, if not the exact phrasing, of an old proverb. There is no telling how we could value many of our possessions if they were more arduously come by: our relatives, our husbands and wives, our presentation poetry from the unpoetical, our invitation-cards to one-man shows in Bond Street, the auto-photographs of great actors, the flatteries of the unimportant, the attentions of the embarrassing — how might we value all such treasures if they were, so to say, restricted to a limited issue, and guaranteed "not to be reprinted"—"plates destroyed and type distributed."

Indeed, all Nature is on the side of limited editions. Make a thing cheap, she cries from every spring hedgerow, and no one values it. When do we find the hawthorn, with its breath sweet as a milch-cow's; or the wild

rose, with its exquisite attar and its petals of hollowed pearl; when do we find these decking the tables of the great? or the purple bilberry or the boot-bright blackberry in the entremets thereof? Think what that "common dog-rose" would bring in a limited edition. And new milk from the cow, or water from the well! Where would champagne be if those intoxicants were but restricted by expensive license and sold in gilded bottles? What would you not pay for a ticket to see the moon rise if Nature had not improvidently made it a free entertainment, and who could afford to buy a seat in Covent Garden if Sir Augustus Harris should suddenly become sole impressario of the nightingale?

Yes, "from scarped cliff and quarried stone," Nature cries: "Limit the edition! Distribute the type!" though in her capacity as the great publisher she has been all too prodigal of her issues, and ruinously guilty of innumerable remainders. In fact, it is by her warning rather than her example that we must be guided in this matter. Let us not vulgarize our books as she has done her stars and flowers. Let us, if need be, make our editions smaller and smaller, our prices increasingly "prohibitive," rather than that we should forget the wonder and beauty of printed dream and thought, and treat our books as somewhat less valuable than wayside weeds.

GEORGE MUNCASTER.

It was one of his own quaint touches that the first night we found his nest there should be no one to welcome us into the bright little parlor but a wee boy of four, standing in the door-way like a robin that has hopped on to one's window-sill. But with what a dear grace did the little chap hold out his hand and bid us good-evening, and turn his little morsel of a bird's tongue round our names; to be backed at once by a ring of laughter from the hidden "prompter" thereupon revealed.

While we sat talking that first evening, there suddenly came three cries, as of three little heads straining out of a nest, for "Father." This was a part of the sweet

evening ritual of home. After mother's more practical service had been rendered, and the little ones were cosily "tucked in," then came "father's turn," which consisted of his sitting by their bedside and crooning to them a little evening-song. In the dark, too, for they should be saved from ever fearing that; whenever they awoke to find it round them, it should bring them no other association but "father's voice." His song was a loving croon of sleep and rest. In the morning, he is wont to sing them another little song of the brotherhood of work; the aim of his whole beautiful effort for them being to fill their hearts with a sense of the brotherhood of all living things — flowers, butterflies, bees and birds, the policeman, the grocer's pony — all within the circle of their little lives, as living and working in one great *camaraderie.— From The Book-Bills of Narcissus, by permission of* G. P. Putnam's Sons.

LEIBNITZ, Gottfried Wilhelm, Baron von, a German philosopher and mathematician; born at Leipsig, June 21, 1646; died at Hanover, November 14, 1716. He was educated at the University of Leipsig. In 1667 he went to Frankfort on the invitation of Baron von Boineburg, and became councillor to the Elector of Mainz. During visits to Paris in 1672, and to London in 1673 and 1676, he became acquainted with the leading scientific men of his time. About this time he discovered the differential calculus, which resembled Newton's method of fluxions so closely that it occasioned a bitter dispute between the two. In 1676 he was appointed councillor and librarian to the Duke of Brunswick-Lüneberg, and spent the remainder of his life at Hanover. Among his chief works are, in philosophy, the *Essai de Théo*

dicée (1710) and the *Monadologie* (1714); in mathematics, *Theoria Motus Concreti* and *Theoria Motus Abstracti* (1671); in natural science, *Protagæa,* a treatise on geology.

HOW CONCEPTIONS ARE DERIVED FROM THE SENSES.

Aristotle preferred to compare our souls to blank tablets prepared for writing, and he maintained that nothing is in the understanding which does not come through the senses. This position is in accord with the popular conceptions as Aristotle's positions usually are. Plato thinks more profoundly. Such tenets or practicologies are nevertheless allowable in ordinary use somewhat in the same way as those who accept the Copernican theory still continue to speak of the rising and setting of the sun. I find indeed that these usages can be given a real meaning containing no error, quite in the same way as I have already pointed out that we may truly say particular substances act upon one another. In this same sense we may say that knowledge is received from without through the medium of the senses because certain exterior things contain or express more particularly the causes which determine us to certain thoughts. Because in the ordinary uses of life we attribute to the soul only that which belongs to it most manifestly and particularly, and there is no advantage in going further. When, however, we are dealing with the exactness of metaphysical truths, it is important to recognize the powers and independence of the soul which extend infinitely further than is commonly supposed. In order, therefore, to avoid misunderstandings it would be well to choose separate terms for the two. These expressions which are in the soul, whether one is conceiving of them or not, may be called ideas, while those which one conceives of or constructs may be called conceptions, *conceptus.* But whatever terms are used, it is always false to say that all our conceptions come from the so-called external senses, because those conceptions which I have of myself and of my thoughts, and consequently of being, of substance, of ac-

tion, of identity and of many others come from an inner experience.— *Discourse on Metaphysics.*

MAXIMS.

A body is an aggregation of substances and is not a substance, properly speaking. Consequently, in all bodies must be found indivisible substances which cannot be generated and are not corruptible, having something which corresponds to souls.

All these substances have been always and will always be united to organic bodies diversely transformable.

Each of these substances contains in its nature the law of the continuous progression of its own workings and all that has happened to it and all that will happen to it.

Excepting the dependence upon God, all these activities come from its own nature.

Each substance expresses the whole universe, some substances, however, more distinctly than others, each one especially distinctly with regard to certain things and according to its own point of view.

The union of the soul with the body and even the action of one substance upon another consist only in the perfect mutual accord, express established by the ordinance of the first creation, by virtue of which each substance following its own laws falls in with what the others require and thus the activities of the one follow or accompany the activities or changes of the other.

Intellects, or souls which are capable of reflection and of knowing the eternal truths and God have many privileges that exempt them from the transformation of bodies.

In regard to them moral laws must be added to physical laws.

The better things are understood, the more are they found beautiful and comfortable to the desires which a wise man might form.

Those who are not content with the ordering of things cannot boast of loving God properly.

Justice is nothing else than love felt by the wise.

Charity is universal benevolence whose fulfillment the

wise carry out comformably to the dictates of reason so as to obtain the greatest good.

Wisdom is the science of happiness or of the means of attaining the lasting contentment which consists in the continual achievement of a greater perfection or at least in variations of the same degree of perfection.—*Selected from Correspondence.*

LELAND, CHARLES GODFREY, an American poet, journalist and historian; born at Philadelphia, August 15, 1824; died at Florence, Italy, March 20, 1903. He was graduated from Princeton in 1846, and studied for two years at Heidelberg, Munich, and Paris, where he witnessed the Revolution of 1848. Admitted to the bar in 1851, he soon relinquished law for literature. His works, which combine erudite research, often in uncommon fields, with quaint, sometimes brilliant humor, include *Meister Karl's Sketch Book* (1855); *The Poetry and Mystery of Dreams* (1855); *Pictures of Travel;* a translation of Heine's *Reisebilder* (1856); another of *Heine's Book of Songs* (1863); *Sunshine in Thought* (1862); *Legends of Birds* (1864); *Hans Breitman's Ballads,* in five parts (1867–70); *The Music Lesson of Confucius, and Other Poems* (1870); *Gaudeamus,* a translation of humorous poems, by Scheffel and others (1871); *Egyptian Sketch Book* (1873); *The English Gypsies and Their Language* (1873); *Fu Sing, or the Discovery of America by Chinese Buddhist Priests in the Fifth Century* (1875); *English Gypsy Songs* (with the aid of two friends, 1875); *Johnnykin and the Goblins* (1876); *Pidgin English Sing-Song* (1876);

Abraham Lincoln (1879); *The Minor Arts* (1880); *The Gypsies* (1882), and *The Algonquin Legends of New England* (1884). He also edited a series of *Art Work Manuals* (1885).

Before Mr. Leland went to Europe to live, in 1869, he had been at different times editor of the *Illustrated News,* the *Continental Magazine,* and the Philadelphia *Press.* In 1880 he returned to Philadelphia and devoted himself to industrial education in that city. He also published *Practical Education* (1888); *Manual of Wood-carving* (1891); *Gypsy Sorcery and Fortune-telling* (1891); *Leather-Work* (1892); *Etruscan Roman Remains in Popular Tradition* (1893); *Hans Breitman in Germany* (1895); *Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land* (1895); *Mending and Repairing* (1896); *One Hundred Profitable Acts* (1897); *Unpublished Legends of Virgil* (1899), and *Kuloskap the Master and Other Poems* (1903).

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

Thou and I in spirit-land,
A thousand years ago,
Watched the waves beat on the strand,
Ceaseless ebb and flow;
Vowed to love and ever love —
A thousand years ago.

Thou and I in greenwood shade,
Nine hundred years ago,
Heard the wild dove in the glade,
Murmuring soft and low;
Vowed to love for evermore —
Nine hundred years ago.

Thou and I in yonder star,
Eight hundred years ago,

Saw strange forms of light afar
In wild beauty glow.
All things change, but love endures
Now as long ago!

Thou and I in Norman halls,
Seven hundred years ago,
Heard the warder on the walls
Loud his trumpet blow,—
"*Ton amors sera tojors*"—
Seven hundred years ago.

Thou and I in Germany,
Six hundred years ago—
Then I bound the red cross on,
"True love, I must go,
But we part to meet again
In the endless flow!"

Thou and I in Syrian plains,
Five hundred years ago,
Felt the wild fire in our veins
To a fever glow.
All things die, but love lives on
Now as long ago!

Thou and I in shadow-land,
Four hundred years ago,
Saw strange flowers bloom on the strand.
Heard strange breezes blow.
In the ideal love is real,
This alone I know.

Thou and I in Italy,
Three hundred years ago,
Lived in faith and died for God,
Felt the faggots glow;
Ever new and ever true,
Three hundred years ago.

Thou and I on Southern seas,
  Two hundred years ago,
Felt the perfumed even-breeze,
Spoke in Spanish by the trees,
  Had no care or woe:
Life went dreamily in song
  Two hundred years ago.

Thou and I 'mid Northern snow,
  One hundred years ago,
Led our iron, silent life,
  And were glad to flow
Onward into changing death,
  One hundred years ago.

Thou and I but yesterday
  Met in Fashion's show.
Love, did you remember me,
  Love of long ago?
Yes; we keep the fond oath sworn
  A thousand years ago!

THE TWO FRIENDS.

I have two friends, two glorious friends — two better could not be:
And every night when midnight tolls they meet to laugh with me.

The first was shot by Carlist thieves, ten years ago in Spain,
The second drowned near Alicante — while I alive remain.

The first with gnomes in the Under Land, is leading a lordly life;
The second has married a mermaiden, a beautiful water wife.

And since I have friends in the Earth and Sea — with a few, I trust, on high,

'Tis a matter of small account to me, the way that I
may die.

For whether I sink in the foaming flood, or swing on the
triple tree,
Or die in my bed, as a Christian should, it is all the same
with me.

SCHNITZERL'S PHILOSOPEDE.

Herr Schnitzerl make a philosopede,
Von of de newest kind;
It vent mitout a vheel in front,
And hadn't none pehind.
Von veel was in de mittel, dough,
And it went as sure as ecks,
For he shtraddled on de axel dree
Mit der vheel petween his lecks.

Und ven he vent to shtart id off
He paddlet mit his feet,
Und soon he cot to go so vast
Dat avery dings he peat.
He run her out on Broader Shtreet,
He shkeeted like de vind,
Hei! how he bassed de vancy craps,
And lef dem all pehind!

De vellers mit de trotting nags
Pooled oop to see him bass;
De Deutchers all erstanuished saidt:
"Potztausend! Was ist das?"
Boot vaster shtill der Schnitzerl flewed
On — mit a gashtly smile:
He tidn't tooch de dirt, py shings!
Not vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis eartly pliss?
Oh, vot ish man's sooksess?
Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings?
Und vot ish hobbiness?

Ve find a pank note in de shtreet,
  Next dings der pank ish preak;
Ve folls und knocks our outsides in,
  Ven ve a ten shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein
  On his philosopede;
His feet both shlipped outsideward shoost
  Vhen at his extra shpede.
He felled oopon der vheel of coorse;
  De vheel like blitzen flew;
Und Schnitzerl he vas schnitz in vact,
  For id shlished him grod in two.

Und as for his philosopede,
  Id cot so shkared, men say,
It pounded onward till it vent
  Ganz teufelwards afay.
Boot vhere ish now der Schnitzerl's soul?
  Vhere does his shpirit pide?
In Himmel, troo de endless plue,
  It takes a medeor ride.

LEMAÎTRE, JULES, a French critic; born at Vennecy, April 27, 1853. His childhood was passed at Travers, near Beaugency, and his earliest studies were pursued at the little Seminary of Orleans. He completed his school-work in Paris, at the *Seminaire de la rue Notre-Dame des Champs,* received his baccalaureate degree in July, 1871, and entered the Normal School in the following year. For five years he was Professor of Rhetoric in Havre, and in 1880 was nominated President of the Faculty of the High School of Literature of Algiers. Two years later he was represented on the Faculty of Besançon

as head of the department of French literature. Doctor of Letters in 1883, he was offered a professorship on the Faculty of Grenoble. In 1884, desirous of a change from university life, he became editor of the *Revue Bleue* and dramatic critic for the *Journal des Débats*. He has written some Oriental verses and a collection of poems entitled *Les Medaillons,* as well as some plays: *Le Théâtre de Dancourt; Les Contemporains; Impressions de Théâtre* (1888); *Deputé Leveau* (1891); *Les Rois* (1893), and *Le Pardon* (1895). His novel *Sérénus* is the story of a martyr.

MODERN LITERATURE.

When I open a modern book at hazard, I quiver sometimes with delight, as though I were thrilled to the marrow with pleasure. I love so this literature of the second half of the nineteenth century, so intelligent, so restless, so weird, so morose, so eccentric, so subtle; I love it so even in its affectations, its follies, its extremes, for I feel a germ of them in myself, and I make them one by one my own. At the moment when I turn the last page, I feel myself wholly intoxicated. I am full of the delicious, melancholy reflection of a mass of very deep sensations, and my heart swells with a vague, all-embracing tenderness. The pleasure is too great, too acute, too piercing.— *Translation of* PROFESSOR WELLS.

RACINE AND EURIPIDES.

When we consider that Racine thought he was producing works at least resembling the tragedies of Euripides we are struck by the strange influence that education and tradition bring to bear upon our way of thought, and we feel how hard it is to discern in works of the past, and, I believe, in those of the present, what is really there. You would not speak like Admetes or Théres in *Alceste,* though you would, I think, feel as they do.

Euripides seizes and brings to light those secret feelings, as yet unstrung cords of instinct, which move in the inner depths of our being, which we never speak of, or even scarcely own to ourselves. And I fancy he finds in this betrayal of our hearts a kind of satirical pleasure, not always harsh, but rather tempered by the thought that we must take life as it is with its unavoidable instinct of self-preservation and selfishness.— *Translation of* YETTA BLAZE DE BURY.

MOLIÈRE AND TERENCE.

Terence contrived, I know not how, to express the most delicate sentiments, and to utter the most touching words of love; whereas Molière, in taking his *Fourberies de Scapin* from *Phormio,* does not attain that poetic elevation by which Terence made the spectator forget the huge brazen mouth and the immovable mask worn by actors among the ancients.— *Translation of* YETTA BLAZE DE BURY.

CÉLIMÈNE'S "SALON."

We are told that this is the drawing-room of a court lady, and the talk is that of the servants' hall. It is stiff and odd, and we turn with delight to the polite conversation of our day, carried on discreetly and familiarly in low, broken tones. What shall we say of the scene where Arisnoe, instead of gently hinting what she has on her mind, informs Célimène that she has come to tell her unpleasant truths? What modern society of plain citizens (and we are supposed to be at court!) would stand the behavior of such cads as the men who show Célimène's letters one to another? Can one imagine worse manners than those of Elaine and Philinte to each other? "If Alceste does not marry Célimène, I shall be delighted to get him myself," thinks Elaine. "You know," says Philinte to Elaine, "you need not mind, if nobody else will have you, I'll marry you myself."— *From a critique in the Journal des Débats.*

LEMON, MARK, an English humorist and playwright; born at London, November 30, 1809; died at Crawley, Sussex, May 23, 1870. He made his first essays in the lighter drama, and the modern London stage was supplied by his facile pen with more than 60 pieces, farces, melodramas, and comedies, among which were: *The School for Tigers; The Serious Family,* and *The Ladies' Club.* On the establishment of *Punch* in 1841 he became joint-editor with Henry Mayhew, and two years later, sole editor, controlling that periodical for 29 years. He was also literary editor of, and frequent contributor to, the *Illustrated London News.* Among his later productions are several novels: *Loved at Last; Golden Fetters, etc.* He also edited *Mark Lemon's Jest Book.*

OLD TIME AND I.

Old Time and I the other night
  Had a carouse together;
The wine was golden, warm and bright,—
  Aye! just like Summer weather,
Quoth I, "Here's Christmas come again,
  And I no farthing richer;
Time answered, "Ah, the old, old strain!—
  I prithee pass the pitcher."

"Why measure all your good in gold?
  No rope of sand is weaker;
'Tis hard to get, 'tis hard to hold—
  Come, lad, fill up your beaker."
"Hast thou not found true friends more true,
  And loving ones more loving?"
I could but say, "A few, a few!
  So keep the liquor moving."

"Hast thou not seen the prosp'rous knave
Come down a precious thumper?
His chests disclosed?" "I have, I have!"
"Well, surely that's a bumper!"
"Nay, hold a while, I've seen the just
Find all their hopes grow dimmer."
"They will hope on, and strive, and trust,
And conquer!" "That's a brimmer."

"'Tis not because to-day is dark,
No brighter days before 'em;
There's rest for every storm-tossed bark·"
"So be it! Pass the jorum!"
"Yet I must own I should not mind
To be a little richer."
"Labor and wait, and you may find——"
"Halloo! an empty pitcher."

LEO, XIII., Pope; born at Carpineto, Italy, March 2, 1810; died at Rome, July 20, 1903. He was educated at the Jesuit College of Viterbo, 1818 to 1824; the Collegio Romano, 1824; and the College of Noble Ecclesiastics. A Doctor of Laws, Pope Gregory XVI. appointed him Referendary of the Segnatura, in 1837. In the same year he was consecrated priest by Cardinal Carlo Odescalchi. Pope Gregory conferred on him the title of "Prothonotary Apostolic," and sent him as Apostolic Delegate to Benevento, Perugia, and Spoleto, successively. In 1843 he went as Nuncio to Belgium, and was shortly afterward made Archbishop of Damietta. Nominated Bishop of Perugia in 1846, and created Cardinal in 1853, he became Pope on February 20, 1878. His reign has witnessed the restoration of the Scottish

hierarchy, the contest with Germany, the Kulturkampf (contest of culture), the now famous Falk Laws, and the negotiations with Prince Bismarck. The Papal Jubilee at Rome toward the close of 1887 and the beginning of 1888 commemorated his fiftieth year as an ecclesiastic. His *Encyclical* on *Labor,* issued in June, 1891, was much discussed. Many pilgrims attended His Holiness's episcopal jubilee, February 19, 1893. A conference of the Patriarchs of the Eastern Churches was held at the Vatican in October, 1894, but without any visible results. Although his letter of April, 1895, urging the union of the English Church with the Roman See, was also considered impracticable, it brought forth a published reply from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and was much discussed by the other religious denominations of the realm.

The *Catholic World* for March, 1879, apropos of *The Encyclical,* said: "The letter has been received with universal respect by the secular press, and spread abroad over the world. The eagerness with which it was caught up and discussed indicates that it contains something especially adapted to the needs of the present time. The Holy Father speaks with the authority that belongs to his office alone as the head of the Roman Catholic Church. He goes to the very root of the evils that most afflict modern society in all lands, and shows the only remedy for them that is sure and lasting. The letter deserves to be studied and restudied as much from the character and position of the writer as from the manifest wisdom and charity of its advice."

THE RIGHT OF OWNERSHIP.

While the socialists would destroy the right of property, alleging it to be a human invention altogether opposed to the inborn equality of man, and, claiming a community of goods, argue that poverty should not be peaceably endured, and that the property and privileges of the rich may be rightly invaded, the church, with much greater wisdom and good sense, recognizes the inequality among men, who are born with different powers of body and mind, inequality in actual possession also, and holds that the right of property and of ownership, which springs from nature itself, must not be touched and stands inviolate; for she knows that stealing and robbery were forbidden in so special a manner by God, the author and defender of right, that he would not allow man even to desire what belonged to another, and that thieves and despoilers, no less than adulterers and idolaters, are shut out from the kingdom of heaven. But not the less on this account does our holy mother not neglect the care of the poor or omit to provide for their necessities; but rather, drawing them to her with a mother's embrace, and knowing that they bear the person of Christ himself, who regards the smallest gift to the poor as a benefit conferred on himself, holds them in great honor. She does all she can to help them; she provides homes and hospitals where they may be received, nourished, and cared for all the world over, and watches over these. She is constantly pressing on the rich that most grave precept to give what remains to the poor; and she holds over their heads the divine sentence that unless they succor the needy they will be repaid by eternal torments. In fine, she does all she can to relieve and comfort the poor, either by holding up to them the example of Christ, *who being rich became poor for our sake* (2 Cor. viii. 9), or by reminding them of his own words, wherein he pronounced the poor blessed and bade them hope for the reward of eternal bliss.— *Translated from The Encyclical of December*, 1878, *for The Catholic World.*

POPE LEO'S LAST PRAYER.

Leo, now sets thy sun; pale is its dying ray:
Black night succeeds thy day.

Black night for thee; wasted thy frame; life's flood sustains
No more thy shrunken veins.

Death casts his fatal dart; robed for the grave thy bones
Lie under the cold stones.

But my freed soul escapes her chains, and longs in flight
To reach the realms of light.

That is the goal she seeks; thither her journey fares;
Grant, Lord, my anxious prayers.

That, with the citizens of Heaven, God's face and light
May ever thrill my sight;

That I may see thy face, Heaven's Queen, whose mother love
Has brought me home above.

To thee, saved through the tangles of a perilous way
I lift my grateful lay.

— *Translation in The New York Independent.*

A *Life of Pope Leo XIII.*, by Richard H. Clarke, was published in 1903, and *The Great Encyclical Letter of Pope Leo XIII.* appeared the same year.

LE SAGE, ALAIN RENÉ, a French novelist and dramatist; born at Sarzeau, Brittany, May 8, 1668; died at Boulogne, November 17, 1747. He was educated at the Jesuits' College at Vannes, held an office in the revenue, went to Paris in 1692, married in 1694, and adopted literature as his profession in preference to law, and was pensioned by the Abbé de Lyonne, who turned his attention toward Spanish books and subjects. His earlier works attracted little attention. In 1707 he won his first successes by a play, *Crispin Rival de son Maître,* and a romance, *Le Diable Boiteux,* known in English translations as *The Devil on Two Sticks,* and *Asmodeus.* In another play *Turcaret,* he attacked the farmers of the revenue, who delayed its production a year, after vainly trying to bribe the author to suppress it. Vols. I. and II. of the famous *Gil Blas de Santillane* appeared in 1715, Vol. III. in 1724, Vol. IV. not till 1735. It has been translated by Smollett and others. The later works of Le Sage (besides over 100 comic operas) are *Roland l'Amoureux* (1717–21), an imitation of Boiardo; an abridged translation of Aleman's *Guzman de Alfarache; Aventures de Robert, dit le Chevalier de Beauchesne* (1732); *Histoire d'Estévanille Gonzales* (1734), from the Spanish; *Une Journée des Parques* (1735); *Le Bachelier Salamanque* (1736), and *Melange amusant* (1743).

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

"Child," said Dr. Sangrado, "I love thee, and will make thy fortune. I will discover to thee the whole mystery of the salutary art which I have so many years

professed. Other doctors make it consist in a thousand difficult sciences; but I will shorten the way, and spare thee the pains of studying physics, pharmacy, botany, and anatomy. Know, friend, all that is necessary is bleeding and making them drink hot water. This is the secret for curing all the distempers in the world; yes, this wonderful secret which I reveal to thee and which Nature, impenetrable to my brethren, has not been able to keep from my observations, is all included in these two points, frequent bleeding and drinking water. I have nothing more to teach thee: thou knowest the very bottom of physic, and, reaping the fruit of my long experience, thou wilt at once become as skilful as I am.

"Thou mayst also be assistant to me: thou shalt keep the register in the morning, and in the afternoon visit some of my patients. While I take care of the nobility and clergy, thou shalt attend the third order for me; and when thou hast done so for some time, I will get thee admitted into the Faculty. Thou wert learned, Gil Blas, before thou wert a physician, whereas others are a long time physicians, and most of them all their lives, before they become learned." . . .

So far from wanting business, it happened luckily, as my master foretold, to be a sickly time, and he had his hands full of patients; not a day but each of us visited eight or ten. Of consequence there was a great deal of water drank, and much blood let. But — I cannot tell how it happened — they all died. We rarely visited the same sick man thrice; at the second we either were informed that he was about to be buried, or found him at the point of death. Being young in the profession, my heart was not sufficiently hardened for murders; I was grieved at so many fatal events, which might be imputed to me.

"Sir," said I one evening to Dr. Sangrado, "I call Heaven to witness, I follow your method exactly, yet all my patients go to the other world. One would think they died on purpose to bring our practice into discredit. I met two being carried to the grave this afternoon."

"Child," said he, "I might tell the same of myself. I seldom have the satisfaction to cure those who fall into my hands; and if I were not certain of the principles I follow, I should take my remedies to be contrary to almost all the diseases I have in charge."

"If you will be ruled by me, Sir," I replied, "we will change our method, and out of curiosity, give our patients some drugs. The worst that can happen, is that they may produce the same effects as our hot water and bleeding."

"I would willingly make the experiment," said he, "if it would not have an ill result. I have published a book in vindication of frequent bleding and hot-water drinking. Would you have me decry my own work?"

"You are right," I replied, "you must not give your enemies occasion to triumph over you. They will say you have suffered yourself to be undeceived; you will lose your reputation. Rather let the people, the nobility, and the clergy perish. Let us continue our accustomed practice."

We went on in our old course, and in such a manner that in less than six weeks we made as many widows and orphans as the siege of Troy. One would have thought the plague was in Valladolid, there were so many funerals. Fathers came every day to our house, to demand an account of the sons we had robbed them of; or uncles to reproach us for the death of their nephews. As for the nephews and sons whose fathers and uncles fared the worse for our medicines, they came not. The husbands whose wives we made away with were also very discreet, and did not scold us on that score. The afflicted persons, whose reproaches it was necessary for us to wipe off, were sometimes outrageous in their grief, and called us blockheads and murderers. They kept no bounds: I was enraged at their epithets; but my master, who had been long used to it, was not at all concerned.— *Gil Blas, Book II.*

PERILS OF A CRITIC.

"My dear Gil Blas," the Archbishop continued, "I require one thing of your zeal. Whenever you find my pen savors of old age, when you find me flag, do not fail to apprise me of it. I do not trust myself in that respect; self-love might deceive me. This observation requires a disinterested judgment, and I rely on yours, which I know to be good."

"Thank Heaven, my Lord," I replied, "that time is yet far from you, and you will always be the same. I look upon you as another Cardinal Ximenes, whose superior genius, instead of decaying with years, seemed to gain new strength."

"No flattery, friend," said he. "I know I may sink all at once. People at my age begin to feel infirmities, and those of the body impair the mind. I repeat it, Gil Blas; whenever you think me to be failing, give me notice at once: do not fear to be too free and sincere. I shall receive this admonition as a mark of your affection for me. Besides, your interest is concerned; if, unluckily for you, I should hear in the city that my discourses have no longer their wonted energy, and that I ought to retire, I tell you fairly that you will both lose my friendship and the fortune I have promised you." . . .

Some time after we had an alarm at the palace. His Grace was seized with an apoplexy. He was relieved speedily; but he had received a terrible shock. I observed it the next sermon he composed, but the difference was not very great; I waited for another, to know better what I was to think. That put the matter beyond doubt. At one time the good prelate was tautological, at another he soared too high or sank too low. It was a long-winded oration, the rhetoric of a worn-out school-master, a mere capucinade.

I was not the only one who noticed the fact. Most of the audience (as if they, too, had been retained to criticise it) whispered to each other, as he was delivering it, "This sermon smells of the apoplexy." Hereupon I said to myself, "Come, Mr. Arbiter of the Homilies,

prepare to discharge your office. You see my Lord flags; you ought to apprise him of it, not only as being his confidant, but also for fear some of his friends should be frank enough to speak before you. If that should happen, you know your fate; you will lose the promised legacy."

After these reflections, I made others quite contrary. The part I was to act seemed to me very ticklish. I judged that an author in love with his own works might receive such an information but coldly; but rejecting this thought, I represented to myself that it was impossible he should take it ill, after having exacted the office of me in so pressing a manner. Besides this, I relied on speaking to him with tact and address, and thought to gild the pill so well as to make him swallow it. In short, concluding that I ran a greater risk in keeping silence than in breaking it, I resolved on the latter.

I was now perplexed about only one thing — how to break the ice. Happily for me the orator himself assisted me to the plunge, by asking me what the world said of him, and if people were pleased with his last discourse. I replied that they always admired his homlies, but that I thought that the hearers were not so much affected by the last as by some earlier ones.

"How, friend," said he with surprise, "had they an Aristarchus among them?"

"No, my Lord," I answered; "no; such works as yours are not to be criticised. There was nobody but was charmed with it. But since you have charged me to be free and sincere, I take the liberty to tell you that your last discourse does not seem to possess your usual energy. Are you not of the same opinion?"

These words made my master turn pale. He said to me with a forced smile, "What, Mr. Gil Blas, this piece, then, is not to your taste?"

"I do not say so, Sir," I replied in confusion. "I think it excellent, though a little inferior to your other works."

"I understand you," said he. "I seem to flag, do I? Speak the word out. You believe it is high time for me to think of retiring."

"I should not have taken the liberty to speak thus," I ansyered, "if your Grace had not commanded me. I do it only in obedience to you, and I humbly beg your Grace not to take my boldness amiss."

"God forbid," he interrupted, "that I should reproach you with it. I do not take it at all ill that you tell me your opinion; I only think your opinion wrong. I have been prodigiously deceived in your narrow understanding."

Though I was confounded, I would have found some expedient to qualify matters; but what way is there to pacify an exasperated author, and especially an author used to nothing but praise? "Speak no more, friend," said he; "you are too young yet to distinguish truth from falsehood. Know that I never wrote a finer sermon than that which you do not approve. My mind, thank Heaven, has as yet lost nothing of its vigor. For the future I will choose my confidants better, and have such as abler judges. Go," he went on, thrusting me out of the closet by the shoulders, "go tell my treasurer to pay you a hundred ducats, and may Heaven direct you with the money. Farewell, Mr. Gil Blas; I wish you all manner of prosperity, with a little better taste."

I went out cursing the caprice, or rather weakness, of the Archbishop, being more enraged at him than vexed at losing his favor. I was even in doubt whether to take the hundred ducats; but after thinking well upon it, I was not such a fool as to refuse them. I thought the money would not deprive me of the right to ridicule my Archbishop; which I resolved not to miss doing, every time his homilies should be mentioned in my presence.

As I swore in my passion to make the prelate pay for it, and to divert the whole city at his expense, the wise Melchior said to me, "Be ruled by me dear Gil Blas; rather stifle your chagrin. Men of an inferior rank ought always to respect persons of quality, whatever reason they may have to complain of them. I grant there are many weak noblemen, who deserve no respect; but since it is in their power to hurt us, we ought to fear them."—*Gil Blas, Book VII.*

GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING.

LESSING, Gotthold Ephraim, a German dramatist and critic; born at Kamenz, Saxony, January 22, 1729; died at Brunswick, February 15, 1781. His father, a Lutheran clergyman, wished him to adopt the same profession, and at the age of seventeen he was sent to the University of Leipsic to study theology. But he found the stage more attractive than the pulpit, consorted with actors, and wrote several dramatic pieces. At twenty he went to Berlin, when he devoted himself to literary pursuits. He early conceived the project of freeing German literature from the prevalent imitation of that of France, and giving it a new and original character. In conjunction with Nicolai he founded the *Literaturebriefe,* a periodical which was the first to call public attention to the genius of Kant, Hamann, and Winckelmann. About 1763 he produced the admirable drama *Minna von Barnhelm.* In 1772 he published the tragedy *Emilia Galotti,* in which the story of the Roman Virginia is presented in a modern aspect; this still remains one of the best tragedies on the German stage. In 1776 he published *Laocoon,* an elaborate treatise upon the limitations of Painting and Poetry. In 1779 appeared the dramatic poem *Nathan the Wise,* which may be considered his profession of faith. The principal characters are a Jew, a Mohammedan, and a Christian, who rival each other in tolerance, charity, and regard for the principles of universal morality. His latest work, published in 1780, was *The Education of the Human Race.* All of the foregoing have been excellently translated into English. Lessing has been not unaptly styled "the Luther of German literature,

of the German drama, and of German art." A complete edition of his *Works,* in 30 vols., was published at Berlin in 1771–94; and an excellent one in 13 vols., edited by Lachmann, 1838–40.

NATHAN THE WISE AND THE SULTAN SALADIN.

Nath.— In days of yore dwelt in the East a man
Who from a valued hand received a ring
Of endless worth: the stone of it an opal,
That shot an ever-changing tint. Moreover,
It had the hidden virtue him to render
Of God and man beloved, who, in this view,
And this persuasion, wore it. Was it strange
The Eastern man ne'er drew it off his finger,
And studiously provided to secure it
Forever to his house? Thus he bequeathed it
First to the most beloved of his sons;
Ordained that he again should leave the ring
To the most dear among his children; and,
That without heeding birth, the favorite son,
In virtue of the ring alone, should always
Remain the lord o' th' house.— You hear me, Sultan?

Sal.— I understand thee. On!

Nath.— From son to son,
At length the ring descended to a father
Who had three sons alike obedient to him,
Whom therefore he could not but love alike.
At times seemed this — now that — at times the third,
(According as each apart received
The overflowing of his heart,) most worthy
To bear the ring, which, with good-natured weakness,
He privately to each in turn had promised.
This went on for a while. But death approached,
And the good father grew embarrassed. So
To disappoint two sons who trust his promise
He could not bear. What's to be done? He sends
In secret to a jeweller, of whom,
Upon the model of the real ring,
He might bespeak two others; and commanded

To spare nor cost nor pains to make them like —
Quite like the true one. This the artist managed.
The rings were brought, and e'en the father's eye
Could not distinguish which had been the model.
Quite overjoyed, he summoned all his sons,
Takes leave of each apart, on each bestows
His blessing and his ring, and dies.— Thou hearest me?
Sal.— I hear, I hear. Come finish with thy tale: Is it soon ended?
Nath.— It is ended, Sultan.
For all that follows may be guessed of course.
Scarce is the father dead, each with his ring
Appears, and claims to be the lord o' th' house.
Comes question, strife, complaint; all to no end,
For the true ring could no more be distinguished
Than now can — the true faith.
Sal.— How, how? Is that
To be the answer to my query?
Nath.— No,
But it may serve as my apology
If I can't venture to decide between
Rings which the father got expressly made
That they might not be known from one another.
Sal.— The rings — don't trifle with me; I must think
That the religions which I named can be
Distinguished, e'en to raiment, drink, and food.
Nath.— And only not as to their grounds of proof.
Are not all built alike on history,
Traditional or written? History
Must be received on trust: — is it not so?
In whom, now, are we likeliest to put trust?
In our own people, surely; in those men
Whose blood we are: in them who from our childhood
Have given us proof of love; who ne'er deceived us,
Unless 'twere wholesome to be deceived.
How can I less believe in my forefathers
Than thou in thine? How can I ask of thee
To own that my forefathers falsified,
In order to yield mine all the praise of truth? —
The like of Christians.

Sal.— By the living God,
The man is right. I must be silent.
Nath.— Now let us to our rings return once more.—
As said, the sons complained. Each to the Judge
Swore from his father's hand immediately
To have received the ring — as was the case —
After he had long obtained the father's promise
One day to have the ring — as also was
The father, each asserted could to him
Not have been false. Rather than so suspect
Of such a father — willing as he might be
With charity to judge his brethren — he
Of treacherous forgery was bold to accuse them.
Sal.— Well, and the Judge: I'm eager now to hear
What thou wilt make him say. Go on, go on.
Nath.— The Judge said: "If ye summon not the father
Before my seat, I cannot give a sentence.
Am I to guess enigmas? Or expect ye
That the true ring shall here unseal its lips?
But hold! You tell me that the real ring
Enjoys the hidden power to make the wearer
Of God and man beloved: let that decide.—
Which of you do two brothers love the best?
You're silent. Do these love-exciting rings
Act inward only, not without? Does each
Love but himself, ye're all deceived deceivers;
None of your rings is true. The real ring
Perhaps is gone. To hide or to supply
Its loss, your father ordered three for one."
Sal.— Oh, charming, charming!
Nath.— And the Judge continued:
"If you will take advice in lieu of sentence,
This is my counsel to you: To take up
The matter where it stands. If each of you
Has had a ring presented by his father,
Let each believe his own the real ring.
'Tis possible the father chose no longer
To tolerate the one ring's tyranny;
And certainly, as he much loved you all,
And loved you all alike, it could not please him,
By favoring one, to be of two the oppressor.

Let each feel honored by this free affection,
Unwarped of prejudice; let each endeavor
To vie with both his brothers in displaying
The virtue of his ring; assist its might
With gentleness, benevolence, forbearance,
With inward resignation to the Godhead;
And if the virtues of the ring continue
To show themselves among your children's children,
After a thousand years, appear
Before the judgment-seat. A greater one
Than I shall sit upon it, and decide."—
So spake the modest Judge.

— *Translation of* WILLIAM TAYLOR.

LEVER, CHARLES JAMES, an Irish novelist; born at Dublin, August 31, 1806; died near Trieste, Austria, June 1, 1872. Having studied medicine at home and Göttingen, he practiced for some years. In 1837 he was appointed physician to the British Embassy at Brussels, and completed *The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer* (1840), the first chapters of which had previously appeared in the Dublin *University Magazine*. Its success turned him to literature as a profession. *Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon,* appeared in 1841. In 1842–45 he lived in Dublin, and edited the *University Magazine;* then he retired to the Continent, residing mostly in Florence. He was vice-consul at Spezia from 1858–67, and consul at Trieste from 1867. Among his later books are *Tom Burke of Ours* (1844); *The O'Donoghue* (1845); *The Knight of Gwynne* (1847); *Roland Cashel* (1849); *The Daltons* (1852); *The Dodd Family Abroad* (1853); *The Nevilles of Garretstown* (1854);

The Commissioner (1856); *Con Cregan* (1857); *The Martins of Cro' Martin* (1857); *The Mystic Heirs of Randolph Abbey* (1858); *Davenport Dunn* (1859); *Gerald Fitzgerald* (1860); *A Day's Ride* and *A Life's Romance* (1861); *Barrington* (1862); *Luttrell of Arran* (1865); *Sir Brooke Fosbrooke* (1867); *The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly* (1868); *That Boy of Norcott's* (1869); *A Rent in the Cloud* (1870); *Lord Kilgobbin* (1872).

LEGEND OF LUTTRELL AND THE ———.

There was one of the Luttrells once that was very rich, and a great man every way, but he spent all his money trying to be greater than the King, and he came at last to be ruined entirely; and of all his fine houses and lands, nothing was left to him but a little cabin on Strathmere, where his herd used to live. And there he went and lived as poor as a laborin' man; indeed, except that he'd maybe catch a few fish or shoot something, he had nothing but potatoes all the year round. Well, one day as he was wanderin' about very low and sorrowful, he came to a great cave on the hillside, with a little well of clear water inside it; and he sat down and began to think over old times, when he had houses, and horses, and fine clothes, and jewels. "Who'd ever have thought," says he, "that it would come to this with me; that I'd be sittin' upon a rock, with nothing to drink but water?" And he took some up in the hollow of his hand and tasted it; but when he finished, he saw there was some fine little grains, like dust, in his hand, and they were bright yellow, besides, because they were gold.

"If I had plenty of you, I'd be happy yet," said he, looking at the grains.

"And what's easier in life, Mr. Luttrell?" says a voice; and he starts and turns round, and there, in a cleft in the rock, was sittin' a little dark man, with the brightest eyes that ever was seen, smoking a pipe.

"What's easier in life," says he, "Mr. Luttrell?"

"How do you know my name?" says he.

"Why wouldn't I?" says the other. "Sure it isn't because one is a little down in the world that he wouldn't have the right to his own name? I have had some troubles myself," says he, "but I don't forget my name for all that."

"And what may that be, if it's pleasin' to you?" says Luttrell.

"Maybe I'll tell it to you," says he, "when we're better acquainted."

"Maybe I could guess it now," says Luttrell.

"Come over and whisper it then," says he, "and I'll tell you if you're right." And Luttrell did, and the other called out, "You guessed well; that's just it."

"Well," says Luttrell, "there's many a change come over me, but the strangest of all is to think that here I am, sittin' up and talkin' to the ——." The other held up his hand to warn him not to say it, and he went on: "And I'm no more afeared of him than if he was an old friend."

"And why would you, Mr. Luttrell? — and why wouldn't you think him an old friend? Can you remember one pleasant day in all your life that I wasn't with you some part of it?"

"I know what you mean well enough," says Luttrell. "I know the sort of bargain you make, but what would be the good of all my riches to me when I'd lose my soul?"

"Isn't it much trouble you take about your soul, Mr. Luttrell?" says he. "Doesn't it keep you awake at night, thinkin' how you're to save it? Ain't you always correctin 'and chastisin' yourself for the good of your soul, not letin' yourself drink this or eat that, and warnin' you about many a thing I won't speak of, eh?"

"There's something in what you say, no doubt," says Luttrell; "but after all," says he, with a wink, "I'm not going to give it up as a bad job, for all that."

"And who asks you?" says the other. "Do you think that a soul more or less signifies to me? It don't: I've lashins and lavins of them."

"Maybe you have," says Luttrell.

"Have you any doubt of it, Mr. Luttrell?" says he. "Will you just mention the name of anyone of your friends or family that I can't give you some particulars of?"

"I'd rather you'd not talk that way," says Luttrell; "it makes me feel unpleasant."

"I'm sure," says the other, "nobody ever said I wasn't polite, or that I ever talked of what was not pleasin' to the company."

"Well," says Luttrell, "supposin' that I wanted to be rich, and supposin' that I wouldn't agree to anything that would injure my soul, and supposin' that there was, maybe, something that you'd like me to do, and that wouldn't hurt me for doin' it, what would that be?"

"If you always was as cute about a bargain, Mr. Luttrell," says the other, "you'd not be the poor man you are to-day."

"That's true, perhaps," says he; "but, you see, the fellows I made them with wasn't as cute as the ——"

"Don't," says the other, holding up his hand to stop him; "it's never polite. I told you I didn't want your soul, for I'm never impatient about anything; all I want is to give you a good lesson — something that your family will be long the better of — and you want it much, for you have, all of you, one great sin."

"We're fond of drink?" says Luttrell.

"No," says he; "I don't mean that."

"It's gamblin'?"

"Nor that."

"It's a likin' for the ladies?" says Luttrell, slyly.

"I've nothing to say against that, for they're always well disposed to me," says he.

"If it's eatin', or spendin' money, or goin' in debt, or cursin', or swearin', or bein' fond of fightin'——"

"It is not," says he, "them is all natural. It's your pride," says he —"your upsettin' family pride, that won't let you do this, or say that. Ther's what's destroyin' you."

"It's pretty well out of me now," says Luttrell, with a sigh.

"It is not," says the other. "If you had a good dinner of beef, and a tumbler of strong punch in you, you'd be as impudent this minute as ever you were."

"Maybe you're right," says Luttrell.

"I know I am, Mr. Luttrell. You're not the first of your family I was intimate with. You're an ould stock, and I know ye well."

"And how are we to be cured?" says Luttrell.

"Easy enough," says he. "When three generations of ye marry peasants, it will take the pride out of your bones, and you'll behave like other people."

"We couldn't do it," says Luttrell.

"Try," says the other.

"Impossible!"

"So you'd say about livin' on potatoes, and drinkin' well-water."

"That's true," says Luttrell.

"So you'd say about ragged clothes and no shoes to your feet."

Luttrell nodded.

"So you'd say about settin' in a cave and talking over family matters to — to a stranger," says he, with a laugh.

"I believe there's something in it," says Luttrell; "but sure, some of us might like to turn bachelors."

"Let them, and welcome," says he. "I don't want them to do it one after the other. I'm in no hurry. Take a hundred years — take two if you like, for it."

"Done," said Luttrell. "When a man shows a fair spirit, I'll always meet him in the same. Give me your hand; it's a bargain."

"I hurt my thumb," says he; "but take my tail, 'twill do all the same."

And though Mr. Luttrell didn't like it, he shook it stoutly, and only let go when it began to burn his fingers. And from that day he was rich, even till he died: but after his death nobody ever knew where to find the gold, nor ever will till the devil tells them.— *Luttrell of Arran.*

WIDOW MALONE.

Did you hear of the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone
Alone!
O, she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts;
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,
Or more,
And fortunes they all had galore
In store;
From the minister down
To the clerk of the crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone,
'Twas known,
That no one could see her alone!
Ohone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So, bashful the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Misther O'Brien from Clare
(How quare!
It's little for blushing they care
Down there),
Put his arm round her waist—
Gave ten kisses at laste—
"O," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
My own!
"O," says he, "you're my Molly Malone!"

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,
For why?
But, "Lucius," says she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone,

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort, it's not very long,
But strong—
If for widows you die,
Learn to kiss, not to sigh;
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone!
O, they are all like sweet Mistress Malone!

LEWES, GEORGE HENRY, an English philosopher; born at London, April 18, 1817; died there, November 30, 1878. He began active life as a merchant's clerk, but soon turned to medicine and then to literature and philosophy, for which he prepared himself by studies in Germany in 1838–39. He contributed to the periodicals, won an early reputation as a thinker and a writer, was literary editor of the London *Leader* 1849–54, founded the *Fortnightly Review* 1865, and conducted it for a year or two. His friendship with "George Eliot" began in 1854 and lasted till his death; they were in entire sympathy, and it was he who first suggested her attempting fiction. His own opinions were strongly Posi-

tivist. His works include a *Biographical History of Philosophy* (4 vols., 1845), several times reprinted, and partly rewritten in 2 vols. in 1871; two novels, *Ranthorpe* (1847), *Rose, Blanche, and Violet* (1848); *The Spanish Drama, Lope de Vega and Calderon* (1846); *Life of Robespierre* (1849); *The Noble Heart,* a tragedy (1850); *Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences* (1853); *Life and Works of Goethe* (1855); *Seaside Studies* (1857); *Physiology of Common Life* (1860); *Studies in Animal Life* (1861); *Aristotle: a Chapter from the History of Science* (1864); *Problems of Life and Mind,* the first volume of which appeared in 1873, and the second in 1875. His researches in anatomy and physiology bore fruit in papers *On the Spinal Cord* (1858), and *On the Nervous System* (1859), read before the British Association. He is best known by his earliest book and by his latest, both in the domain of philosophy.

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.

The nature of Philosophy condemns its followers to wander forever in the same labyrinth, and in this circumscribed space many will necessarily fall into the track of their predecessors. In other words, coincidences of doctrine at epochs widely distant from each other are inevitable.

Positive Science is further distinguished from Philosophy by the incontestable *progress* it everywhere makes. Its methods are stamped with certainty, because they are daily extending our certain knowledge; because the immense experience of years and of myriads of intelligences confirm their truth, without casting a shadow of suspicion on them. Science, then, progresses, and must continue to progress. Philosophy only moves in the same endless circle. Its first principles are as much a matter of dispute as they were two thousand years ago. It has made no progress, although in constant movement. Pre-

cisely the same questions are being agitated in Germany at this moment as were being discussed in ancient Greece, and with no better means of solving them, with no better hopes of success. The united force of thousands of intellects, some of them among the greatest that have made the past illustrious, has been steadily concentrated on problems, supposed to be of vital importance, and believed to be perfectly susceptible of solution, without the least result. All this meditation and discussion has not even established a few first principles. Centuries of labor have not produced any perceptible progress.

The history of Science, on the other hand, is the history of progress. So far from the same questions being discussed in the same way as they were in ancient Greece, they do not remain the same for two generations. In some sciences — chemistry for example — ten years suffice to render a book so behind the state of knowledge as to be almost useless. Everywhere we see progress, more or less rapid, according to the greater or less facility of investigation.

In this constant circular movement of Philosophy and constant linear progress of Positive Science, we see the condemnation of the former. It is in vain to argue that because no progress has yet been made, we are not therefore to conclude none will be made; it is in vain to argue that the difficulty of Philosophy is much greater than that of any science, and therefore greater time is needed for its perfection. The difficulty is Impossibility. No progress is made because no certainty is possible. To aspire to the knowledge of more than phenomena, their resemblances and successions, is to aspire to transcend the limitations of human faculties. To *know* more we must *be* more.

This is our conviction. It is also the conviction of the majority of thinking men. Consciously or unconsciously, they condemn Philosophy. They discredit or disregard it. The proof of this is in the general neglect into which Philosophy has fallen, and the greater assiduity bestowed on Positive Science. Loud complaints of this neglect are heard. Great contempt is expressed by the Philosophers. They may rail, and they may sneer,

but the world will go its way. The empire of Positive Science is established.

We trust that no one will suppose we think slightingly of Philosophy. Assuredly we do not, or else why this work? . . . But we respect it as a great power that *has been,* and no longer *is.* It was the impulse to all early speculation: it was the parent of Positive Science. It nourished the infant mind of humanity; gave it ailment, and directed its faculties, rescued the nobler part of man from the dominion of brutish ignorance; stirred him with insatiable thirst for knowledge, to slake which he was content to undergo amazing toil. But its office has been fulfilled; it is no longer necessary to humanity, and should be set aside. The only interest it can have is a historical interest.— *A Biographical History of Philosophy.*

XENOPHANES.

One peculiarity of his philosophy is its double-sidedness. All the other thinkers abode by the conclusions to which they were led. They were dogmatical; Xenophanes was sceptical. He was the first who confessed the impotence of reason to compass the wide, exalted aims of philosophy. He was a great, earnest spirit struggling with Truth, and as he obtained a glimpse of her celestial countenance, he proclaimed his discovery, however it might contradict what he had before announced. Long travel, various experience, examination of different systems, new and contradictory glimpses of the problem he was desirous of solving — these, working together, produced in his mind a scepticism of a noble, somewhat touching, sort, wholly unlike that of his successors. It was the combat of contradictory opinions in his mind, rather than disdain of knowledge. His faith was steady; his opinions were vacillating. He had a profound conviction of the existence of an eternal, all-wise, infinite Being; but this belief he was unable to reduce to a consistent formula. There is deep sadness in these verses:

"Certainly no mortal yet knew, and ne'er shall there be one
Knowing both well, the Gods and the All, whose nature we treat of.
For when by chance he at times may utter the true and the perfect,
He wists not, unconscious; for error is spread over all things."

It is one of the greatest and commonest of critical errors to charge the originator or supporter of a doctrine with consequences which he did not see, or would not accept. Because they may be contained in his principles, it by no means follows that he saw them. To give an instance: Spinoza was a very religious man, although his doctrine amounted to atheism, or little better; but his critics have been greatly in the wrong in accusing him of atheism. Although Xenophanes was not a clear and systematic thinker, he exercised a very remarkable influence on the progress of speculation.—*History of Philosophy.*

A PICTURE OF WEIMAR.

Weimar is an ancient city on the Ilm, a small stream rising in the Thuringian forests, and losing itself in the Saal at Jena, a stream on which the sole navigation seems to be that of ducks, and which meanders peacefully through pleasant valleys, except during the rainy season, when the mountain-torrents swell its current and overflow its banks. The town is charmingly placed in the Ilm valley and stands some 800 feet above the level of the sea. "Weimer," says the old topographer, Matthew Merian, "is *Weinmar,*" because it was the wine-market for Jena and its environs. Others say it was because someone here in ancient days began to plant the vine, who was hence called *Weinmayer.* But of this each reader may believe just what he pleases."—*Life and Works of Goethe.*

LEWIS, Alfred Henry ("Dan Quin"), an American journalist and novelist; born in Ohio in 1842. He practiced law for several years and then became Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Times,* and later had charge of the Washington bureau of the New York *Journal.* In 1898 he established in New York *The Verdict,* a humorous journal, which proved a failure. He has written: *Wolfville; Episodes of Cowboy Life; Sandburrs* (1900); *Wolfville Days* (1902); *Wolfville Nights* (1902); *Black Lion Inn* (1903); *Peggy O'Neal* (1903); *The Boss* (1904); *The President* (1904); *The Sunset Trail* (1905). He has also written a *Life of Richard Croker* (1902), and a *Life of John Paul Jones* (1905).

LOVE'S FUNERAL IN THE SNOW.

As though in a dream I took Peg in under my great cloak, and having my arm about her would now hold her close and warm to my side. Her ear was over my heart as her face lay pressed against me, and I only hope she could understand the story of that throbbing.

For myself I was in a mid-swirl of mere confusion, with my wits all upside down, and no clear notion of what I did or why. The General's word of that Florida business, the cabinet to break and Peg to go away from me, made it for the moment as though the floor of the world had given way beneath my feet. It would provoke chaos and seem the end of things.

It was never said of me, even by the least informed, that I would be swayed in any kind or made to pause in what I went about by the counsel of conventionality. I had lived a life half-bitted, and for the main with bridle on my neck; the last I cared for were the frowns or the smiles of folk. If it were a woman to talk against the

teeth of my fancy, I would turn my back on her; if a man, I had a way to gag his tongue if it should be no better than the butt of my pistol. And yet, however loose my habit or dull my knowledge of those matters, I did not go without a fashion of cold shock on Peg's behalf when I was so far my own man again as to dwell on our position — we, plodding through the snow and the darkness, locked in that carriage.

This mood of apprehension was so much in the upper-hand with me that it came to be the impulse, and would suggest the topic I laid tongue to when first I found my words. It was not without a mighty effort of the will that I obliged myself to some steadiness of utterance. Then, and not very craftily, I might observe, I, in the manner of one who thinks aloud, and surely as much to myself as to Peg, gave vent to an exclamation under my breath. Indeed, I would not have looked for Peg to hear me, since her head — pretty ears and all — was buried beneath the thick folds of my cloak.

"What if folk were to know!" I said.

Then came Peg's voice like a half stifled murmur of despair.

"What should I care who knows?" cried she. "It is my heart's funeral! My heart is dead and we go upon its funeral in this snow!"

At that, without well heeding what I was about, and doubtless drawn to it by the note of woe in Peg's tones, I held her to my side even more closely than before. Thus we remained for a long space in utter silence, neither speaking a word, while the quiet storm stole down upon us and the slow wheels forced their passage through the white cold levels of the snow.

After a bit, Peg's head, curls in a tangle and hood removed, was thrust outside my cloak, which garment, however, she would continue to wrap about her and hold with her hand.

"I would still be near to you," she said, as though in explanation of the cloak, "though I am no longer cold."

The mere truth was, the night, while a choke and smother of snow, was nothing chill, being bare freezing for a temperature and never a breath of air to stir, and

the inside of the big carriage as warm as many a library. And yet, when I would first get in, I found Peg shivering as with an ague. That was gone now and she more in control.

Peg would now be more mistress of herself and speak with a measure of firmness.

"You have heard?" she asked.

"The General," I returned, "has told me you are to go to Florida. But how should you have been told? Or was it known to you for long?"

This latter I put a little viciously, for it struck me on the moment how Peg might have been aware of this new destiny for days, and hidden it from me. But no; she had come to her information but an hour before. Even while the General with his hand on my rebellious shoulder gave me the story of it, the letter which told the news to Peg was put within her hands.

"It was to have been a secret," said she, "and my husband would have kept it until his return. But he will be detained beyond his plans; he wrote me because of preparations I must make."

While Peg said this, her face was held up towards mine, and even in the vague lights, which were rather the ghosts of lights than any radiance however dim, I could catch some whiteness of it.

Suddenly her head was in its old resting place over my heart, with the cloak to again become its cover.

"Watch-dog," whispered Peg, and I might tell how deeply she was stricken by the quaver of her voice, as much as by a trembling that swept her as a gust rumples the surface of a tarn; "watch-dog, I felt that I would not live unless I saw you. Do you contemn me? Do you own shame for your little friend? I could not help it; I sent for Rivera, and made him fetch this carriage. We are alone — hidden from the world's eyes. I have torn a night from the hands of Time to be no one's night save ours. I waited by the lamp; my soul called to you and I knew you would come. I would not send; I was sure you would be with me without that. I should have died if I had not found you. Say that I did right, watch-dog. Say that it was right! I only cry for your one

word; what others will think or say I care not, but I could not bear up against your anger! Say that I did right; say it! — say that you are glad."

"I will say it all and intend it all, my little one!" Here I stroked Peg's tangle of curls as one would pet a child.

My whole being was wrapped in a storm and my bosom caged a whirlwind. I could be calm enough, apparently, and yet I was growing aware of that tempest of spirit which shook me like an aspen. I had been dull — dull to the point of crime; but now my wisdom would begin to sharpen and brighten itself.

Still, I had so much coolness to call my own that I was glad of the fact of Rivera. I remember thinking on that; for, with no more words than the dumb, he was as secret as a mole and as honest, withal, and single-hearted as a hound. There would be none to know; as Peg said, she had torn a night from eternity to be ours and ours alone.

While these thoughts went tumbling down the steeps of my conjecturings, I continued mechanically to caress Peg's hair, and it felt like a web of gossamer in my coarse fingers.

"Contemn you, child!" said I, and my voice was not much louder than had been hers, and I bent down my head so that she might hear; "contemn you! I would as soon impeach the snow outside, new given from the sky, denouncing it for soot."

Peg began to weep, and I could hear the sharp catching of her sobs. Suddenly the moan came sighing up to me:

"Oh, if there were no such word as right or justice or duty, but only love — just love!"

Then with a quick backward twist of her form that was like an impulse, and as replete of a swift grace as any suppleness of that long ago leopard whereof she would so often make me think, Peg turned herself in my arms, and with her own encircling my neck lay crying on my bosom. I held her close — closer. I could tell the beating of her heart, count the footfalls of her nature as though she were parcel of myself. How I loved her!

adored her!—my prone spirit would fall on its knees to her for its Deity.

The while, too, and with my soul at these prayers, my candor would arrest me for the traitor I was. Where should be that conscience the General spoke on? Or where that honor which was to have been as a sentry to check my strayings? That honor was recreant where love would take the field against it; that conscience was so much apostate of the right it would frame an argument of equity and claim superior liberty for superior love, and be all for carrying Peg away. My boasted manhood was a rope of sand!

Even now, as weary-white with years I tell this tale of dead and other days, I yet wonder upon that discovery of myself. This was what I beheld: I had loved Peg from the start; the General's jest was sober truth. I would worship her, and then cheat myself with lie and sophistry to hide my villainy against my own detection. And now when the mask was fallen and I stood face to face with the true image of my infamy, would I still press forward to my sins? Or would I think on the good General, and the pain and the foul stain for each of us which I was about to compass?

It was this to run in my mind, but all in a dimmest way to be imagined, and as though it were a dream and nothing true. As bonds to stay me, these thoughts came to be no more than packthreads; as props to uphold me, trembling to a fall, they proved the merest reeds to lean on. With Peg cradled in my arms, her heart beating on my own, she filled out the world for me and thrust all else beyond the frontier of my outmost hope or fear. I wanted only Peg, would heed no other call, and whether it were right or wrong or black or white I cared not. Caught fast in the mills, I was wholly ground between Peg and my mighty love for her. In a supreme egotism and the selfishness that goes wanting heart or conscience, I would set torch to the skies before I gave her up.

It is the fair wellhead of amazement how a man is thus strange to himself; how he will defeat his own best prophecy and be as opposite as night and day to all he promised. Folk have never accounted me weak, and I

myself would have said I was a man of stone. I have been described for one of resolution. I have spurred my horse across the front of beaten troops, terror-whipped and in retreat. I've ridden against them, and with word and point of sword forced them to a halt. I've wheeled them, and, since they would not go without, driven them back like sheep; and then, when they would be of a braver hope, taken their lead and whirled them like lions upon the foe they lately fled from, and won a battle with them. And now I, who was granite in the face of men, had only a will of water for this girl who wept across my heart.

"Take me away!" she cried; "oh, take me away!"

Then it was my love swept down upon her like a strong wind. I take shame to repeat what I said. Bluntly I would disregard all claims, forfeit honor, forget the General and defy the rest; we would wander to new regions, she and I, and set up our idol of blind love. Carried by my soul's wish, I would leave her nothing untold; I would bow down at her feet and beg of her to come with me.

As I spoke, Peg would seem to turn more calm and comforted. She did not withdraw from my arms, but rested in them like a child. And yet there arose a sad steadfastness to wrap her about that was a check and a bar to me.

"Watch-dog," said Peg at last, and her manner was the manner of one who grieves, "watch-dog, I am a wicked woman. I live my life backward, and it would be as though I could not help or save myself. My feet take hold on baseness, and my hands spin evil for those who do me good. My touch is a darkness — a palsy — a death. Oh, why was I born!" Peg wailed; "why was I sent to destroy the ones I love!"

Not a word would now come to me. I was silenced and sat like one convicted, waiting sentence. But that cold thought still crept about my heart like a snake. I would — I must have Peg; I would give my share in God to make her mine!

"What should be the wrong in me?" Peg went on. "Knowing the right from the left, I take ever the left hand turning; seeing good and evil, I choose the bad,

and there rises a black glory in my heart like a cloud of pleasant sin to swallow up repentance. Oh, if I might only tame myself to an appearance of right and be a hypocrite when I may not be a saint!"

Peg was presently better restored to herself. In the very moment when the gates of my soul would open to let it forth to her and I gave myself into her hands to be fashioned by her as she would, Peg began to gather steadiness. It was she to now think and speak and decide for both of us; for myself, I was clean swept away. I was not to know this new strength of Peg's from her tones alone, or the trend of what she uttered; I could feel her heart-throbs become firmer and more slow as she lay in my arms, and it was in them I read the truth of her resolve.

"Watch-dog," said Peg in a way most sweetly solemn, "I think nothing of myself. If it were I alone to be unmade, I'd never leave your arms again. Come weal, come woe, here would I bide, and while your arms were round me the worst would change to be the best. But I will not see you under the mire of men's tongues. Dear one, you would die! You are one whose life grows on his honor like a flower on its stem; disgrace would cut you down and you would die. And yet, I am glad I love you; I am glad I care nothing for myself. Let my fate be woven to me coarse as sackcloth, harsh as nettles, yet will I exult while I draw its folds about me. I will go on as a world would say I should; and if the way of life lie steep, I'll still climb on and think I toil for you; and if it be stony and if it bruise my feet, I'll say I suffer that to keep you safe; I'll make my grief my Eden and find in the endless woe of your surrender a nobler, higher, more immortal transport than would have owned me in your arms. And there will be another world!" Peg's tones swung low to my ear, and mystical. "Watch-dog, there be lives after this."

Peg was silent for a space, and would turn even and cool and in a way of content. I, on my part, might neither say her yea nor nay, for I was in the hollow of her hand like a pebble to be retained or cast by her into the sea as she should conclude.

And somehow I was no longer in the dark. I loved her; and yet I knew Peg was not to be for me; she had said the word; she would go and I would stay; for all her soft beauty and that love for me which spoke in every fiber of her being, the truth flowed in on me like a tide that in no way might I change her or shape her or move her from her will. Against my prayer and in the front of protest, I would be saved to myself and I would lose her; she would do it all. What was it the General said? He would save Peg from Peg? It was she who now would save me from both herself and me when my love-sown madness was hot to make a wreck of all.

"Yes, watch-dog," Peg continued dreamily, "there will come another life." Then of the suddenest twining her arms about my neck more tightly still and until she clung there like a part of me, she cried out as though her soul spoke: "Kiss me, sweetheart; kiss me, if it be but once. This night at least is ours."

It was she who would command. I grew drunken on her lips while my thoughts would stray and stagger. I could know nothing, act nothing, be nothing save as she would have me. Her hot arms were as the arms of summer torrents to hurry me along; her lips were like the lips of a whirlpool! It was a kiss — a kiss of the infinite — and would lay its velvet touch upon the ultimate reason of existence.

And so Peg went away; and for my portion I took up my old life, which now was as dark and chill and hollow as a cave.— *Peggy O'Neal.* (Copyright 1902, by A. J. Drexel Biddle.)

LEWIS, CHARLES BERTRAND ("M. QUAD"), an American humorist; born at Liverpool, Ohio, February 15, 1842. He was educated at the Michigan Agricultural College; and was a volunteer soldier in the Federal army during the Civil War. About 1869 he began to be known as "the Detroit *Free Press* man," under the following circumstances, as told by Edmund Kirke in *Harper's Monthly:* "His career did not begin till he was blown up on an Ohio River steamboat. He is, perhaps, the only man who has been lifted into fame by being tossed a hundred feet into the air, and coming down, more dead than alive, to tell the story. Standing at his printer's case, when he was so far recovered as to limp about, he put into type *How It Feels to be Blown Up;* and the whole West burst into laughter. That laugh made 'M. Quad' famous; and he was transferred from the composing-room to the editorial department." Some years later Mr. Lewis created the characters which are identified with his later writings—"His Honor" and "Bijah," of the police court, and "Brother Gardiner," the colored gentleman who presides over the "Lime-Kiln Club"—characters totally distinct, but each as natural, original, individual, and ludicrous as any in American literature. His published books include *Quad's Odds* (1875); *Goaks and Tears* (1875); *Sawed-off Sketches* (1884); *Field, Fort, and Fleet, Sketches of the Late War* (1885); *Under Fire, or, the Cruise of the Destroyer* (1886); *The Lime-Kiln Club* (1887).

BRUDDER CARTER GETS WHAT'S COMING TO HIM.

"In case Brudder Cinnamon Carter am in de hall to-night, I should like to have him step dis way," said the president, as Pickles Smith got through blowing his nose and Elder Toots secured an easy rest for his back.

The member inquired for rose up at the back end of the hall and came forward, with a look of surprise cantering across his countenance.

"Brudder Carter, when did you jine dis club?" asked the president.

"'Bout six months ago, sah."

"What was your object in becomin' a member?"

"I wanted to improve my mind."

"Do you find it has helped your mind any?"

"I do, sah."

"Well, I doan'! In de fust place, you has borrowed money from ebery member who would lend you eben a nickel. In de nex' place, I can't learn dat you has put in one honest day's work since you became one of us. You war' sayin' to Samuel Shin las' night dat de world owed you a livin'."

"Yes, sah."

"I want to undeceive you. De world owes no man only what he airns. You may reason dat you am not to blame for bein' heah. Werry good; de world kin reason dat you am to blame for stayin' in it when it costs nuffin to jump inter de ribber. Brudder Carter, what has you done for de world dat it owes you a livin'?"

"I — Ize — Ize —"

"Just so!" observed the president. "You has walked up an' down, an' wore cloze, an' consumed food an' drink, an' made one mo' in de crowd aroun' a new buildin'. An' for dis you claim de world owes you a livin'? You has made no diskiveries, brought out no inventions, written no song an' held no offis. Not five hundred people in de world know of you by name. You can't name one single man who am under obligashuns to you. You eat what odders produce. You w'ar out de

cloze odder people make. An' yit you have the impudence to sot down on a bar'l of dried apples, cross your legs an' fold yer hands, and say dat the world owes yer a livin', an' by de great horn spoons mus' giv it to you! Brudder Carter, look at yerself a few minits!"

"Yes, sah — ahem — yes — Ize sorry, sah," stammered the member.

"What fur? Sorry kase you've bin found out? Sorry kase you've entered dis hall fer de las' time? Brudder Carter, we doan' want sich men as you in dis club. De world doan' owe us a cent. On de contrary, we owe de world mo' dan we kin eber pay. De man who argys dat he am entitled to any mo' dan what his brains or muscle kin airn am a robber at heart. We shall cross you name from de rolls, show you de way downstairs, an' permit you to go your own road frew life. If you kin make de world clothe, feed an' shelter you fur de privilege of seein' you hold down a dry-goods box in front of a sto' which doan' advertise, dat will be your good luck."

The committee on internal revenue stepped forward at a nod from Brother Gardiner, and the expelled member only struck the stairs twice in going from top to bottom.

LEWIS, Tayler, an American theologian; born at Northumberland, N. Y., March 27, 1802; died at Schenectady, N. Y., May 11, 1877. He was graduated from Union College, Schenectady, in 1820; studied law, which he practiced for several years. But his attention was directed especially to the study of the Hebrew Bible and to the works of Plato. In 1838 he became Professor of Greek in the University of the City of New York, and in 1849 was chosen to the same position in Union College, where he also lec-

tured on ancient philosophy and poetry, and gave instruction in Hebrew. He contributed largely to periodicals upon ethical and philological subjects. In 1845 he published, under the title *Platonic Theology, or Plato Against the Atheists,* an edition of the tenth book of the laws of Plato, with an elaborate introduction, and illustrative Dissertations. He translated Plato's *Thætetus,* and Lange's *Commentary on Ecclesiastes.* His principal works are *The Six Days of Creation* (1855); *The Bible and Science* (1856); *The Divine Human in the Scriptures* (1860); *State Rights; a Photograph from the Ruins of Ancient Greece* (1864); *Heroic Periods in a Nation's History* (1866); and, in conjunction with E. W. Blyden and Theodore Dwight, *The People of Africa; Their Character, Condition, and Future Prospects* (1871).

THE THEOLOGY OF PLATO.

It is generally agreed among those who hold *The Laws* to be a genuine production of Plato that it was a treatise written in his old age. If so, it may be regarded as containing his most matured and best settled opinions on many of the great subjects discussed in his former Dialogues. Some have thought that they discovered many contradictions between this work and *The Republic.* One has even gone so far as to say that they are opposed on every page. In this opinion, however, we cannot concur. . . .

The practice of contrasting these two works has arisen from a wrong view of the true title of the one generally styled *The Republic.* Its most appropriate designation is, "An Inquiry into the Nature of Right." The imaginary State is evidently made subservient to this; or, as he expressly tells us in the Second Book, intended only as a model of the Human Soul, so magnified that we might read therein, in large letters, what would not be distinct enough for the mental view when examined

in the smaller characters of the individual spirit. This comparison of the Soul to a Commonwealth has been a favorite not only with Plato, but with the most philosophic minds of the ages. In *The Republic* it is the great idea, to which the construction of the fancied State is altogether secondary. Sometimes, however, it must be admitted, the author seems so taken up with this imaginary Commonwealth that he — unconsciously, perhaps — brings it into the primary place. . . .

The treatise on *Laws* is undoubtedly intended for a really practicable, if not a really existing State. In discussing, however, the primary principles of legislation, the author takes a very wide range, occupying far more time in what he styles the "Preambles," or recommendatory reasonings about the laws, than in the laws themselves. Hence there are but few points in the Platonic philosophy and ethics, as exhibited in other Dialogues, but what have some representative here. We find the same questions started respecting the nature and origin of Virtue; whether it is capable of being taught as a science or not; whether it is One or Many — that is, whether the virtues are all so essentially connected that one cannot exist without the others.

We find the same views in regard to the end and origin of Law — the importance of looking in all things to the Idea — "the One in Many." There is the same reverence for antiquity and ancient myths; the same disposition to regard Religion as the beginning and foundation of every system of civil polity; and the same method of representing the idea of a God — and his goodness, his providence, of a present and future retribution — as lying at the foundation of all morals and of all religion.

In a moral and practical, as well as in a speculative point of view, the particular subject of this Dialogue has some claim to attention. He who thinks most deeply, and has the most intimate acquaintance with human nature, as exhibited in his own heart, will be the most apt to resolve all unbelief into Atheism. Theism, we admit, is everywhere the avowed creed; but it wants life. There are times when the bare thought that God

is comes home to the soul with a power and a flash of light which gives a new illumination, and a more vivid interest to every other moral truth. It is on such occasions that the conviction is felt that all unbelief is Atheism, or an acknowledgement of a mere natural power, clothed with no moral attributes, and giving rise to no moral sanctions. . . .

Just as the idea of God is strong and clear, so will be a conviction of sin, so will be a sense of the need of expiation; so will follow in its train an assurance of all the solemn verities of the Christian faith, so strong and deep that no boastful pretension of that science which makes the natural the foundation of the moral, and no stumbling blocks in the letter of the Bible will for a moment yield it any disquietude.

The next great battle-ground of Infidelity will not be the Scriptures. What faith there will remain will be summoned to defend the very being of a God; the great truth involving every other moral and religious truth — that *He is*, and that He is the rewarder of all who diligently seek Him.— *Introduction to Plato Against the Atheists.*

LIE, JONAS LAURITZ EDEMIL, a Norwegian novelist; born at Eker, near Drammen, November 6, 1833. He was educated at Christiania, and practiced law from 1858 until 1868; when he gave himself up to the pursuit of literature, removing in 1882 to Paris. His wife has been his constant coworker in all his literary labors. *Den Fremeynte, eller Billeder fra Nordland* (The Seer, or Pictures from Norway) appeared in 1870, and has been translated into several languages. *Familjen paa Gilje* (The Family on Gilje, 1883) is considered by many to be the best of his productions. Other works are *Stories*

and Sketches (1872); *Thomas Ross* (1878); *Adam Schrader* (1879); *Rutland* (1880); *Go Ahead, a Sea Story* (1882); *The Life Convict* (1883); *A Maelstrom* (1884); *Eight Stories* (1885); *The Commander's Daughters* (1886); *Married Life* (1887); *Story of a Seamstress* (1888); *Evil Powers* (1890); *Tales* (1891); *Niobe* (1893). Mrs. Ole Bull translated *Tremasteren Fremtiden* (1872) as *The Bark Future* (1879) and *Lodsen of Hans Hustru* (1874, 7th edition, 1891) with the title *A Norse Love Story, The Pilot and His Wife* (1876). A pretty story from his second book was translated by Nellie Anderson: *Little Grey, the Pony of Nordfjord* (1885). His first novel in English, *The Visionary,* appeared in 1894.

THE OLD CAPTAIN.

He was really very proud of his granddaughter's cleverness. She could distinguish with her naked eye as clearly as he could through the glass. She never made a mistake about the craft, large or small, that belonged to that part of the coast, and could, besides, say to a nicety what sort of master each had. Her superiority of sight she asserted, too, with a tyranny to which he made no resistance, although it might have tried a temper many degrees more patient than his was.

One day, however, she was at a loss. They made out a crescent on the flag, and this caused even the old man a moment's astonishment. But he declared then for her information, shortly and decisively, that it was a "barbarian."

This satisfied her for a moment. But then she asked:

"What is a barbarian, grandfather?"

"It is a Turk."

"Yes, but a Turk?"

"Oh! it's — it's — a Mohammedan —"

"A what? — a Moham —"

"A Mohammedan — a robber on board ship."

"On board ship!"

He was not going to give up his ascendency in the matter, hard as she pushed him; so he bethought him of a pack of old tales thereanent, and went on to explain, dryly:

"They go to the Baltic — to Russia — to salt human flesh."

"Human flesh!"

"Yes, and sometimes, too, they seize vessels in the open sea and do their salting there."

She fixed a pair of large, terrified eyes on him, which made the old man continue:

"And it is especially for little girls they look. That meat is the finest, and goes by tons down to the Grand Turk."

Having played this last trump, he was going in again, but was stopped by her eager question:

"Do they use a glass there on board?" And when he said they did, she slipped quickly by him through the door and kept cautiously within, as long as the vessel was to be seen through the window-pane on the horizon.

The moods of the two were for once reversed. The old man looked very sly over his work, whilst she was quiet and cowed. Once only she broke out, angrily:

"But why doesn't the King get rid of them? If I was captain of a man-of-war, I'd —"

"Yes, Elizabeth, if you were captain of a man-of-war — what then?"

The child's conceptions apparently reached no further than such matters as these as yet. She had seen few human beings as she grew up, and in recent years, after her grandmother's death, she and her grandfather had been the only regular inhabitants of the island.— *The Pilot and His Wife; translation of* G. L. TOTTENHAM.

AN UNDERSTANDING.

"No, Salve, it is not this which stands between us, however cleverly you may have discovered it; it is not this — it is something else. At heart you do not trust me, that is the truth — and thus all this has come up

in your mind afterward. And do you see," she continued, with a face expressive of pain, "it never will turn out well with us so long as you cherish one particle of doubt in your thoughts? Don't you understand yet, that it is the peace of our hearthstone that is at stake; that it is this I have fought for all these years, when I have borne it all as — as you well know I have not the nature to endure, Salve?" said she, giving him an impressive look. "If you do not understand it yet, then God help you and us!" she concluded, despairingly, and turned half about again to the fire, in which she lost herself gazing.

He stood before her averted form as if he had been paralyzed, and scarcely ventured to look at her; in that degree all that she had said now lay clear and striking before him as the truth. She had held a mirror of their united lives up before his eyes, and he saw himself therein so egotistical and small by the side of all this love. He stood with a deep pain, humbled in heart, and he was both too noble and too true not to be willing to acknowledge it. Abstracted, he went over to the window and stood there awhile.

"Elizabeth," he said, despondingly, "you know certainly at heart that you have been everything to me in this world; I know, also, wherein my deepest wrong against you consists, and I shall now truly and freely acknowledge that to you, though it will make me stand an insignificant man before you. Yes, Elizabeth, I have never been able to feel myself really secure, that I alone wholly and fully possessed your mind since that time"— it cost him an effort, apparently, to speak out, for he contended with this humiliation in the acknowledgement —"since that affair of yours with the naval officer. It has been my sore spot, you perceive," said he, softly confidential, "which I could not control in spite of everything I still knew to the contrary. And perhaps I cannot bear it yet. This is my stumbling-block, I acknowledge honestly and plainly; but still I cannot lose you, Elizabeth. I have always seen that you were fitted for something grand; that you really should have a man who was somebody in the world — such a one as he, and

not a common man like me. You see I have never been able to endure thinking of this, and so I have become rancorous toward all the world, and suspicious and oppressive toward you. Notwithstanding you are my wife, Elizabeth, I have never been able to believe that I possessed you, and therefore never really had you, although what you have said to me to-day, God be praised, has given me another assurance. I have not been strong enough — not as you — though I dare say I have striven with it, Elizabeth!" he burst out, looking so pale, while he laid both hands on her shoulders and looked her in the face.

She felt that his arms trembled, and her eyes filled with tears. It wounded her to the heart to see him thus. She suddenly released herself and went into the side chamber, whence she presently came out with an old note and handed it to him:

"It is the letter which I wrote to the naval officer that night I fled from the Becks." (He looked at her a little amazed.) "I got it from Mrs. Beck," she said. "Read it, Salve!"

"Pardon me that I cannot become your wife, for my heart is another's. ELIZABETH RAKLEV.

He spelled out the large, crooked letters, but seated himself thereupon down on the bench and read it over again. She stood bending over him, and looked now at the note, then at his face.

"What stands there, Salve?" she asked, at last. "Why could I not become young Beck's wife?"

"'For my heart — is another's!'" he answered slowly, and looked at her with moist eyes.

"No, not you — it was I who loved another, it stands; and who was that other?"

"God bless you — it was I!" and he drew her down on his lap.— *The Pilot and His Wife.*

LIEBER, Franz, a German-American publicist; born at Berlin, March 18, 1800; died at New York, October 2, 1872. He had begun the study of medicine when, in 1815, he joined the Prussian army as a volunteer, and was severely wounded at the siege of Namur. After the close of the Waterloo campaign he resumed his studies; but his liberal sentiments drew upon him the disfavor of the Government, and he found it expedient to leave Germany. After spending some time at Rome and London, he removed to the United States in 1827, taking up his residence in Boston, where he gave lectures on history and politics, and edited the *Encyclopædia Americana,* based upon, and partly translated from, Brockhaus's *Conversations-Lexikon* (13 vols., 1829–33). In 1832 he was appointed by the trustees of Girard College, Philadelphia, to draft a plan of education. In 1835 he accepted the professorship of History and Political Economy in the University of South Carolina. He held this position until 1856, when he was appointed to a similar one in Columbia College, New York, where he was subsequently made Professor of Political Science, a position which he retained until his death. His writings were very numerous, and in many departments. Notable among them are his *Manual of Political Ethics* (1838, second edition, 1875) and *Civil Liberty and Self-Government* (1852, second edition, 1874). Both of these works have been adopted as text-books at Yale.

VOX POPULI, VOX DEI.

The poetic boldness of the maxin, *Vox populi, vox Dei,* its epigrammatic, its Latin and lapidary formulation, and its apparent connection of a patriotic love of the people with religious fervor, give it an air of authority and almost of sacredness. Yet, history, as well as our own times, shows us that everything depends upon the question, who are "the people?" and that even if we have fairly ascertained the legitimate sense of this great yet abused term, we frequently find that their voice is anything rather than the voice of God.

If the term "people" is used for a clamoring crowd, which is not even a constituted part of an organic whole, we would be still more fatally misled by taking the clamor for the voice of the Deity. We shall arrive, then, at this conclusion, that in no case can we use the maxim as a test; for, even if we call the people's voice the voice of God in those cases in which the people demand what is right, we must first know that they do so before we call it the voice of God. It is no guiding authority; it can sanction nothing. . . .

There are, indeed, periods in history in which, centuries after, it would seem as if an impulse from on high had been given to the whole masses, or to the leading minds of leading classes, in order to bring about some comprehensive changes. That remarkable age of maritime discovery which has influenced the whole succeeding history of civilization, and the entire progress of our kind, would seem, at first glance, and to many even after a careful study of its elements, to have received its motion and action from a breath not of human breathing. No person, however, living at that period would have been authorized to call the widespread love of maritime adventure the voice of God, merely because it was widely diffused. Impulsive movements of greater extent and intensity have been movements of error, passion, and crime. It must be observed that the thorough historian often acts in these cases as the natural philosopher who finds connection, causes and effects,

where former ages thought they recognize direct and detached manifestations or interpositions of a superior power, and not the greater attribute of variety under eternal laws and unchanging principles. . . .

I am under the impression that the famous maxim first came into use in the Middle Ages, at a contested episcopal election, when the people, by apparent acclamation, having elected one person, another aspirant believed he had a better right to the episcopate on different grounds or a different popular acclamation. That the maxim has a decided mediæval character no one familiar with that age will doubt. When a king was elected it was by conclamation; the earliest bishops of Rome were elected or confirmed by conclamation of the Roman people. Elections by conclamation always indicate a rude or deficiently organized state of things; and it is the same whether this want of organization be the effect of primitive rudeness or of relapse.

Now, the maxim we are considering has a strongly conclamatory character; and to apply it to our modern affairs is degrading rather than elevating them. How shall we ascertain, in modern times, whether anything be "the voice of the people?" and next, whether that voice be "the voice of God," so that it may command respect? For unless we can do this, the whole maxim amounts to no more than a poetic sentence, expressing the opinion of an individual; but no rule — no canon.

Is it unanimity that indicates the voice of the people? Unanimity, in this case, can mean only a very large majority. But even unanimity itself is far from indicating the voice of God. Unanimity is commanding only when it is the result of digested and organic public opinion; and even then we know perfectly well that it may be erroneous, and consequently not the voice of God, but simply the best opinion at which erring and sinful men at the time are able to arrive. . . .

But the difficulty of fixing the meaning of this saying is not restricted to that of ascertaining what is "the voice of God." It is equally difficult to find out what is "the voice of the People." If by the voice of the people be meant the organically evolved opinion of a

people, we do not stand in need of the saying. We know we ought to obey the law of the land. If by the voice of the people be meant the result of universal suffrage without institutions — and especially in a large country with a powerful executive, not permitting even preparatory discussion — it is an empty phrase. It is deception, or it may be the effect of vehement yet transitory excitement. The same is true when the clamoring expression of many is taken for the voice of the whole people. . . .

Whatever meaning men may choose to give to *Vox populi, vox Dei,* in other spheres — or, if applied to the long tenor of the history of a people, in active politics and in the province of practical liberty — it either implies political levity — which is one of the most mordant corrosives of liberty — or else it is a political heresy, as much as *Vox regis, vox Dei* would be. If it be meant to convey the idea that the people can do no wrong, it is as grievous an untruth as would be conveyed by the maxim, "the king can do no wrong," if it really were meant to be taken literally.— *Civil Liberty and Self-Government.*

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM, an American statesman, sixteenth President of the United States; born in Hardin County, Ky., February 12, 1809; died at Washington, D. C., April 15, 1865. His boyhood was passed amid the hardships and poverty incident to pioneer life. The advantages of education were denied him, but by his ninth year, when his mother died, the foundations of a noble character had been laid in her son's heart. She was a woman of fine physical organization and great force of character, and was possessed of shrewd, practical common-

sense and deep religious feeling and gentleness of manner — traits which were so admirably developed in her son's character. Her favorite injunctions, which he always obeyed, were never to swear, never to touch liquor, and never to lie. He said, when President: "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my sainted mother." After his mother's death Lincoln's father removed to Indiana and afterward to Illinois. In 1832 the Black Hawk War broke out and young Lincoln led a company of volunteers against the Indians. Two years later he was elected to the Illinois Legislature from Sangamon County, and remained a member till 1842. In 1836 he obtained a license to practice law and rose rapidly in his profession. His education was obtained through the careful study of the few books that came into his possession, and under no other direction than his own common-sense or inclination. His mother had taught him to read his Bible and the *Pilgrim's Progress,* and he studiously perused the *Life of Washington* and Franklin's *Autobiography,* and became a great admirer of Henry Clay. The bulk of his further reading was comprehended in Shakespeare, Burns, and his law-books. In 1846 he was elected to Congress as a Whig. With the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, in 1854, fresh interest was added to the anti-slavery agitation and Lincoln became a candidate for United States Senator in opposition to Stephen A. Douglas, the acknowledged champion of slavery in Illinois. Douglas was successful, but the ability displayed by Lincoln in the debates incidental to the canvass brought him into national prominence. In February, 1860, Lincoln made a speech on the slavery question at Cooper Institute, New York, which gained him a lasting reputation

throughout the country and the world, closing with the ringing words: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it." In May following, the Republican National Convention nominated him for President of the United States, and he was inaugurated on March 4, 1861. As chief executive of the nation he oppposed the secession of any of the States. When by force of arms the Federal garrison was compelled to evacuate Fort Sumter, he immediately issued a proclamation calling into action an armed force of 70,000 militiamen. Later he called for the enlistment of 64,000 more soldiers and 18,000 seamen, declared a blockade of the Southern ports and called Congress into extra session to pass measures for the suppression of the rebellion of the confederated States. On September 22, 1862, he issued a proclamation declaring the freedom on January 1, 1863, of all slaves in the States and parts of States that should then be in rebellion. On October 16, 1863, he called forth 300,000 volunteer soldiers to take the place of those whose terms had expired. On November 19th of the same year he made his famous address at the consecration of the battle-field of Gettysburg, a portion of which is printed with this article. On his second inauguration, March 4, 1865, President Lincoln delivered an address which will stand forever as a model of lofty eloquence and sublime morality. On April 3, at the head of the victorious Union army, he entered Richmond, the capital of the subjugated Confederacy. His last public address was made April 11, 1865. The night of April 14 he fell by an assassin's hand in Ford's Theatre, Washington. Mr. Lincoln was a true type of American — simple in manner,

homely in speech and dress, full of good-nature and anecdote, shrewd and conservative in affairs, lofty in purpose, determined in action, and magnanimous in victory.

Emerson said, in the course of a funeral discourse delivered at Concord, Mass., April 19, 1865: "Lincoln was a plain man of the people. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed good-will. He was a man without vices. He had a strong sense of duty which it was very easy for him to obey. He had a vast good-nature which made him tolerant and accessible to all. His broad good-humor, running easily into jocular talk, in which he delighted and in which he excelled, was a rich gift to this wise man. It enabled him to keep his secrets, to meet every kind of man, and every rank in society. His occupying the chair of State was a triumph of the good-sense of mankind and of the public conscience. This middle-class country had got a middle-class President at last. Yes, in manners and sympathies, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. This man grew according to the need; his mind mastered the problem of the day, and as the problem grew so did his comprehension of it. In four years — four years of battle-days — his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the centre of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people of his time — the true representative of this continent — the pulse of twenty million people throbbing in his heart, the thoughts of their minds articulated by his tongue."

Among the best writings of Lincoln are his Inaugural Address, March 4, 1861; the Emancipation Proclamation, January 1, 1863; the Gettysburg speech, November 19, 1863; and the second Inaugural Address, March 4, 1865.

THE PERPETUITY OF THE UNION.

It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of of a President under our National Constitution. During that period fifteen different and greatly distinguished citizens have in succession administered the Executive branch of the Government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success. Yet with all this scope for precedent, I now enter upon the same task for the brief constitutional term of four years under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted.

I hold that, in contemplation of universal law, and of the Constitution, the union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our national government, and the Union will endure forever — it being impossible to destroy it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself. Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it — break it, so to speak — but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

But if destruction of the Union by one or by a part only of the States be lawfully possible, the Union is less perfect than before — the Constitution having lost the vital element of perpetuity. It follows from these views that no State, upon its own motion, can lawfully get out

of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken; and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part; and I shall perform it, so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary. I trust that this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, are the momentous issues of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government, whilst I shall have the most solemn one to "Preserve, protect, and defend" it.

I am loath to close. We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature.— *From the First Inaugural.*

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Now, therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as

GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD.

a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, order and designate as States and parts of States wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit: . . .

And by virtue of the power, and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within such designated States and parts of States are, and henceforward shall be free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons. And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

THE CONSECRATION SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a large sense *we* cannot dedicate, *we* cannot consecrate, *we* cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what *they* did here. It is for us — the living — rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that

from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

MALICE TOWARD NONE — CHARITY FOR ALL.

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in — to bind up the nation's wound; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.— *From the Second Inaugural.*

LINGARD, JOHN, an English historian; born at Winchester, February 5, 1771; died at Hornby, Lancashire, July 17, 1851. He entered the Roman Catholic College at Douai, France, in 1791; this college being dissolved during the Revolution, Lingard returned to England, and, with some others, established a seminary near Durham, of which he was made Vice-President and Professor of Natural and

Moral Philosophy. In 1825 he received the offer of a cardinalship, which he declined. During his later years he received a pension of £300 from the British Government in consideration of his important historical labors. He published *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church* (1806; enlarged edition, 1845), and several treatises of a somewhat polemical character. Of his principal work, *The History of England from the First Invasion by the Romans to the Accession of William and Mary in 1688,* the first volume in folio appeared in 1819, and the eighth in 1830. A new edition, thoroughly revised, was published in 1849.

THE EXPULSION OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT BY CROMWELL.

Cromwell's resolution was immediately formed, and a company of musketeers received orders to accompany him to the House. At this eventful moment, big with the most important consequences both to himself and his country, whatever were the workings of Cromwell's mind he had the art to conceal them from the minds of the beholders. Leaving the military in the lobby, he entered the House, and composedly seated himself on one of the other benches. His dress was a plain suit of black cloth with gray worsted stockings. For a while he seemed to listen with interest to the debate; but when the Speaker was going to put the question, he whispered to Harrison, "This is the time; I must do it;" and rising, put off his hat to address the House.

At first his language was decorous, and even laudatory. Gradually he became more warm and animated; at last he assumed all the vehemence of passion, and indulged in personal vituperation. He charged the members with self-seeking and profaneness, with the frequent denial of justice, and numerous acts of oppression; with idolizing the lawyers, the constant advocates of tyranny; with neglecting the men that bled for them in the field, that they might gain the Presbyterians who had aposta-

tized from the cause: and with doing all this in order to perpetuate their own power and to replenish their own purses. But their time was come, the Lord had disowned them; He had chosen more worthy instruments to perform his work.

Here the orator was interrupted by Sir Peter Wentworth, who declared that he had never heard language so unparliamentary — language, too, the more offensive because it was addressed to them by their own servant, whom they had too fondly cherished, and whom by their unprecedented bounty they had made what he was.

At these words Cromwell put on his hat, and, springing from his place, exclaimed: "Come, sir, I will put an end to your prating!" For a few moments, apparently in the most violent agitation, he paced forward and backward; and then, stamping on the floor, added: "You are no Parliament; I say you are no Parliament; bring them in." Instantly the door opened, and Colonel Worsley entered, followed by more than twenty musketeers. "This," cried Sir Henry Vane, "is not honest; it is against morality and common honesty." "Sir Henry Vane," replied Cromwell; "O Sir Henry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane! He might have prevented this. But he is a juggler and has not common honesty himself!" From Vane he directed his discourse to Whitelock, on whom he poured a torrent of abuse; then pointing to Chaloner, "There," he cried, "sits a drunkard;" next to Marten and Wentworth, "There are two whoremasters;" and afterward selecting different members in succession, described them as dishonest and corrupt livers, a shame and a scandal to the profession of the Gospel.

Suddenly, however, checking himself he turned to the guard and ordered them to clear the House. At these words Colonel Harrison took the Speaker by the hand, and led him from the chair. Algernon Sydney was next compelled to quit his seat; and the other members, eighty in number, on the approach of the military, rose and moved toward the doors.

Cromwell now resumed his discourse. "It is you," he exclaimed, "that have forced me to do this. I have

sought the Lord both day and night that He would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work." Alderman Allan took advantage of these words to observe that it was not yet too late to undo what had been done; but Cromwell instantly charged him with peculation, and gave him into custody. When all were gone, fixing his eyes on the mace, "What," said he, "shall we do with this fool's bauble? Here, carry it away." Then taking the Act of Dissolution from the clerk, he ordered the doors to be locked, and, accompanied by the military, returned to Whitehall.

That afternoon the members of the Council assembled in their usual place of meeting. Bradshaw had just taken the chair, when the Lord-general entered and told them that if they were there as private individuals they were welcome; but if as the Council of State, they must know that the Parliament was dissolved. "Sir," replied Bradshaw, with the spirit of an ancient Roman, "we have heard what you did at the House this morning, and before many hours all England will know it. But, sir, you are mistaken to think that the Parliament is dissolved. No power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves; therefore, take you notice of that." After this protest they withdrew.

Thus, by the parricidal hands of its own children, perished the Long Parliament, which, under a variety of forms, had for more than twelve years defended and invaded the liberties of the nation. It fell without a struggle or a groan, unpitied and unregretted. The members slunk away to their homes, where they sought by submission to purchase the forbearance of their new master; and their partisans — if partisans they had — reserved themselves in silence for a day of retribution, which came not before Cromwell slept in his grave. The royalists congratulated each other on an event which they deemed a preparatory step to the restoration of the King; the army and navy, in numerous addresses, declared that they would live and die, stand and fall with the Lord-general; and in every part of the country the congregations of the saints magnified the arm of the Lord, which had broken

the mighty, that in lieu of the sway of mortal men, the Fifth Monarchy, the reign of Christ, might be established on earth.

LINNÆUS, Carolus, the Latinized name of Karl von Linné, a Swedish naturalist; born at Rashult, May 13, 1707; died at Upsala, January 10, 1778. From childhood he showed a great love for the study of botany, and though destined for the Church, his preference for natural history induced him to change his plans and take a medical course. While at the universities of Lund and Upsal, Celsius, the theological professor, who was also a naturalist, gave him considerable financial aid. At this time he conceived the idea of his botanical system which has made his name immortal. In 1732, while touring through Lapland, he visited the mining district round Fahlun, and sketched the system which he afterward developed in his *Systema Naturæ*. The next three years were spent in Holland, where he took his doctor's degree. Here he was superintendent of Clifford's celebrated garden at Hartecamp, near Haerlem. He visited England and Paris in 1738, and toward the close of the year practiced as physician at Stockholm, where he became one of the first members of the Royal Academy. In 1741 he was made Professor of Medicine at Upsal and superintendent of the botanic gardens. In 1747 he was nominated first physician to the King, and in 1753 received an honor never before accorded a literary man — he was created a Knight of the Polar Star. Soon afterward he was elevated to the rank of

the nobility, and purchasing an estate and mansion at Hammarby, near Upsal, chiefly resided there during his last years. His chief works are the *Systema Naturæ; Species Plantarum; Genera Plantarum; Philosophia Botanica; Materia Medica,* etc. *The Study of Nature* was translated and published as a tract, 1785, by Sir James Edward Smith, founder and first President of the Linnæan Society of Great Britain.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

Mankind, as well as all other creatures, being formed with such exquisite and wonderful skill that human wisdom is utterly insufficient to imitate the most simple fibre, vein, or nerve, much less a finger, it is perfectly evident, that all these things must originally have been made by an omnipotent and omniscient Being, for "He who formed the ear, shall He not hear; and He who made the eye, shall He not see?" If we consider the *generation* of animals, we find that each produces an offspring after its own kind; so that all living things, plants, animals, and even mankind themselves — form one "chain of universal being," from the beginning to the end of the world. While we turn our minds to the contemplation of the wonders and beauties which surround us, we are also permitted to employ them for our benefit. If the Maker of all things, who has done nothing without design, has furnished this earthly globe like a museum, with the most admirable proofs of His wisdom and power; if, moreover, this splendid theatre would be adorned in vain without a spectator, it follows that man is made for the purpose of studying the Creator's works, that he may be the publisher and intrepreter of the wisdom of God. In order to lead us toward our duty, the Deity has so closely connected the study of His works with our general convenience and happiness that the more we examine them, the more we discover for our use and gratification. Can any work be imagined more forcibly to proclaim the majesty of its Author than a little inactive earth ren-

dered capable of contemplating itself, as animated by the hand of God? of studying the dimensions and revolutions of the celestial bodies, rolling at an almost infinite distance, as well as the innumerable wonders dispersed by the Creator over this globe? The Author of Nature has frequently decorated even the minutest insects, and worms themselves, which inhabit the bottom of the sea, in so exquisite a manner that the most polished metal looks dull beside them. He who has given life to animals has given to them all different means of supporting it. The Silurus Callichthys, when the rivulet which it inhabits becomes dry, has a power of travelling over land till it finds more copious streams. The flying squirrel has a power of extending the skin on each side of its body in such a manner that, being enabled to descend by a precipitate flight from one branch to another, it easily avoids its enemies. Thus also has He lengthened out the fins on the breast of the flying-fish that it might seek for safety in the air, when pursued by its enemies in the water. He has likewise formed an appendage to the tail of the great cuttlefish (Sepia Loligo) by means of which it springs out of the sea, at the same time being furnished with a bladder, full of a sort of ink, with which it darkens the water and eludes the sight of its pursuers. The sucking-fish (Echeneis remora), which of itself could not, without great difficulty, swim fast enough to supply itself with food, has an instrument not unlike a saw, with which it affixes itself to ships and the larger kinds of fishes, and in this manner is transported gratis from one shore of the world to another. The same Divine Artificer has given the sluggish fishing-frog (Lophius piscatorius) a kind of rod, furnished with a bait, by which it beguiles little fishes into its jaws. The slow-paced Lemur tardigradus is supplied with double ears that he may betake himself to the trees in time to avoid danger. We cannot avoid thinking that those which we know of the Divine works are much fewer than those of which we are ignorant.

LINTON, Elizabeth Lynn, an English novelist; born at Keswick, February 10, 1822; died at London, July 14, 1898. Her first novel, *Azeth, the Egyptian,* published in 1846, was followed by *Amymone: a Romance of the Days of Pericles* (1848), and *Realities* (1851). She contributed many articles to periodicals. Among them are the papers on *The Girl of the Period.* Among her other works are *Witch Stories* (1861); *The Lake Country,* illustrated by her husband (1864); *Grasp Your Nettle* (1865); *Sowing the Wind* (1866); *The True History of Joshua Davidson, Christian and Communist* (1872); *Patricia Kemball* (1874); *The Atonement of Leam Dundas,* and *The World Well Lost* (1877); *The Rebel of the Family* (1880); *My Love* (1881); *Ione* (1882); *The Autobiography of Christopher Kirkland* (1885); *Paston Carew* (1886); *The One Too Many* (1894); *The New Woman* (1895); *In Haste and at Leisure* (1895).

FENCED IN.

Though a sea-side place, the sea was only a passing adjunct, not an active part, of Milltown existence. A land-locked, placid bay, shallow and barren, it was artistically valuable on account of its color, and the changing lights lying on its cliffs; but nearly worthless for fishing, and very little used for boating. Only one house in the place had a yacht in the basin within the breakwater. This was the *Water Lily,* a pretty little toy belonging to the Lowes. Being thickly inhabited by the gentry, every rood of land had its exclusive owner, and its artificial as well as natural value. The very cliffs were fenced off against trespassers; perpetual attempts were made to stop old-established rights of way, which

sometimes succeeded; if at others they failed when some man, of more public spirit than his neighbors, was personally inconvenienced, and the open paths across the fields which were inalienable were grudgingly marked off by lines of thorns, with fierce warnings of prosecution should the narrow strip be departed from; while all the gates were padlocked, and the stiles made unnecessarily high and difficult.

The country was noted for its garden-like neatness. Every hedge and bank for miles around was trimmed and combed like a croquet lawn. No wild flowers were allowed on the Milltown public wayside; no trailing growths, rich and luxuriant to attract an artist and distress the highway board and private gardens, hung about the well-kept hedges of thorn and privet. If you wanted to study botany you must go some five miles or so inland, where a certain stretch of unreclaimed lands gave the growths that flourish in peat and neglect, as well as afforded squatting ground to a few half-starved miserable sinners whom the Milltown people regarded with a mixture of fear and contempt, as if they were of another order of beings altogether from themselves.

If the face of the country was fenced and trimmed and curled, till not a vestige of wild beauty or natural grace was left in it, the society of Milltown was in harmony therewith. It would have been hard to find a more rigidly respectable or more conventionalized set of people anywhere, than were those who ordered their lives in this pretty hypæthral prison by the "safe," if untrue, gospel of repression and condemnation. They were all retired admirals and colonels and landed gentry, who lived there; all emphatically gentlemen.

The gentlefolks were one thing and the commonalty was another, and the one represented the sheep and the elect, and the other the goats and the discarded. The gentry classed these last all together in a lump, and the idea that they in their turn could be split into minor subdivisions, wherein the baker and the boatman, the farmer and his hind, held different degrees, seemed to them as ridiculous as the wars of pigmies, or the caste distinctions of savages. But the commonalty followed their

leaders, and the example of class exclusiveness set in the higher circles was faithfully copied through the lower.

Milltown was respectable; as a rule, intensely so. No one got into debt publicly, or did wrong openly; and whatever sins might be committed were all out of sight and well covered down. The majority, too, went the right way in politics. No confessed Republican had ever troubled the clear stream of Milltown's Conservatism. The worst of the pestilent fellows who canvassed for the wrong side, and voted blue instead of yellow at the elections, and who stood up against board meetings and vestries, were nothing worse than mild Whigs, who would have been shocked to have heard themselves classed with Odger and Bradlaugh.

The parish church where Mr. Borrodaile, the rector, preached his weekly orthodox sermon, or what may be called dogmas of a second intuition, not wholly moral nor yet wholly theological, was a fine old building of the Early English style. The services were conducted in what they called "a proper and decent manner." There was no ecclesiastical vagueness at Milltown; no tampering with the unclean thing in any way. Extreme opinions were tabooed, to which side soever they leaned, and enthusiasm was regarded as both vulgar and silly.

Milltown prided itself on being English — English to the backbone; and as England was, to its mind, the Delos of the religious as well as of the social and political world, and as the Thirty-nine Articles were nourishment enough for the most hungry soul, any line of thought which would have led it a hair's-breadth away from ecclesiastical Christianity, as decided by Act of Parliament, would have been considered a heresy and a treason.

The inhabitants did their duty and the rector did his. They went to church; heard what he had to say with more or less attention and more or less personal profit, then went home to what amount of earthly comfort their rents or wages provided, and dismissed the subject of religion until the next Sunday, when they took it up again with their best clothes and a superior dinner. He prepared his sermon, wherein he either exhorted the

poor to contentment and honest industry, or lectured his congregation on the sins and temptations to which those of low estate are specially prone (he dropped the subject of the sins of those in high places); or else he said a few words about elementary dogmas, which the more vigorous Wesleyan minister serving the little chapel by the water-side called "milk for babies;" then he, too, went home to his well-spread table, where he drank his fine old crusted port and ate his Dartmoor mutton with a good appetite and a tranquil soul.

Furthermore, there was the usual sprinkling of widows with marriageble daughters; of old bachelors who could, but would not; and of spinsters from whom hope, like chance, had long since fled. Of these last were the two kinds familiar to all who understand provincial life in England: the one strict and severe, who ignored all individual rights, as well as the rights of human nature, in favor of the conventional law — to whom most things were shocking, and the worst interpretation came easily; and the other who could read French, had been to London, had a slight tendency to plain speaking, tolerated cigars, and did not encourage scandal, and was considered lax by mothers and strong-minded by men.

Furthermore, still, and different from the rest of the Milltown world, were Dr. Fletcher, and his sister, Catherine, of whom more when their turns come.

None of the questions agitating the world outside this little Sleepy Hollow of Philistinism found a sympathetic echo here. Woman's rights were considered immoral, unrighteous, and indelicate; strikes, and the theory of the rights of labor, were criminal and treasonable; the education of the poor was the knell of England's prosperity; and the democratic spirit abroad boded the downfall of the empire and the ruin of society. But where all else was evil, one place at least remained pure. Milltown held itself clear of the prevailing sins, and constituted itself the Zoar of English social order and political righteousness.— *From Patricia Kemball.*

LIPPINCOTT, Sara Jane Clarke ("Grace Greenwood"), an American poet, essayist, and writer of juvenile stories; born at Pompey, Onondaga County, N. Y., September 23, 1823; died at New Rochelle, N. Y., April 20, 1904. In 1843 she removed with her parents to New Brighton, Pa., and entered upon literary work. She married Leander K. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, and in 1854 established there a juvenile paper, *The Little Pilgrim,* which she edited for several years. Among her works are *Greenwood Leaves* (1850); *Poems* (1851); *Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe* (1854); *The Forest Tragedy and Other Tales* (1856); *Stories and Legends of Travel* (1858); *Stories from Famous Ballads* (1860); *Stories of Many Lands* (1867); *Stories and Sights in France and Italy* (1868); *New Life in New Lands* (1873); *Stories for Home Folks* (1884); *Stories and Sketches* (1893).

INVOCATION TO MOTHER EARTH.

Oh, Earth! thy face hath not the grace
  That smiling Heaven did bless,
When thou wert "good," and blushing stood
  In thy young loveliness;
And mother dear, the smile and tear
  In thee are strangely met;
Thy joy and woe together flow —
  But ah! we love thee yet.

Thou still art fair, when morn's fresh air
  Thrills with the lark's sweet song;
When Nature seems to wake from dreams,
  And laugh and dance along;

Thou'rt fair at day, when clouds all gray
Fade into glorious blue;
When sunny Hours fly o'er the flowers,
And kiss away the dew.

Thou'rt fair at eve, when skies receive
The last smile of the sun;
When through the shades the twilight spreads,
The stars peep, one by one;
Thou'rt fair at night, when full starlight
Streams down upon the sod;
When moonlight pale on hill and dale
Rests like the smile of God.

We bless thee now for gifts that thou
Hast freely on us shed;
For dews and showers, and beauteous bowers,
And blue skies overhead;
For morn's perfume, and midday's bloom,
And evening's hour of mirth;
For glorious night, for all things bright,
We bless thee, Mother Earth!

But when long years of care and tears
Have come and passed away,
The time may be when sadly we
Shall turn to thee, and say:
"We're worn with life, its toils and strife,
We long, we pine for rest;
We come, we come, all wearied home —
Room, mother, in thy breast!"

MY FIRST FISHING.

Please picture to yourself, my obliging reader, a tall, slender girl of thirteen, just out of short frocks, but retaining still her long, black, Kenwigsian braids, having a downward look with her eyes commonly, and gifted with a

"Complexion
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun,"

and you have my daguerreotype at that period of my humble existence.

It was summer, and Harry came home for a vacation, accompanied by two college friends. As one of the young gentlemen was hopelessly lame, hunting was out of the question, and fishing parties on the lake took its place. Every favourable morning their boat put off the shore, and every evening they returned, famously dirty and hungry, and generally, with the exception of Harry, cursing their luck. I well recollect that, however large the party, Harry always insisted on furnishing the fishing tackle. The colonel once remonstrated with him on this extravagance, but was archly reminded, that "he who spares the *rod* spoils the child," and that as a good parent he should "give line upon line" as well as "precept upon precept." So the old gentleman turned laughingly away, being like all other amateur soldiers, proverbially good-natured.

Those parties were, I regret to say, made up of the sterner sex exclusively, but after Harry's friends had left, I proposed one morning that he should take cousin Alice and myself to the lake on a fishing excursion.

"Alice is quite skilful," he replied; "but do *you* understand angling?"

"No, but there's nothing which I cannot learn."

"Very well, my modest coz, put on your bonnet, and we will go down and practise awhile by catching small fish for bait in the old mill-pond."

The sheet of water to which my cousin referred, was nothing more than an enlargement and deepening of the stream which ran through the town. The mill which its waters once turned had been destroyed by fire, and all the fixtures, etc., fallen to decay; and Henry remarked, that as a *mill-pond* it was not worth a *dam,* but a capital place for catching bait, nevertheless. I did not smile approvingly at this profane pun, not I; but reminded the offender, with chilling dignity, that I should be full fourteen in eleven months and nine days.

After spending a half hour in initiating me into the mysteries of angling, Harry took a station farther up stream. Near me lay a small log, extending out into the pond, the top only lying above the water. Wearied at

last with sitting on the bank, and catching not even a "glorious nibble," I picked my way out to the very end of this log, and cast my bait upon the waters. Presently I marked an uncommonly large "shiner" glancing about hither and thither, now and then tantalizingly turning up his glittering sides to the sunlight. My heart was in my throat. Could I manage to capture that fish by hook or by crook, it were glory enough for one day. Reader, have you ever seen a "shiner?" Is he not the most finifine dashing, dandyish, D'Orsay of the waves that ever *cut a swell* among "sheep-heads," or coquetted with a young trout?

The conduct of this particular fish was peculiarly provoking. It was in vain that I clad the uninviting hook in the garb of a fresh young worm, and dropped it, all quick and quivering, down before his very nose. Like a careful wooer, who fears "a take in," he would not come to the point; he had evidently dined, and, unlike the old Reformer, played shy of the Diet of Worms.

At last, as though a sudden appetite had been given him which required *abatement,* he caught the worm, and the hook caught him, and — and — but language fails me —

Ye may tell, oh, my sisters, in author-land, of the exquisite joy, the intoxicating bliss which whelms a maiden's heart when love's first kiss glows on her trembling lip; but give to me the rapturous exultation which coursed through every vein, and thrilled along every nerve, as my first fish bent the top of the slender cane-rod towards the water!

But, ah, the instability of human happiness! that unfortunate "shiner" was strong — very. I had just balanced myself on the rounded three inches of the log; I now saw that I must drop the rod and lose the fish, or lose my balance and win a plunge. Like a brave girl, as I flatter myself that I am, I chose the latter. Down, down I went into six feet depth of water, pertinaciously grasping the rod, which, immediately on rising, I flung with its glittering pendant, high and dry on the shore; and having given one scream, only one, went quietly down again.

Just then, Harry, who had heard my fall at first, reached the spot, plunged in, caught and bore me safely to the bank. When I had coughed the water from my throat, and wiped it from my eyes, I pointed proudly toward my captive "shiner." Alas! what did I behold! — that fish, *my* fish, releasing himself from the hook, and floundering back into his native element! Yes, he was gone, gone for ever, and for one dark moment,

"Naught was everything, and everything was naught."

I need not tell of our walk homeward, of the alarm and merriment which our appearance created; or how I was placed in bed and half smothered with blankets, how a nauseous compound was sent up to me, which Harry kindly quaffed, and grew ill as I grew well. All such matters can be safely left to the imagination of my intelligent reader.

I will but add, that though of late years I have angled more extensively and successfully, have flung a lucky hook into the beautiful rivers and glorious lakes of the West, and have dropped *occasional* lines into the waters of American literature, I have never since known that pure, young delight, that exquisite zest, that wild enthusiasm, which led me to stake all on one mad chance, and brave drowning for a "shiner."

THE INTELLECTUAL WOMAN.

The intellectual woman should be *richest* in "social and domestic ties," she should have along her paths a guard of friendship, and about her life a breastwork of love. True feminine genius is ever timid, doubtful, and clingingly dependent; a perpetual childhood. A true woman shrinks instinctively from greatness, and it is "against her very will and wish transgressing," and in sad obedience to an inborn and mighty influence, that she turns out the "silver lining" of her soul to the world's gaze; permits all the delicate workings of her inner-nature to be laid open; her heart passed round, and peered into as a piece

of curious mechanism. In her loftiest soarings, when we almost think to see the swift play of her pinion lost in the distant heaven, even then, her wildest and most exalting strains come down to us with a delicious thrill of home-music. The radiant realms of her most celestial visions have always a ladder leading earthward. Her ways and words have nothing of the lofty and severe; over her face, sun-gleams and shadows succeed each other momentarily; her eyes are alternately dreamy and tender, and their intensest fire quivers through tears. Her lips, moulded in love, are tremulously full of the glowing softness they borrow from the heart, and electrically obedient to its impulses.

WOMAN'S HEART.

Never *unsex* yourself for greatness. The worship of one true heart is better than the wonder of the world. Don't trample on the flowers, while longing for the stars. Live up to the full measure of life; give way to your impulses, loves, and enthusiasms; sing, smile, labour, and be happy. Adore poetry for its own sake; yearn for, strive after, *excellence;* rejoice when others attain it; feel for your contemporaries a loving envy; steal into your country's heart; glory in its greatness, exult in its power; honour its gallant men, and immortalize its matchless women. Then shall that grateful country throw around you a fame which shall be like the embrace of fond arms; a joy to cheer, and a strength to support you.

There is a joy which must, I think, be far more deep and full than any which the million can bestow; one which precedes, and is independent of, the fame which sometimes results rather from the caprice than the justice of the world. This is *the joy of inspiration.* I have elsewhere expressed my meaning thus:—

> Oh, when the Heaven-born soul of song is blending
> With the rapt poet's, in his burning strains,
> 'Tis like the wine drank on Olympus, sending
> Divine intoxication through the veins!

But this is for the *masters* of the lyre; it can never be felt by woman with great intensity; at least, can never *satisfy* her. I repeat, that *her* well-spring of joy is in the heart.

WOMAN'S GRATITUDE.

So she did not yield to woman's amiable weakness, and love because she was loved; did not let *gratitude* lead her blindfold to the altar. I know I should put on gloves while handling this dear pet-fault of my sex. But, my charming sisters, why are you grateful? Just bring your every-day tenderness, your patient, fond, worshipping, self-sacrificing love; and then place man's holiday admiration, his fanciful, patronizing, exacting, doubting affection, in the opposite scale, and see in what a passion of haste they will go up. Thank a man for reading you five unacted acts from his drama, for writing an acrostic on your name, for asking an introduction to a rival belle, for saying you are surprisingly like his maiden aunt; but never for the honour of his preference. Be grateful to him for the offer of his *mouchoir* to hem, or his gloves to mend, but never for that of his heart and hand. In love matters, fling away gratitude; 'tis but a charity-girl sort of virtue, at the best.

LITCHFIELD, GRACE DENIO, an American novelist; born at New York, November 9, 1849. She lived in Europe for a number of years, but since 1888 has resided in Washington, D. C. Her works include: *Only an Incident* (1883); *The Knight of the Black Forest* (1885); *Criss Cross* (1885); *A Hard-Won Victory* (1888); *Little Venice* (1890); *Little He and She* (1893); *Mimosa Leaves* (1895); *In the Crucible* (1897); *The Moving Finger*

Writes (1903). Miss Litchfield has also written considerable verse. Her poem *To a Hurt Child* has become well known.

TO A HURT CHILD.

What, art thou hurt, sweet? So am I.
Cut to the heart;
Though I may neither moan nor cry,
To ease the smart.

Where was it, Love? Just here? So wide
Upon thy cheek;
Oh, happy pain that needs no pride,
And may dare speak!

Lay here thy pretty head. One touch
Will heal its worst;
While I, whose wound bleeds overmuch,
Go all unnursed.

There, sweet! Run back now to thy play;
Forget thy woes.
I, too, was sorely hurt this day —
But no one knows.

LIVERMORE, Mary Ashton Rice, an American reformer, lecturer and author; born at Boston, Mass., December 19, 1821; died at Melrose, Mass., May 23, 1905. She was married in 1845 to Rev. D. P. Livermore, a Universalist clergyman. Early in life she took an active interest in the anti-slavery and temperance movements. For ten years she was president of the Massachusetts Woman's Christian Temperance Union. During a

period of twenty years she was one of the most popular speakers on the lecture platform. Her published works include *Pen Pictures* (1865); *Thirty Years Too Late* (1868); *My Story of the War* (1888), and *The Story of My Life* (1897). She also published *Superfluous Women, and Other Lectures* and *What Shall We Do with Our Daughters.* (1883).

OLD MAIDS.

All through the land — in homes and outside of them, I find these women, unwedded, in the vulgar parlance of everyday speech, called "old maids," with a shrug of the shoulder, and a light dash of scorn, in the finer language of sociologists and essayists, denominated "superfluous women." They have been brave enough to elect to walk through life alone when some man has asked them in marriage whom they couldn't love; with white lips they have said "no" while their hearts have said "yes," because duty demanded to them the sacrifice of their own happiness. Their lives have been stepping-stones for the advancement of younger sisters; they have earned the money to carry brothers through college into professions; like the Caryatides of architecture, they stand in their places and uphold the roof over a dependent household; they invert the order of nature and become mothers of the aged childish parent, fathers and mothers, whose failing feet they guide gently down the hill of life, and whose withered hands they by and by fold beneath the daisies; they carry words of cheer and a world of comfort to households invaded by trouble, sickness, or death. The dusty years stretch far behind them; beauty and comeliness drop away from them, and they are faded and careworn; they become nobodies to the hurrying, rustling, bustling world, and by and by they slip out into the gloom — the shadow will veil them forever from earthly sight — the great surprise of joyful greeting will welcome them, and they will thrill to the embrace of the heavenly Bridegroom. Ah! Stewart, who from your $100,000,000 of earthly treasure, have given $1,000,000 to the working

women in a pleasant home! Peabody, whose gifts of libraries, institutes and educational funds were princely! Ah! Vanderbilt and Drew, who have put millions into endowments of schools and colleges — these poor women have given and are giving more than ye all. For out of your abundance ye have given but little, and these superfluous women have given their all — themselves, with their loving hearts, with their possibilities of happiness, with their dreams of the future! Ah! three-starred Grant and Sherman, not so heroic was your march through the fearful, bristling Wilderness, and from Atlanta to the sea, as is the lonely passage of this life made by an unmated woman whose desolate celibate life serves to point a jest or add cynical pleasantry to a story. Ye were stimulated by the cheers and prayers of a nation, while the gaze of a world followed you. But the path of these women was through the hot shot of ridicule and satire.— *What Shall We Do with Our Girls?*

LIVINGSTONE, David, a Scottish missionary and explorer in Africa; born at Blantyre, near Glasgow, March 19, 1813; died at Chitambo, Central Africa, May 1, 1873. His father was a poor weaver, and the son gained the greater part of his early education at an evening school, while working through the day in a cotton-mill. While still working in the mill, he studied medicine and theology, and in 1838 offered himself to the London Missionary Society as a missionary to Southern Africa, whither he set out in 1840. At Fort Natal he married the daughter of Robert Moffat, a missionary, and took up his station at Kuruman, about six hundred miles from Cape Town. In 1849 he started on his first exploring expedition, during which he discovered Lake Ngami,

the first of the great African lakes made known to Europeans. In 1852 he set out upon his second expedition, which lasted four years. Leaving Cape Town, he made his way to the Portuguese settlements, thence going eastward across the entire breadth of the African continent to the sea, traveling in all not less than 11,000 miles. He returned to England in 1856, and the next year published his *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa.*

In 1858, having been provided with funds by Government and private individuals, he returned to Africa. Among the results of this expedition, which lasted until 1863, was the discovery of Lake Nyassa. He also revisited the Falls of Mosioatunya ("Sounding Smoke") on the Zambesi, which he had discovered during his previous journey. To this cataract — not less remarkable than that of Niagara — he gave the name of "Victoria Falls." He returned to England in 1864, and in the following year published his *Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and Its Tributaries.*

In 1865 he set out on a new expedition. Nothing was heard of him for a year, and a report reached the coast that he had been murdered by the natives; but in April, 1868, letters were received from him. The next tidings came in May, 1869, when he was at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, in Central Africa. It was nearly two years before anything further was heard from him. In 1871 the proprietor of the New York *Herald* fitted out an expedition, under the command of Henry M. Stanley, to go in search of Livingstone. Stanley reached Lake Tanganyika, where he encountered Livingstone, who had just arrived from a long expedition, in the course of which he came upon a

great river, to which he gave the native name of the Lualaba, which he erroneously believed to be the upper waters of the Nile; but which is now generally known as the Congo — the same which Stanley subsequently descended to its mouth — more than a thousand miles from that of the Nile.

Of Livingstone nothing further was heard until October, 1873, when Commander Cameron, who had been sent by the British Government with a party for his relief, met a company of the explorer's party, who were bearing the dead body of their leader, who had died hundreds of miles away on May 1. The remains were carried to the coast, thence to London, where they were solemnly buried in Westminster Abbey, April 18, 1874. The faithful attendants of Livingstone also brought his papers, which were published in 1874, under the title, *The Last Journals of David Livingstone, Including his Wanderings and Discoveries in Eastern Africa from 1865 to Within a Few Days of His Death.*

ENCOUNTER WITH A LION.

We found the lions on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length, and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other. Being down below on the plain with a native school-master, named Mebálwe — a most excellent man — I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the now closed circle of men. Mebálwe fired at him before I could, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him; then leaping away, broke through the opening circle, and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft. When the circle was reformed, we saw

two other lions in it; but we were afraid to fire lest we should strike the men, and they allowed the beasts to burst through also. If the Bakatla had acted according to the custom of the country, they would have speared the lions in their attempts to get out.

Seeing we could not get them to kill one of the lions, we bent our footsteps toward the village. In going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before: but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, "He is shot! he is shot!' Others cried, "He has been shot by another man, too; let us go to him!" I did not see anyone else shoot at him; but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and turning to the people, said, "Stop a little till I load again."

When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of a cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and, if so, is a merciful provision of our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death.

Turning round to relieve myself of the weight — as he had one paw on the back of my head — I saw his eyes directed to Mebálwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards; his gun, a flint one,

missed fire in both barrels. The lion immediately left me, and attacking Mebálwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebálwe. He left Mebálwe, and caught this man by the shoulder; but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysms of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakatla on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcass, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm.— *Missionary Travels and Researches.*

THE FALLS OF MOSIOATUNYA.

It is rather a hopeless task to endeavor to convey an idea of this cataract in words, since, as was remarked on the spot, an accomplished painter, even by a number of views, could impart but a faint impression of the glorious scene. The probable mode of its formation may perhaps help to the conception of its peculiar shape. Niagara has been formed by a wearing back of the rock over which the river falls; and, during a long course of ages, it has gradually receded, and left a broad, deep, and pretty straight trough in front. But the Victoria Falls have been formed by a crack right across the river, in the hard, black basaltic rock which there forms the bed of the Zambesi. The lips of the crack are still quite sharp, save about three feet of the edge over which the river falls. The walls go sheer down from the lips without any projecting crag, or symptom of stratification or dislocation.

When the mighty rift occurred, no change of level took place in the two parts of the bed of the river thus rent asunder; consequently in coming down the river to Garden Island,* the water suddenly disappears, and

* "Garden Island" lies at the very edge of the cataract, much as "Goat Island" does at Niagara. It was so named by Livingstone when, in 1855, he first saw Mosioatunya.

we see the opposite side of the cleft, with grass and trees growing where once the bed of the river ran, on the same level as that part of the bed on which we now sail.

The first crack is in length a few yards more than the breadth of the Zambesi, which by measurement, we found to be a little over 1,860 yards; but this number we resolved to retain, as indicating the year in which the fall was for the first time carefully examined. The main stream here runs nearly north and south, and the cleft across is nearly east and west. The depth of the rift was measured by lowering a line, to the end of which a few bullets and a foot of white cotton cloth were tied. One of us lay with his head over a projecting crag, and watched the descending calico, till after his companions had paid out 310 feet, the weight rested on a sloping projection, probably 50 feet from the water below — the actual bottom being still farther down. The white cloth now appeared the size of a crown-piece. On measuring the width of this deep cleft by the sextant, it was found at Garden Island — its narrowest part — to be 80 yards and at its broadest somewhat more. Into this chasm, of twice the depth of Niagara Falls, the river — a full mile wide — rolls with a deafening roar. And this is the Mosioatunya, or Victoria Falls.

Looking from Garden Island down to the bottom of the abyss, nearly half a mile of water which has fallen over that portion of the falls to our right, or west of our point of view, is seen collected in a narrow channel, 20 or 30 yards wide, and flowing at exactly right angles to its previous course, to our left; while the other half — or that which fell over the eastern portion of the falls — is seen on the left of the narrow channel below, coming toward our right. Both waters unite midway in a fearful boiling whirlpool, and find an outlet by a crack situated at right angles to the fissure of the falls. This outlet is about 1,170 yards from the western end of the chasm, and some 600 from its eastern end. The whirlpool is at its commencement. The Zambesi — now not apparently more than 20 or 30 yards wide — rushes and surges south, through the narrow escape-channel for 130 yards; then enters a second chasm, somewhat deeper

and nearly parallel with the first. Abandoning the bottom of the eastern half of this second chasm to the growth of large trees, it turns sharply off to the west, and forms a promontory with the escape-channel 1,170 yards long, and 416 yards broad at the base. After reaching this base the river flows abruptly round the head of another promontory, much narrower than the rest, and away back to the west in a fourth chasm; and we could see in the distance that it appeared to round still another promontory, and bend once more in another chasm toward the east.

In this gigantic zigzag, yet narrow trough, the rocks are all so sharply cut and angular, that the idea at once arises that the hard basaltic trap must have been riven into its present shape by a force acting from beneath: and that this probably took place when the ancient inland seas were let off by similar fissures nearer the ocean.—*Expedition to the Zambesi.*

LIVY, (TITUS LIVIUS, surnamed PATAVINUS, from the place of his birth), a Roman historian; born at Patavium, the modern Padua, 59 B.C.; died there, A.D. 17. His family, originally of Rome, was one of the most important in his native city. He went to Rome, where he became prominent as a rhetorician, which in his case was equivalent to a lecturer on belles-lettres, and was one of the brilliant circle, of which Virgil and Horace, somewhat his seniors, were members, that adorned the Court of the Emperor Augustus, at whose suggestion, we are told, Livy set about his great history, called by himself the *Annals of Rome.*

The *Annals,* when entire, consisted of one hundred

and forty-two "Books"; but of these only thirty-five are now extant, so that more than three-fourths have been lost. It was at an early period divided into "decades," or series of ten Books. The decades which we have are the 1st, the 3d, the 4th, a portion of the 5th, and a few fragments of others. The lost decades are those which — apart from their quantity — would have been far more valuable than those which remain, since they relate to the later history of Rome, for which more trustworthy materials existed than for the earlier centuries. This deficiency is, however, partially supplied by a very early abstract of the contents of the lost portions; and these abstracts are our only means of acquaintance with some of the most important periods of Roman history. The quarter which remains makes four stout volumes; so that the *Annals* was one of the most comprehensive historical works ever written by a single person.

The question of the authenticity of the *Annals* of Livy has been much debated. It is admitted that much is purely legendary. Livy himself affirms this of at least the earlier Books. But our purpose is not to set forth the verity of Roman history; but to show Livy's manner of telling it. The following extracts are from the very literal and somewhat bald translation by Spillan and Edmonds, and the more spirited rendering of certain passages by the Rev. W. Lucas Collins, embodied in his little work on Livy.

THE LEGEND OF ROMULUS AND REMUS.

In my opinion the origin of so great a city, and the establishment of an empire next in power to that of the gods, was due to the Fates. The vestal Rhea, being deflowered by force, when she had brought forth twins,

declares Mars to be the father of her illegitimate offspring — either because she believed it to be so, or because a god was a more creditable author of her offence. But neither gods nor man protect her or her children from the king's cruelty. The priestess is bound and thrown into prison; the children he commands to be thrown into the current of the river.

By some interposition of Providence, the Tiber, having overflowed its banks in stagnant pools, did not admit of any access to the regular bed of the river; and the bearers supposed that the infants could be drowned in waters however still. Then, as if they had effectually executed the king's orders, they exposed the boys in the nearest land-flood, where now stands the *Ficus Ruminalis* (They say that it was anciently called the *Ficus Romulanus,* "the Fig-tree of Romulus"). The country thereabout was then a vast wilderness.

The tradition is, that when the subsiding water had left on the dry ground the floating trough, in which the children had been exposed, a thirsty she-wolf coming from the neighboring mountains directed her course to the cries of the infants, and that she held down her dugs to them with so much gentleness that the keeper of the king's flocks found her licking the boys with her tongue. It is said that his name was Faustulus; and that they were carried by him to his homestead to be nursed by his wife Laurentia. Some are of the opinion that she was called *Lupa* — She-wolf — among the shepherds, from her being a common prostitute, and that this gave rise to the surprising story.— *Annals, Book I; translation of* SPILLAN *and* EDMONDS.

HANNIBAL'S PASSAGE OF THE ALPS.

On the ninth day they came to a summit of the Alps, chiefly through places trackless; and after many mistakes of their way, which were caused either by the treachery of the guides; or, when they were not trusted, by entering valleys at random, on their own conjectures of the route. For two days they remained encamped on the summit; and rest was given to the soldiers, ex-

hausted with toil and fighting; and several beasts of burden, which had fallen down among the rocks, by following the track of the army, arrived at the camp. A fall of snow — it being now the season of the setting of the constellation of the Pleiades — caused great fear to the soldiers, already worn out with weariness of so many hardships.

On the standards being moved forward at daybreak, when the army proceeded slowly over all places entirely blocked up with snow, and languor and despair strongly appeared in the countenances of all, Hannibal, having advanced before the standards, and ordered the soldiers to halt on a certain eminence, whence there was a prospect far and wide, points out to them Italy and the plains of the Po, extending themselves beneath the Alpine mountains; and said that they were now surmounting not only the ramparts of Italy, but also of the city of Rome; that the rest of the journey would be smooth and down hill; that after one, or at most a second battle, they would have the citadel and capital of Italy in their power and possession.

The army then began to advance; the enemy now making no attempts beyond petty thefts, as opportunity offered. But the journey proved much more difficult than it had been in the ascent, as the declivity of the Alps being generally shorter on the side of Italy, is consequently steeper. Nearly all the road was precipitous, narrow and slippery, so that neither those who made the least stumble could prevent themselves from falling, nor, when fallen, remain in the same place; but rolled, both men and beasts of burden, one upon another.

They then came to a rock much more narrow, and formed of such perpendicular ledges that a light-armed soldier — carefully making the attempt, and clinging with his hands to the bushes and roots around — could with difficulty lower himself down. The ground, even before very steep by nature, had been broken by a recent falling away of the earth into a precipice of nearly a thousand feet in depth. Here, when the cavalry had halted, as if at the end of their journey, it is announced to Hannibal, wondering what had obstructed the march,

that the rock was impassable. Having then gone himself to view the place, it seemed clear to him that he must lead his army round it, by however great a circuit, through the pathless and untrodden regions around.

But this route also proved impracticable; for while the new snow of a moderate depth remained on the old, which had not been removed, their footsteps were planted with ease, as they walked upon the new snow, which was soft, and not too deep; but when it was dissolved by the trampling of so many men and beasts of burden, they then walked on the bare ice below, and through a dirty fluid formed by the melting snow.

Here there was a wretched struggle, both on account of the slippery ice not affording any foothold to the step, and giving away beneath the foot the more readily by reason of the slope; and whether they assisted themselves in rising by their hands or their knees, their supports themselves giving way, they would tumble again. Nor were there any stumps or roots near, by pressing against which one might with hand or foot support himself; so that they only floundered on the smooth ice and amid the melted snow. The beasts of burden also cut into this lower ice by merely treading upon it; at others they broke it completely through by the violence with which they struck it with their hoofs in their struggling; so that most of them, as if taken in a trap, struck in the hardened and deeply frozen ice.

At length, after the men and beasts of burden had been fatigued to no purpose, the camp was pitched on the summit, and the soldiers were set to make a way down the cliff, by which alone a passage could be effected; and it being necessary that they should cut through the rocks, having felled and lopped a number of large trees which grew around, they make a huge pile of timber; and as soon as a strong wind fit for exciting the flames arose, they set fire to it; and pouring vinegar on the heated stones, they rendered them soft and crumbling. They then open a way with iron instruments through the rock thus heated by the fire, and soften its declivities by gentle windings, so that not

only the beasts of burden, but also the elephants, could be led down it.

Four days were spent about this rock, the beasts nearly perishing through hunger; for the summits of the mountains are for the most part bare, and if there is any pasture the snows bury it. The lower parts contain valleys, and some sunny hills, and rivulets flowing beside woods, and scenes more worthy of the abode of man. There the beasts of burden were sent out to pasture, and rest given for three days to the men, fatigued with forming the passage. They then descended into the plains — the country and the disposition of the inhabitants being now less rugged.

In this manner chiefly they came to Italy in the fifth month, having crossed the Alps in fifteen days. What number of forces Hannibal had when he passed into Italy, is by no means agreed upon by authors. Those who state them at the highest make mention of 100,000 foot and 20,000 horse; those who state them at the lowest, of 20,000 foot and 6,000 horse. Lucius Cincius Alimentus would influence me most as an authority, did he not confound the number by adding the Gauls and Ligurians. Including these (who it is more probable, flocked to him afterward — and so some authors assert), he says that 80,000 foot and 10,000 horse were brought into Italy; and that he had heard from Hannibal himself that after crossing the Rhone he had lost 36,000 men, and an immense number of horses and other beasts of burden, among the Taurini, the next nation to the Gauls, as he descended into Italy.— *Annals, Boook XXI.; translation of* SPILLAN *and* EDMONDS.

THE DEATH OF HANNIBAL.

He had always anticipated some such end to his life [being delivered up to the Romans]; both because he knew the unrelenting hatred the Romans bore him, and because he had little faith in the honor of princes. He had taken refuge with Prusias, King of Bithynia; and the Roman General Flaminius demanded his death or rendition to them. He asked a slave for the poison

which he had for some time kept ready for such an emergency. "Let us free Rome from this anxiety," said he, "since they think it long to wait for an old man's death." [His age was only forty-five.] "The triumph which Flaminius will win over an unarmed and aged man is neither great or glorious; verily, this moment bears witness that the character of the Roman people has somewhat changed. Their fathers, when King Pyrrhus — an armed enemy — lay camped in Italy, forewarned him to beware of poison. These present men have sent one of their Consulars on such an errand as this — to urge Prusias to the base murder of his guest."

Then launching execrations against Prusias and his kingdom, and calling on the gods to witness his breach of faith and hospitalities, he swallowed the draught. Such was the end of Hannibal.— *Annals, Chap. XXXIX.; translation of* COLLINS.

LLOYD, DAVID DEMAREST, an American journalist and playwright; born at New York in 1851; died at Weehawken, N. J., in 1889. He was educated at the College of New York, and in early life became a reporter for the *Tribune*. He was private secretary to Chief-Justice Chase from 1871 until the death of the latter, in 1873, when he became one of the editors of the *Tribune*. He went to Albany as correspondent for that paper, and displayed much zeal and enterprise in the exposure of the "canal ring" in 1875. He wrote many articles for the magazines. Of his plays, *For Congress* appeared on the stage in 1883; *The Woman Hater* in 1885; *The Dominie's Daughter* in 1887; *The Senator* in 1889.

CHUNKALUNK'S SIXTY VOTES.

Anna.— Will papa be nominated?

Limber.— Papa will be nominated unanimously. You know the old phrase — as old Chunkalunk goes, so goes the Union. Well, old Chunkalunk, in spite of their banner there, were a little uncertain as to whom they'd give their sixty votes to. But they have agreed, in consideration of — ahem!— of Peter Woolley's many eminent qualities, to give him their sixty votes. It took me some time, but it's all settled.

Anna.— Why, here's papa now.

Woolley (*entering*).— Anna! What's all this about? What does it mean?

Anna.— It's the convention, papa. We thought no one would see us, and we were so anxious.

Woolley.— What, the convention? Oh, I must go right away! I haven't done half the work in the garden this morning.

Anna.— Now, wait, papa. General Limber has told us you will surely be nominated.

Woolley.— Dear! dear!

Anna.— Yes, Chunk—a—lunk—yes, that's it, Chunkalunk County is going to give you all its sixty votes.

Woolley.— I hope they won't do it now.

Anna.— Now, wait, papa.

Pelham (*entering*).— Twenty for Woolley. (*Exit.*)

Woolley.—What a start he gave me! I must go. I had no idea politics were so noisy.

Miss G.— What are your views on woman suffrage?

Woolley.— I haven't got any. (*Exit.*)

Charles Montgomery (*entering*).— Why, Anna, I just heard of this a few moments ago. I had no idea your father thought of running for Congress! I expect every moment to hear whom the other convention have nominated.

Voices (*outside*).— Sixty votes for Zephaniah Miggs!

Miss G. (*shouting*).— Sixty votes for Miggs!

Julia.— I wonder what that meant.

Pelham (*entering*).— I say, where's Limber? There's

something wrong. There's a stampede for Miggs. Miggs is getting all the votes.

All.— Limber! Limber! Where's Limber? (*Limber enters.*)

Pelham.— Something's wrong. Chunkalunk County gave sixty votes for Miggs!

Limber.—What! Grand old Chunkalunk?

Pelham.— Yes and they're all voting for Miggs. (*Exit.*)

Limber.— Bill Dey's gone back on my bid! But I'll beat him yet. (*Exit.*)

Pelham (*entering shouting*).— Twenty more for Miggs!

Limber (*off the stage*).— Boys, I appeal to your patriotism and intelligence. (*Shout.*) You've lots of both. (*Shout* "Yes!") Will you hesitate between the Honorable Peter Woolley and the infamous Miggs? ("No!") Remember, you are performing a momentous duty. The eyes of the world are on you. This is the hour of your country's peril, and the very crisis of her fate. (*Loud shouts.*)

Pelham (*entering*).— He's making a most eloquent speech. I don't believe there's a fellow in our club ever made such a speech.

Julia.— Too late!

Miss G.— I wonder if he will defeat Miggs.

Anna.— Hark.

Voice (*outside*).— Three cheers for Zephaniah Miggs! (*A feeble shout.*)

Pelham.— That wasn't much of a cheer for Miggs.

Voice (*outside*).— Three cheers for Peter Woolley! (*Loud cheers.*)

Pelham.— I say, that meant something. (*Exit.*)

Mike (*entering*).— Oh, Mr. Charles, the other convention have just up and nominated you for Congress. (*Exit.*)

Charles.— What! Me? No, it can't be!

Anna.— Oh, Charles! You and papa running against each other!

Charles.— I don't know what to make of it at all.

Pelham (*entering*).— I say, they're changing their votes

back to Woolley. Limber is swinging the convention right around. Chunkalunk County gives sixty votes to Peter Woolley.— *From For Congress.*

LOCKE, David Ross ("Petroleum V. Nasby"), an American humorist and journalist; born at Vestal, Broome County, N. Y., September 20, 1833; died at Toledo, O., February 15, 1888. While editing the *Jeffersonian* at Findlay, Ohio, he began the publication, in 1860, of a series of political satires purporting to be letters from one "Petroleum V. Nasby," a Kentucky Democrat, who desired free whiskey, the perpetuation of slavery, and an appointment for himself as postmaster of "Confedrit X Roads." He edited successively many papers, principal of which was the Toledo *Blade;* and was author of *Divers Views; Opinions and Prophecies of Yours Truly* (1865); *Swingin' Round the Circle* (1866); *Ekkoes from Kentucky* (1867); *The Struggles of P. V. Nasby* (1872); *Hannah Jane* (1875); and *Nasby in Exile* (1880).

MR. NASBY LOSES HIS POST-OFFICE.

On a Farm, Three Miles from Confedrit X Roads,
(wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky),
June 29, 1869.

The die is cast! The guilloteen hez fallen! I am no longer Postmaster at Confedrit X Roads, wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky. The place wich knowd me wunst will know me no more forever; the paper wich Deekin Pogram takes will be handed out by a nigger; a nigger will hev the openin uv letters addressed to parties re-

sidin hereabouts, containin remittances; a nigger will hev the riflin uv letters addrest to lottry managers, and extractin the sweets therefrom; a nigger will be — But I can't dwell upon the disgustin theme no longer.

I hed bin in Washington two weeks assistin the Caucashens uv that city to put their foot upon the heads uv the cussed niggers who ain't content to accept the situashen and remain what they alluz hev bin, inferior beins.

On my arrival at the Corners, I knew to-wunst that suthin wuz wrong. The bottles behind the bar wuz draped in black; the barrels wuz festooned gloomily (which is our yoosual method of expressin grief at public calamities), and the premises generally wore a funeral aspeck.

"Wat is it?" gasped I. Bascom returned not a word, but waved his hand toward the Post offis.

Rushin thither, I bustid open the door, and reeled almost agin the wall. AT THE GENERAL DELIVERY WUZ THE GRINNIN FACE UV A NIGGER! and settin in my chair wuz Joe Bigler, with Pollock beside him, smokin pipes, and laffin over suthin in a noose-paper.

Bigler caught site uv me, and dartin out, pulled me inside them hitherto sacred precinks.

"Permit me," said he, jeeringly, "to introduse you to yoor successor, Mr. Ceezer Lubby."

"MY SUCCESSOR! Wat does this mean?"

"Show him, Ceezer!"

And the nigger, every tooth in his head shinin, handed me a commishn dooly made out and signed. It arrived the day after I left, and Isaker Gavitt, who distribbited the mail, gave it to the cuss. Pollock made out the bonds and went onto em himself, and in ten days the commishn come all reglar, whereupon Bigler backt the nigger and took forcible possession uv the office. While I wuz absent they hed hed a perceshun in honor uv the joyful event, sed perceshun consistin uv Pollock, Bigler, and the new Postmaster, who marched through the streets with the stars and stripes, banners and sich. Bigler carried the flag and played the fife; Pollock carried a banner with an inscripshen onto it, "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark

sea," and played the bass drum; while the nigger bore aloft a banner inscribed, "Where Afric's sunny fountins roll down their golden sands," with his commission pinned onto it, playin in addishen a pair uv anshent cymbals. Bigler remarkt that the perceshun created a positive sensashun at the Corners, wich I shood think it wood. "It wuzn't," sed the tormentin cuss, "very much like the grand percession wich took place when yoo received yoor commishn. Then the whites at the Corners wuz elated, for they spected to git wat yoo owed em in doo time, and the niggers wuz correspondingly deprest. They slunk into by-ways and side-ways; they didn't hold up their heads, and they dusted out ez fast ez they cood git. At this percession there wuz a change. The niggers lined the streets ez we passed, grinnin exultingly, and the whites wus deprest correspondingly.

My arrival hevin become known, by the time I got back to Bascom's all my friends hed gathered there. There wuzn't a dry eye among em; and ez I thot uv the joys once tasted, but now forever fled, mine moistened likewise. There wuz a visible change in their manner toward me. They regarded me with solisitood, but I cood discern that the solisitood wuz not so much for me ez for themselves.

"Wat shel I do?" I askt. "Suthin must be devised, for I can't starve."

"Pay me what yoo owe me!" ejakelatid Bascom.

"Pay me wat yoo owe me!" ejakelatid Deekin Pogram, and the same remark wuz made by all uv them with wonderful yoonanimity. Whatever differences uv opinyun ther mite be on other topics, on this they wuz all agreed.

"Gentlemen!" I commenced, backing out into a corner, "is this generous? Is this the treatment I hev a right to expect? Is this—"

I shood hev gone on at length, but jist at that minnit Pollock, Joe Bigler, and the new Postmaster entered.

"I hev biznis!" sed the Postmaster; "not agreeable biznis, but it's my offishel dooty to perform it."

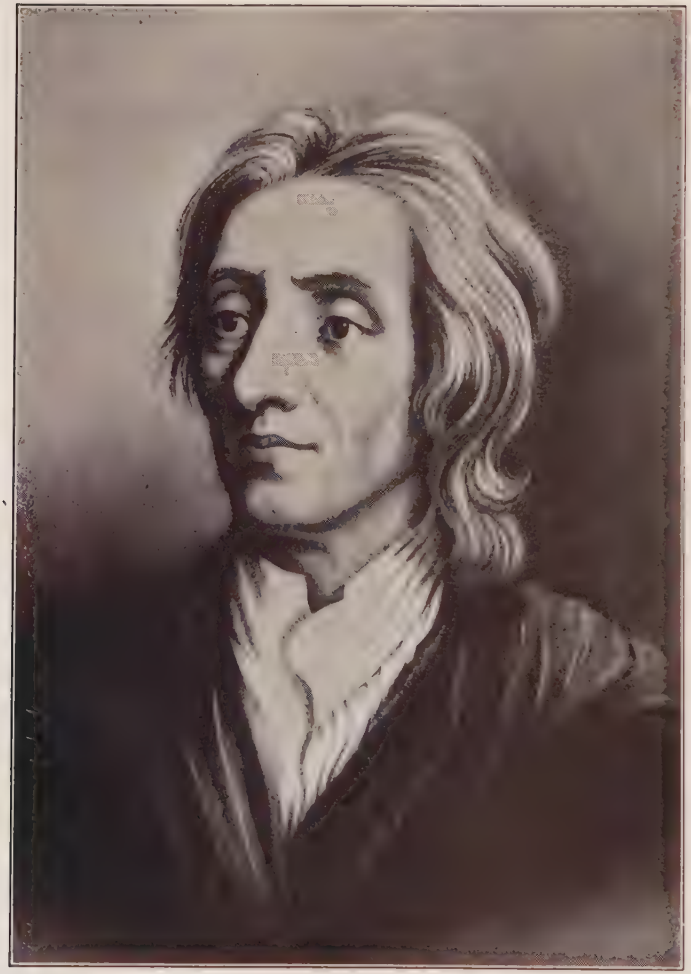
At the word "offishel," comin from his lips, I groaned, wich wuz ekkoed by those present.

"I have in my hand," continyood he, "de bond given by my predecessor, onto wich is de names uv George W. Bascom, Elkanah Pogram, Hugh McPelter, and Seth Pennibacker, ez sureties. In dis oder hand I hold a skedool ob de property belongin to de 'partment wich wuz turned ober to him by his predecessor, consistin of table, chairs, boxes, locks, bags, et settry, wid sundry dollars worf of stamps, paper, twine, etc. None of dis post-offis property, turned over to my predecessor by his predecessor, is to be found in de offis, and de objick ob dis visit is to notify yoo dat onless immejit payment be made uv de amount thereof, I am directed by de 'partment to bring soot to-wunst against the said sureties."

Never before did I so appreciate A. Johnson and his Postmaster-General Randall. Under their administrashen wat Postmaster wuz ever pulled up for steelin anythin? Eko ansers. This wuz the feather that broke the camel's back. . . .

Uv course I can't go back to the Corners under eggsistin circumstances. It wood be uncomfortable for me to live there ez matters hev terminated. I shel make my way to Washington, and shel see if I can't git myself electid ez Manager of a Labor Assosation, and so make a livin till there comes a change in the Administrashen. I wood fasten myself on A. Johnson, but unforchnitly there ain't enuff in him to tie to. I would ez soon think uv tyin myself to a car wheel in a storm at sea.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.
(wich wuz Post Master).



JOHN LOCKE.

LOCKE, JOHN, an English philosopher; born at Wrington, Somerset, August 29, 1632; died at Oates, Essex, October 28, 1704. After studying at Westminster School, he entered Christ Church College, Oxford, where he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1655, and where he continued to reside until 1664, when he became secretary to an embassy to the Electoral Court of Brandenburg. Returning to England after a year, he was for some time in doubt whether to continue in the diplomatic profession, to study medicine, or to take Orders in the Church. In fact, though he became neither a physician nor a clergyman, he entered deeply into both medicine and theology.

In 1669 he was employed by Lord Ashley, afterward Earl of Shaftesbury, to draw up a series of fundamental laws for the government of the colony of Carolina, which had been granted to Ashley and seven others. In 1682 Shaftesbury was impeached of high treason, and took refuge in Holland, whither he was soon followed by Locke, whose name was by the order of the King stricken from the roll of Oxford students. While residing at Utrecht he wrote his noble essay on *Toleration,* the cardinal principle of which is that the state has to do only with civil matters, and should therefore tolerate all modes of worship not immoral in their nature or involving doctrines inimical to good government. Returning to England in the same fleet which brought over the Princess of Orange, he received the office of Commissioner of Appeals; and in 1695 he was made one of the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations.

The writings of Locke, which cover a wide range of topics, have been many times published, the most complete edition, in ten octavo volumes, appearing in 1823. His celebrity as a philosopher, however, rests mainly upon his two treatises, the *Essay on Human Understanding,* and the shorter work entitled *The Conduct of the Understanding.* The former of these works was commenced as early as 1670, was finished in 1687, but not published until 1690.

SCHOOL LOGIC AND THE UNDERSTANDING.

The last resort a man has recourse to in the conduct of himself is his Understanding; for though we distinguish the faculties of the mind, and give the supreme command to the Will, as to an agent, yet the truth is, the man, who is the agent, determines himself to this or that voluntary action upon some precedent knowledge, or appearance of knowledge, in the Understanding. No man ever sets himself about anything but upon some view or other which serves him as a reason for what he does; and, whatsoever faculties he employs, the Understanding, with such light as it has — well or ill informed — constantly leads; by that light, true or false, all his operative powers are directed. The Will itself, how absolute and uncontrollable soever it may be thought — never fails in its obedience to the dictates of the Understanding. The ideas and images in men's minds are the visible powers that constantly govern them, and to these they all universally pay a ready submission. It is therefore of the highest concernment that great care should be taken of the Understanding, to conduct it rightly in the pursuit of knowledge, and the judgments it makes.

The Logic now in use has so long possessed the chair as the only art taught in the schools for the direction of the mind in the study of the arts and sciences that it would perhaps be thought an affectation of novelty to suspect that the rules which have served the learned

world these two or three thousand years, and which, without any complaint or defect, the learned have rested in, are not sufficient to guide the Understanding. And I should not doubt but that this attempt would be censured as vanity or presumption, did not the great Lord Verulam's authority justify it: who not thinking learning could not be advanced beyond what it was, because for many ages it had not been, did not rest in the lazy approbation and applause of what it was, because it was, but enlarged his mind to what might be.

In his Preface to his *Novum Organum* he says: "They who attributed so much to Logic (*Dialectica*) perceived very well and truly that it was not safe to trust the Understanding to itself without the guard of any rules. But the remedy reached not the evil, but became a part of it; for the Logic which took place — though it might do well enough in civil affairs and the arts which consisted in talk and opinion — yet comes very short of subtility in the real performances of Nature; and catching at what it cannot reach, has served to confirm and establish errors rather than open a way to truth." And therefore, a little later, he says: "*Nec essario requiritur ut melior et perfectior mentis et intellectus humani introducatur* — It is absolutely necessary that a better and perfecter use and employment of the Mind and Understanding should be introduced."— *The Conduct of the Understanding, Sect. I.*

NATURAL PARTS.

There is, it is visible, great variety in men's understandings, and their natural constitutions put so wide a difference between some men in this respect that art and industry would never be able to master; and their very natures seem to want a foundation to raise on it that which other men easily attain to. Among men of equal education there is a great inequality of parts. And the woods of America, as well as the schools of Athens, produce men of several abilities in the same kind.

Though this be so, yet I imagine most men come very short of what they might attain unto in their several

degrees, by a neglect of their understandings. A few rules of logic are thought sufficient in this case for those who pretend to the highest improvements; whereas I think there are a great many natural defects in the understanding capable of amendment which are overlooked and wholly neglected.— *The Conduct of the Understanding, Sect. II.*

THEOLOGY.

There is, indeed, one science — as they are now distinguished — incomparably above all the rest, where it is not by corruption narrowed into a trade or faction, for mean or ill ends and secular interests. I mean Theology, which, containing the knowledge of God and his creatures, our duty to Him and our fellow-creatures, and a view of our present and future state, is the comprehension of all the other knowledge directed to its true end: *i. e.,* the honor and veneration of the Creator, and the happiness of mankind.

This is that noble study which is every man's duty, and everyone that can be called a rational creature can be capable of. The works of Nature and the words of Revelation display it, too, in characters so large and visible that those who are quite blind may in them read and see the first principles and the most necessary parts of it, and penetrate into those infinite depths filled with the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. This is that science which would truly enlarge men's minds were it studied, or permitted to be studied, everywhere, with that freedom, love of truth, and charity which it teaches; and were not made, contrary to its nature, the occasion of strife, faction or malignity and narrow impositions. I shall say no more here of this, but that it is undoubtedly a wrong use of my Understanding to make it the rule, and measure of another man's — a use which it is neither fit for, nor capable of.— *The Conduct of the Understanding, Sect. XXIII.*

FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES.

The mind of man being very narrow, and so slow in making acquaintance of things and taking in new truths, that no man is capable, in a much longer life than ours, to know all truths, it becomes our prudence, in our search after knowledge, to employ our thoughts about fundamental and material questions, carefully avoiding those that are trifling.

How much of many young men's time is thrown away in purely logical inquiries, I need not mention. This is no better than if a man who was to be a painter should spend all his time in examining the threads of the several cloths he is to paint upon, and counting the hairs of each pencil and brush he intends to use in the laying on of his colors. Nay, it is much worse than for a young painter to spend his apprenticeship in such useless niceties; for he, at the end of all his pains to no purpose, finds that it is not painting, nor any help to it, and so is really to no purpose. Whereas, men designed for scholars have often their heads so filled and warmed with disputes on logical questions that they take these airy, useless notions for real and substantial knowledge, and think their understandings so well furnished with science that they need not look any farther into the nature of things, or descend to the mechanical drudgery of experiment and inquiry.

This is so obvious a mismanagement of the Understanding, and that in the professed way to knowledge, that it could not be passed by; to which might be joined abundance of questions and the way of handling them in schools. What faults in particular of this kind every man is or may be guilty of, would be infinite to enumerate. It suffices to have shown that superficial and slight discoveries and observations, that contain nothing of moment in themselves, nor serve as clews to lead us into farther knowledge, should be lightly passed by, and never thought worth our searching after.

There are fundamental truths which lie at the bottom, the basis upon which a great many others rest, and in

which they have their consistency. These are teeming truths, rich in store with which they furnish the mind; and like the lights of heaven, they are not only beautiful in themselves, but give light and evidence to other things that, without them, could not be seen or known. Such is that admirable discovery of Mr. Newton, that all bodies gravitate to one another, which may be counted as the basis of natural philosophy; which, of what use it is to the understanding of the great frame of our solar system he has, to the astonishment of the learned world shown; and how much farther it would guide us in other things, if rightly pursued, is not known.

Our Saviour's great rule, that we should love our neighbor as ourselves, is such a fundamental truth for the regulating of human society that I think that by that alone one might without difficulty determine all the cases and doubts in social morality. These, and such as these, are the truths we should endeavor to find out and store our minds with.— *The Conduct of the Understanding, Sect. XLIII.*

BOTTOMING.

The consideration of the necessity of searching into fundamental verities leads me to another thing in the conduct of the Understanding that is no less necessary, viz: To accustom ourselves, in any question proposed, to examine and find out upon what it bottoms.

Most of the difficulties that come in our way, when well considered and traced, lead us to some proposition — which, known to be true, clears the doubt, and gives an easy solution to the question; while topical and superficial arguments — of which there is store to be found on both sides — filling the head with variety of thoughts, and the mouth with copious discourse, serve only to amuse the understanding, and entertain company, without coming to the bottom of the question — the only place of rest and stability for an inquisitive mind, whose tendency is only to truth and knowledge.

For example, if it be demanded whether the Grand Seignior can lawfully take what he will from any of his

people? This question cannot be resolved without coming to a certainty whether all men are naturally equal: for upon that it turns; and that truth well settled in the understanding, and carried in the mind through the various debates concerning the various rights of men in society, will go a great way in putting an end to them, and showing on which side the truth is.— *The Conduct of the Understanding, Sect. XLIV.*

LOCKER-LAMPSON, Frederick, an English lyric poet; born at Greenwich, May 29, 1821; died at Rowfant, May 30, 1895. He wrote a volume of society verses greatly admired for their grace and finish, *London Lyrics* (1857); edited an anthology, *Lyra Elegantiarum* (1867); and wrote a collection of miscellanies entitled *Patchwork* (1879). In 1874 he married for his second wife the daughter of Sir Curtis Lampson and took her name in addition to his own.

MY MISTRESS'S BOOTS.

They nearly strike me dumb,
And tremble when they come
Pit a-pat:
This palpitation means
That these Boots are Geraldine's —
Think of that!

O where did hunter win
So delectable a skin
For her feet?
You lucky little kid,
You perished, so you did,
For my sweet!

The fancy stitching gleams
On the sides, and in the seams,
And it shews
That the Pixies were the wags
Who tipt these funny tags,
And these toes.

The simpletons who squeeze
Their extremities for to please
Mandarins,
Would positively flinch
From venturing to pinch
Geraldine's.

What soles to charm an elf!
Had Crusoe, sick of self,
Chanced to view
One printed near the tide,
O how hard he would have tried
For the two!

Cinderella's lefts and rights
To Geraldine's were frights:
And, I trow,
The damsel, deftly shod,
Has dutifully trod
Until now.

Come, Gerry, since it suits
Such a pretty Puss (in Boots)
These to don,
Set this dainty hand awhile
On my shoulder, dear, and I'll
Put them on.

— *London Lyrics.*

THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD.

The characters of great and small
Come ready-made, we can't bespeak one:
Their sides are many, too, and all
(Except ourselves) have got a weak one.

Some sanguine people love for life,
  Some love their hobby till it flings them.
How many love a pretty wife
  For love of the *eclat* she brings them!

A little to relieve my mind
  I've thrown off this disjointed chatter
But more because I'm disinclined
  To enter on a painful matter:
Once I was bashful; I'll allow
  I've blushed for words untimely spoken;
I still am rather shy, and now . . .
  And now the ice is fairly broken.

We all have secrets: you have one
  Which may n't be quite your charming spouse's;
We all lock up a skeleton
  In some grim chamber of our houses;
Familiars, who exhaust their days
  And nights in probing where our smart is
And who, excepting spiteful ways,
  Are "silent, unassuming *parties*."

We hug this phantom we detest,
  Rarely we let it cross our portals;
It is a most exacting guest:
  Now, are we not afflicted mortals?
Your neighbor Gay, that jovial wight,
  As Dives rich, and brave as Hector,—
Poor Gay steals twenty times a night,
  On shaking knees, to see his spectre.

Old Dives fears a pauper fate,
  So hoarding is his ruling passion;
Some gloomy souls anticipate
  A waistcoat straighter than the fashion!
She childless pines, that lonely wife,
  And secret tears are bitter shedding;
Hector may tremble all his life,
  And die,— but not of that he's dreading.

Ah me, the World! — how fast it spins!
The bedlams dance, the caldron bubbles;
They shriek, they stir it for our sins,
And we must drain it for our troubles.
We toil, we groan; the cry for love
Mounts up from this poor seething city,
And yet I know we have above
A FATHER infinite in pity.

When Beauty smiles, when Sorrow weeps,
Where sunbeams play, where shadows darken,
One inmate of our dwelling keeps
Its ghastly carnival; but harken!
How dry the rattle of the bones!
That sound was not to make you start meant;
Stand by! Your humble servant owns
The Tenant of this Dark Apartment.

ON AN OLD MUFF.

Time has a magic wand!
What is this meets my hand,
Moth-eaten, mouldy, and
Covered with fluff?
Faded, and stiff, and scant;
Can it be? no it can't,—
Yes, I declare, it's Aunt
Prudence's muff!

Years ago, twenty-three,
Old Uncle Doubledee
Gave it to Aunty P.
Laughing and teasing:
"Prue of the breezy curls,
Whisper those solemn churls,
What holds a pretty girl's
Hand without squeezing?"

Uncle was then a lad
Gay, but I grieve to add,
Sinful, if smoking bad
Baccy's a vice:

Glossy was then this mink
Muff, lined with pretty pink
Satin, which maidens think
"Awfully nice!"

I seem to see again
Aunt in her hood and train
Glide, with sweet disdain,
Gravely to Meeting:
Psalm-book, and kerchief new,
Peep'd from the muff of Prue;
Young men, and pious too,
Giving her greeting.

Sweetly her Sabbath sped,
Then; from this Muff, it's said,
Tracts she distributed;
Converts (till Monday!)
Lur'd by the grace they lack'd,
Follow'd her. One, in fact,
Ask'd for — and got — his tract
Twice of a Sunday.

Love has a potent spell;
Soon this bold ne'er-do-well,
Aunt's too susceptible
Heart undermining
Slipped, so the scandal runs,
Notes in the pretty nun's
Muff,— triple-corner'd ones,
Pink as its lining.

Worse follow'd; soon the jade
Fled (to oblige her blade)!
Whilst her friends thought that they'd
Lock'd her up tightly;
After such shocking games
Aunt is of wedded dames
Gayest, and now her name's
Mrs. Golightly.

In female conduct, flaw
Sadder I never saw.
Faith, still I've in the law
Of compensation.
Once Uncle went astray,
Smok'd, jok'd, and swore away;
Sworn by he's now, by a
Large congregation.

Changed is the Child of Sin;
Now he's (once he was thin)
Grave,— with a double chin,—
Blest be his fat form!
Changed is the garb he wore,
Preacher was never more
Priz'd than is Uncle for
Pulpit or platform.

If all's as best befits
Mortals of slender wits,
Then beg this Muff and its
Fair Owner pardon:
All's for the best, indeed
Such is my simple creed:
Still I must go and weed
Hard in my garden.

LOCKHART, JOHN GIBSON, a Scottish biographer; born at Cambusnethan, July 14, 1794; died at Abbotsford, November 25, 1854. He studied at the University of Edinburgh and at Balliol College, Oxford, and in 1816 was called to the bar of Edinburgh. In 1820 he married a daughter of Sir Walter Scott. In 1826 he succeeded Sir John T. Coleridge as editor of the *Quarterly Review,* which he

conducted until 1853. As early as 1817 he became a regular contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine,* his most notable contribution to which was *Peter's Letters to His Kinsfolk,* some of which, however, were the production of Wilson, while Lockhart wrote portions of Wilson's *Christopher in his Tent,* and *Noctes Ambrosianæ.* He wrote several novels, the best of which are, *Adam Blair,* and *Reginald Dalton.* His spirited translations of the *Ancient Spanish Ballads,* most of which had previously appeared in *Blackwood,* were collected into a volume in 1823. The principal of his other works are: *Life of Robert Burns* (1828); *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte* (1829); *Life of Sir Walter Scott* (7 vols., 1836–38).

BURNS ON HIS FARM AT ELLISLAND.

It is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful, more noble, than what such a person as Mrs. Dunlop might at this period be supposed to contemplate as the probable tenor of Robert Burns's life. What fame can bring of happiness he had already tasted; he had overleaped by the force of his genius, all the painful barriers of society; and there was probably not a man in Scotland who would not have thought himself honored by seeing Burns under his roof. He had it in his own power to place his poetical reputation on a level with the very highest names, by proceeding in the same course of study and exertion which had originally raised him into public notice and admiration. Surrounded by an affectionate family, occupied, but not engrossed, by the agricultural labors in which his youth and early manhood had delighted, communing with nature in one of the loveliest districts of his native land, and, from time to time, producing to the world some immortal addition to his verse — thus advancing in years and in fame, with what respect would not Burns have been thought of; how venerable in the eyes of his contemporaries — how

hallowed in those of after-generations — would have been the roof of Ellisland, the field on which he "bound every day after his reapers," the solemn river by which he delighted to wander! The plain of Bannockburn would hardly have been holier ground.— *Life of Burns.*

CHILDREN OF GREAT MEN.

The children of illustrious men begin the world with great advantages, if they know how to use them; but this is hard and rare. There is risk that in the flush of youth, favorable to all illusions, the filial pride may be twisted to personal vanity. When experience checks this misgrowth, it is apt to do so with a severity that shall reach the best sources of moral and intellectual development. The great sons of great fathers have been few. It is usual to see their progeny smiled at through life for stilted pretension, or despised, at best pitied, for an inactive, inglorious humility. The shadow of the oak is broad, but noble plants seldom rise within that circle. It was fortunate for the sons of Scott that his day darkened in the morning of theirs. The sudden calamity anticipated the natural effect of observation and the collisions of society and business. All weak, unmanly folly was nipped in the bud, and soon withered to the root. They were both remarkably modest men, but in neither had the better stimulus of the blood been arrested.— *Life of Scott.*

THE BROADSWORDS OF SCOTLAND.

Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm on the sea,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
Oh the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the brave —
Let him flee from our board, let him sleep with the slave,

Whose libation comes slow while we honor his grave.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Though he died not, like him, amid victory's roar,
Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud on the shore,
Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Yea, a place with the fallen the living shall claim;
We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious name —
The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope and the Graham.
All the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of the Forth,
Count the stars in the clear, cloudless heaven of the north;
Then go blazon their numbers, their names and their worth.
All the broadswords of Old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

The highest in splendor, the humblest in place,
Stand united in glory, as kindred in race,
For the private is brother in blood to his grace.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Then sacred to each and all let it be
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

EULOGY UPON CAPTAIN PATON.

His waistcoat, coat and breeches, were cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-color, of a modest gentry drab;

The blue stripe in his stocking round his neat, slim leg did go;
And his ruffles of the cambric fine, they were whiter than the snow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

His hair was curled in order, at the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart that down his ears did run;
And before there was a toupee, that some inches up did grow;
And behind there was a long queue, that did o'er his shoulders flow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

And whenever we foregathered, he took off his wee three cockit,
And he proffered you his snuff-box, which he drew from his side-pocket,
And on Burdett or Bonaparte he would make a remark or so;
And then along the plainstones like a provost he would go.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

LOCKYER, Sir Joseph Norman, an English astronomer; born at Rugby, Warwickshire, May 17, 1836. He was educated at private schools in England, and on the Continent, and studied at the Sorbonne, in Paris. In 1857 he became a clerk in the War Office. In 1870 he was appointed Secretary of the Royal Commission on Scientific Instruction and

the Advancement of Science, and in 1875 was transferred to the Science and Art Department. He first became well known in 1866 by his discovery of a new method of observing the red flames or gases about the sun. He and Jansen, working independently of each other, made the discovery and applied the methods at about the same time. To commemorate this discovery, the French government struck a medal in 1872. In 1869 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1878 he was made a member of the Solar Physics Committee, and Professor of Astronomical Physics in the Royal College of Science in 1881. He was at the head of the Eclipse Expeditions sent to Sicily in 1870, to India in 1871, to Egypt in 1882, and to the West Indies in 1886. He was knighted in 1897. He has published *Elementary Lessons in Astronomy* (1870); *Contributions to Solar Physics* (1873); *The Spectroscope and Its Applications* (1873); *Primer of Astronomy* (1874); *Studies in Spectrum Analysis* and *Star Gazing Past and Present* (1878); *The Chemistry of the Sun* (1887); *The Movements of the Earth* (1887); *The Meteoritic Hypothesis* (1890); *The Dawn of Astronomy* (1894); *The Sun's Place in Nature* (1897); *Inorganic Evolution* (1900), and served as editor of *Recent and Coming Eclipses* (1897); *Inorganic Evolution* (1900), and was for some years editor of *Nature*.

THE VEDAS.

Let us consider for a moment what were the first conditions under which the stars and the sun would be observed. There was no knowledge, but we can very well understand that there was much awe, and fear, and wonder. Man then possessed no instruments, and the eyes and the minds of the early observers were absolutely

untrained. Further, night to them seemed almost death — no man could work; for them there was no electric light, to say nothing of candles; so that in the absence of the moon the night reigned like death over every land. There is no necessity for us to go far into this matter by trying to put ourselves into the places of these early peoples; we have only to look at the records: they speak clearly for themselves.

But the Vedas speak fully, while as yet information on this special point is relatively sparse from the other regions. It is wise, therefore, to begin with India, whence the first complete revelations of this kind came. Max Müller and others during recent years have brought before us an immense amount of most interesting information of the highest importance for our present subject.

They tell us that 1,500 B.C. there was a ritual, a set of hymns called the Veda (*Veda* meaning "knowledge"). These hymns were written in Sanskrit, which a few years ago was almost an unknown language; we know now that it turns out to be the nearest relation to our English tongue. The thoughts and feelings expressed in these early hymns contain the first roots and germs of that intellectual growth which connects our own generation with the ancestors of the Aryan races — "those very people who, as we now learn from the Vedas, at the rising and setting of the sun, listened with trembling hearts to the sacred songs chanted by their priests. The Veda, in fact, is the oldest book in which we can study the first beginnings of our language and of everything which is embodied in all the languages under the sun." The oldest, most primitive, most simple form of Aryan Nature-worship finds expression in this wonderful hymnal, which doubtless brings before us the rituals of the Ancient Aryan populations, represented also by the Medes and Persians.— *The Dawn of Astronomy.*

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The summer solstice — that is, the 20th of June, the longest day — was the most important time of the Egyptian year, as it marked the rise of the all-fertilizing Nile. It was really New Year's Day. It has been pointed out, times without number, that the inscriptions indicate that by far the most important astronomical event in Egyptian history was the rising of the star Sirius at this precise time.

Now, it seems as if among all ancient peoples each sunrise, each return of the sun — or of the sun-god — was hailed, and most naturally, as a resurrection from the sleep — the death — of night; with the returning sun, man found himself again in full possession of his powers of living, or doing, of enjoying. The sun-god had conquered death; man was again alive. Light and warmth returned with the dawn in those favored Eastern climes where man then was, and the dawn itself was a sight, a sensation, in which everything conspired to suggest awe and gratitude, and to thrill the emotions of even uncivilized man.

What wonder, then that sunrise was the chief time of prayer and thankfulness? But prayer to the sun-god meant, then, sacrifice; and here a practical detail comes in, apparently a note of discord, but really the true germ of our present knowledge of the starry heavens which surround us.

To make the sacrifice at that instant of sunrise, preparations had to be made, beasts had to be slaughtered, and a ritual had to be followed; this required time, and a certain definite quantity of it. To measure this, the only means available then was to watch the rising of a star, the first glimmer of which past experience had shown to precede sunrise by just that amount of time which the ritual demanded for the various functions connected with the sunrise sacrifice.

This, perhaps, went on every morning, but beyond all question the most solemn ceremonial of this nature in the whole year was that which took place on New

Year's morning, or the great festival of the Nile-rising and summer solstice, the 1st of Thoth. Besides the morning ceremonial there were processions of the gods during the day.

How long these morning and special yearly ceremonials went on before the dawn of history we, of course, have no knowledge. Nor are the stars thus used certainly known to us. Of course any star would do which rose at the appropriate time before the sun itself, whether the star was located in the northern or in the southern heavens. But in historic times there is no doubt whatever about the star so used. The warning-star watched by the Egyptians at Thebes, certainly 3,000 B.C., was Sirius, the brightest of them all, and there is complete evidence that Sirius was not the star first so used. — *The Dawn of Astronomy.*

LODGE, HENRY CABOT, an American historian, biographer and statesman; born at Boston, May 12, 1850. He was graduated from Harvard in 1871 and from the Harvard Law School in 1875. He edited the *North American Review* (1873 to 1876), and the *International Review* (1879 to 1881). He has been prominently connected with Republican conventions, and with various literary, educational, and historical institutions; and was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature 1880 to 1881. He was a member of the House of Representatives from 1886 to 1893, and was then elected to the United States Senate. His published works include: *Life and Letters of Great-grandfather George Cabot* (1877); *Short History of English Colonies in America* (1881); *Life of Alexander Hamilton* (1882); *Life of Daniel Web-*

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

ster (1883); *Studies in History* (1884); *Boston* (1891); *Hero Tales from American History* (with Theodore Roosevelt) (1895); *Story of the American Revolution* (1898); *The War with Spain* (1899). He wrote for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* the article "Albert Gallatin" and has edited the *Works of Alexander Hamilton,* in 9 volumes, besides selections of *Popular Tales and Ballads and Lyrics.*

THE REAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Once more, what is it to be an American? Putting aside all the outer shows of dress and manners, social customs and physical peculiarities, is it not to believe in America and in the American people? Is it not to have an abiding and moving faith in the future and in the destiny of America — something above and beyond the patriotism and love which every man whose soul is not dead within him feels for the land of his birth? Is it not to be national and not sectional; independent and not colonial; is it not to have a higher conception of what this great new country should be, and to follow out that ideal with loyalty and truth? Has any man in our history fulfilled these conditions more perfectly and completely than George Washington? Has any man ever lived who served the American people more faithfully, or with a higher and truer conception of the destiny and possibilities of the country?

He was the first to rise above all Colonial or State lines, and grasp firmly the conception of a nation to be formed from the thirteen jarring colonies. The necessity of national action in the army was of course at once apparent to him, although not to others; but he carried the same broad views into widely distant fields, where at the time they wholly escaped notice. It was Washington, oppressed by a thousand cares, who, in the early days of the Revolution, saw the need of Federal Courts for admiralty cases, and for other purposes. It was he who suggested this scheme years before any one even dreamed of the Constitution; and from the special committees of

Congress, formed for this object in accordance with this advice, came, in the process of time, the Federal judiciary of the United States. Even in the early dawn of the Revolution, Washington had clear in his own mind the need of a continental system for war, diplomacy, finance, and law, and he worked steadily to bring this policy to fulfilment. . . .

There must have been something very impressive about a man who, with no pretensions to the art of the orator and with no touch of the charlatan, could so move and affect vast bodies of men by his presence alone. But the people, with the keen eye of affection, looked beyond the mere outward nobility of form. They saw the soldier who had given them victory, the great statesman who had led them out of confusion and faction to order and good government. Party newspapers might rave, but the instinct of the people was never at fault. They loved, trusted and well-nigh worshipped Washington living, and they have honored and reverenced him with an unchanging fidelity since his death, nearly a century ago.—*American Statesman Series* (1889).

LODGE, THOMAS, an English poet and dramatist; born at West Ham, near London, about 1556; died at London, September, 1625. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford. In 1589, and again in 1591, he took part in expeditions against the Spaniards in the vicinity of the Azores and the Canaries. It was during the first of these voyages that he wrote his *Rosalynde*, a euphuistic romance, from which Shakespeare took the chief incidents for *As You Like It*. *The Wounds of Civil War* (1594) was a second-rate drama; it was followed by a play entitled *A Looking-Glass for London and England*,

written in collaboration with Robert Greene. It was long thought that Lodge had been an actor; but in 1868 this was effectually disproved by the antiquarian researches of C. M. Ingleby. He is believed, however, to have studied medicine at Avignon, and to have written a *History of the Plague,* which was published in 1603. Twenty-two years later he himself died of the plague. His other writings include *A Fig for Momus* (1595); *Life of William Longbeard; History of Robin the Divell; Wits Miserie; Glaucus and Silla;* a collection of *Poems,* and translations of *Seneca* and *Josephus.*

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL.

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
  Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
  Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my feast:
  Ah, Wanton, will ye?

And, if I sleep, then percheth he
  With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
  The livelong night,
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He music plays, if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
  Whist, Wanton, still ye.

Else I with roses every day
  Will whip you hence,
And bind you when you long to play
  For your offence;

I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in;
I'll make you fast it for your sin;
I'll count your power not worth a pin;
Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

—*From Poems.*

BEAUTY.

Like to the clean in highest sphere,
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of self-same color is her hair,
Whether unfolded or in twines;

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear, when as they glow,
And I do tremble when I think.

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face;
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace.

Her lips are like two budded roses,
Whom ranks of lilies neighbor nigh;
Within which bounds the balm incloses,
Apt to entice a deity.

Her neck like to a stately tower,
Where Love himself imprisoned lies,

To watch for glances, every hour,
From her divine and sacred eyes.

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body everywhere is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view.

Nature itself her shape admires;
The gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light.

—*From Poems.*

LODI, MARCO CADEMOSTO DA, an Italian novelist, who flourished in the sixteenth century. He held an ecclesiastical office at the Roman court, where he is said to have enjoyed the patronage and affection of Leo X.; but several of his sonnets, addressed to that Pope, show that he was by no means satisfied with the share assigned to him of the pontifical favors. In addition to his claims as a novelist, he acquired the reputation of a tolerable poet; but in neither of these branches is he so highly estimated as many of his contemporaries. His poems, and his novels to the number of seven, appeared together at Rome in 1544, dedicated to the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este. The remainder of his works were destroyed, according to the author's account, during the great sack of Rome. One of the best of his stories, is that of an old man, who by his will leaves his whole fortune to hospitals, to the detriment of his own family;

but the latter contrive to recover the property at the ingenious suggestion of their father's steward.

The chief merit of Lodi will be found to resolve itself into his skilful manner of modifying or enlarging the stories furnished by his predecessors, like too many of the novelists of the sixteenth century, who not unfrequently appropriated whole tales as their own. Yet were we to give credit to their repeated asseverations, we are bound to believe that the great bulk of their productions was not merely original, but founded upon real incidents thrown into a fictitious dress. In this, with too little reason, they are supported by many of the critics of their own country, who argue from the slight circumstance of a few real names and facts that the stories themselves are true.

THE WILL.

There dwelt in Padua, not very long ago, a gentleman of the name of Scipione Sanguinaccio, whose extreme avarice, to which he had devoted a whole life of wretchedness, rendered him notorious throughout the city, as one of the most penurious of its usurers. It had always been the height of his ambition to grow richer and richer, by the accumulation of interest upon interest, until he should have attained to an extreme old age. This being at length the case, he grew very infirm, and began to turn his thoughts, however reluctantly, to the propriety of making his last will and testament. By recent reflections on the subject, he had become so deeply sensible of his numberless offences against Heaven, that, desirous of lessening the amount of these his manifold sins and transgressions, he determined to leave the bulk of his property for the endowment of monasteries and hospitals, to the no small injury of two sons, whose interests he believed to be very properly sacrificed, in order to ensure the safety of his own soul. The young men, however, hearing of this disposition of his affairs,

were by no means of their father's opinion, lamenting to each other that he should have imbibed those foolish fears and prejudices which had led to so disagreeable a result. The old gentleman, on his part, imagined that his sons were not duly sensible of the high importance which ought now to be attached to his eternal interests. Such became the anxiety of the young men on this head, that they agreed to consult some of their most intimate friends, entreating them to employ their influence with their father in order to obtain a more equitable adjustment of his affairs, and to save his family from being consigned to poverty and shame for the sake of others. "Pray remind him," they said, "that true charity begins at home, among our kindred and friends, and do not spare his conscience on the subject." But these arguments, so far from prevailing with their aged father, led him only to adhere still more pertinaciously to his own opinion; and had he lived much longer, he would infallibly have deprived them of the little already provided for them, being resolutely bent upon blotting out his transgressions, as far as money could cancel them, in which laudable intention he vowed he would die. Now it so happened that immediately before his decease, this unjust disposition of his property came to the ears of one of his old stewards, who immediately hastened to condole with the sons on this melancholy occasion. "Ah! my dear young masters!" he cried, "good Messer Angelo and good Messer Alberto, I truly sympathise with you both. When I heard that my old master had been guilty of making so unreasonable a will, I cannot express the grief and concern which I felt for your sakes. Indeed I have thought of nothing else since I heard of it, and I think I have formed a plan which will set all to rights yet, if you will be guided by me. For his money shall go the way it ought to do, so help me God, whatever may happen to his soul; and I will tell you how we can contrive it. I think he cannot possibly live through the night, so that we must keep the house as quiet as we can, and close the doors against all impertinent intruders, who would only disturb him in his last moments. When your poor father has breathed his last, we must carry

his body decently and quietly into another room; which being done, out of mere regard for you, I will take his place on the sick-bed where he made his first wicked will. Now, before it becomes known that your dear father has departed, you must both come to my bedside weeping, and praying that God would please to restore your parent, and to remove his dangerous distemper, to the end that it may appear as if he were still alive. Then lose no time in sending early the next morning for the same attorney who was before employed, and I will make another will for you much more equitable and better to your liking."

On hearing these consolatory words, the young men were not a little comforted, and expressed their gratitude for such wise and humane counsel. "We always," said the eldest, "believed you to be very kindly inclined towards my poor boys, not having that inward rekindness is equalled by your prudence and discretion. Should the plan you propose turn out as advantageous for us as you seem to think, you may depend upon our lasting gratitude, and you shall certainly reap your share of the fruits of it." Much more conversation passed between them to the same effect, and not long after the old gentleman expired. His body was then, in execution of their plan, removed into another chamber, while the wily old steward soon after assumed his master's place, the curtains being drawn close around him, and the sick man's nightcap put upon his head. A dim taper was burning by his side, and everything was arranged in such a way as almost to bid defiance to detection. The attorney and witnesses now arrived, when Galeazzo, with his head half enveloped in the bed-clothes attempted to address the man of law in a feeble tone of voice: "I have been thinking a great deal since yesterday, Messer Pietro, about many particulars in the late will you drew. And alas! I fear I was about to act very unjustly towards my own poor boys, not having that inward reliance upon Heaven which all good Christians ought to have. But I thank God that I have been permitted to think better of it; and it does not appear to me that by depriving my own children of their lawful inheritance

for the sake of others I can possibly recommend myself to the mercy of Heaven. Proceed, therefore, good Messer Pietro, while there is yet time. I will cancel my former hard and unnatural bequests. Let my poor boys have something to shield them from a pitiless world; let them inherit what I toiled to obtain for them. Indite it as my will that they succeed to the whole of my property, as well real as personal, chargeable only with the following legacy. I bequeath to my tried and faithful old servant Galeazzo, in return for his long and valued services, the sum of two thousand ducats, one half of which shall be payable at Christmas, the other half on Easter Day." At these words the two sons, not in the least expecting such a stratagem on the part of their old friend, came forward somewhat hastily, saying, as they approached the bed, "But, dear father, as we shall have pleasure in attending to this or any other little commissions which you may mention to us, say no more; you will exert yourself too much." "What is that you say?" inquired the patient in an angry tone. "Only," replied they, "that we would wish you to dispose of your whole property as you judge best; but, dear father, we would just suggest that, however meritorious the services of Galeazzo may have been, so large a sum is perhaps beyond either his wishes or his deserts." "I cannot think so," replied their false father, still in an offended tone; "I cannot think so, sons. He has been a faithful servant of mine for more than four-and-twenty years; I cannot do too much for him!" "Still, dear father," they repeated, "we think you are giving him too much." To which Galeazzo, quite out of patience, replied in great anger, "You had better take care what you are about, and not provoke me too far, for if you do, I will get up, weak as I am, and give you reason to repent of your behavior." Alarmed lest their false father should really put his threat into execution, the brothers remained silent, while the notary proceeded to state the sum at two thousand ducats; after which the will was regularly signed and sealed, and the witnesses were dismissed. The party being left together, the avaricious brothers could not conceal their dissatisfaction,

and began to upbraid the cunning steward for having inserted his own name in the will. "You have greatly deceived us," they continued; "we could not have imagined that you would have been guilty of such a trick, and have turned the affair in this way to your own advantage, inserting your own name in the will, just as if you had been one of our brothers. Why did you not rely on our promise that we would reward you handsomely, instead of assuming so much authority, and dictating to us as you did? But it is done, and there is no helping it now. We suppose you must have your money; but you have certainly not behaved well."

Astonished at such ingratitude on the part of the brothers, Messer Galeazzo, turning very sharply round upon them, replied: "Are not you ashamed, Messer Angelo and Messer Alberto, to address me in language like this? What might I have expected, then, had I trusted to your promises? You complain that I have inserted my own name, as if, instead of a servant, I had been your own brother; to which I reply, that I have treated you not only like a brother, but like a father. I have bestowed upon you a fortune of twelve thousand ducats, reserving only for myself the modest sum of two thousand. It is merely what I deserve in return for the infinite obligations I have now laid you under, without taking into consideration my long and faithful stewardship. After such usage I can no longer think of remaining in your service; and it is well that your kind father has so handsomely provided for me in his will, which you will be pleased to attend to at the appointed time. There is one piece of advice, also, which I beg leave to offer to you, no less for your own sakes than for mine. Never let a single syllable transpire of what has passed between us in regard to your dear father's will, and I assure you it will never be divulged by me." Compelled to promise payment at the stipulated time, the brothers with a very ill grace dismissed the steward, who took his leave of them, bowing very formally, and returning them many ironical thanks.

LOGAN, JOHN, a Scottish poet; born at Soutra, East Lothian, 1748; died at London, December 28, 1788. He was destined for the ministry and in 1762 began his studies at the University of Edinburgh. After finishing his course Logan became tutor to Sir John Sinclair at Ulbster, and in 1770 he edited some of the poems of his college friend Michael Bruce. This publication was for the benefit of Bruce's parents, who were in poor circumstances. In order to make up the volume Logan inserted some of his own poems, together with some from other sources. The book consisted of seventeen pieces, eight by Logan, five by Bruce, two by Bruce and Logan, one by Sir James Foulis, and one of which the authorship is unknown. One of the poems by Logan was the *Ode to the Cuckoo.* In 1770 he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, and placed in charge of the pastorate of South Leith. He published *Elements of the Philosophy of History* (1779) and *The Manners and Government of Asia* (1781). He assisted in revising the "Translation and Paraphrases" for public worship. In 1783 he published a tragedy *Runnimede,* which gave offence to the congregation, and he resigned and went to London, where he engaged in the management of the *English Review* and wrote a defence of Warren Hastings.

Edmund Burke sought out Logan and complimented him on his authorship of *To the Cuckoo,* "the finest ode in the English language."

TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove,
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods they welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fli'st thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail,

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year.

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

LOMBROSO, CESARE, an Italian scientist and criminologist; born at Verona in 1836. In 1862 he became Professor of Psychiatry at Pavia, and later of Medical Jurisprudence and Psychiatry at Turin. He became widely known through his investigations of the abnormal human being, and through his theories deduced therefrom; theories which encountered great opposition and are not yet entirely accepted, but which formed in part the basis for the present criminal anthropology. He published numerous works, such as: *The Criminal* (1887–95); *The Man of Genius* (1890; Eng. trans. 1891); *The Anarchists* (1895); *The Causes of, and Contest Against, Crime* (1902).

INSANITY AND GENIUS.

All men of genius are more or less mentally deranged. The curious thing is that there is a wonderful similarity between the abnormal characteristics of the man of genius and those of the insane. Precocity, for example, is one of these characteristics common both to genius and insanity. Among poets, Pope wrote some of his best verses at 12, Byron wrote verses at the same age, and the greater Milton wrote equally early, and at only 21 published his *Ode on the Nativity,* which has been called by a great critic "the finest ode in the language." Shakespeare's first play was written when he was probably little more than a youth. Chatterton, the lamented genius who died by his own hand before he had reached the age of 18, published some remarkable poems before he was 17, and wrote better verses at 11 than Pope wrote at 12.

These are instances of astonishing precocity among poets alone, a few out of many, and what is true of the poets is equally true of musicians, painters, and sculp-

tors, and even some of the world's most renowned military men.

Delusion is the most undeniable characteristic of the insane. The lunatic imagines himself an emperor, a mighty conqueror, a brilliant author, a marvelous painter, an unequaled sculptor, or one or more of a hundred other things that he neither is nor ever can be. He also loves tawdry magnificence, the sort of cheap finery that infatuates the savage. The man of genius often has the same self-admiration. Gibbon, the historian, wrote in his diary that he was the greatest historian that had ever lived; Walt Whitman, the quaint American poet, sung his own praises in a long poem.

Rousseau was another man of genius inordinately vain. Perhaps the most remarkable example of this "delusion of grandeur" in a great man is the case of Schopenhauer, the German philosopher, who went so far as to say, "If I could only satisfy my desire to look upon this race of toads and vipers as my equals, it would be a consolation to me."

Such are among the more common signs of the affinity between genius and insanity. But there are many more which are less frequently observed, such as somnambulism, seeing "visions," and hearing "voices," stammering; melancholy, often resulting in suicide; and a sense of doubt and uncertainty about every course of action so afflicting as to be pitiable rather than ridiculous

REGRESSIVE PHENOMENA IN EVOLUTION.

The most paradoxical part of my theory of genius and its psychopatic basis is at once supplemented and confirmed by observing the contradictory phases of natural evolution, that all progress is based upon regress, that every evolutionary movement is based upon a regressive movement, that every new organ or degree of perfection acquired by an animal is formed at the expense of other organs in which progress has revoked a partial or total atrophy. The vertebrates, for instance, gain their greater individual power of defense at the expense of a diminution of their progeny. The superior animals and plants

lose in adaptibility what they gain in evolution, so that while inferior species may await indefinitely in lethargy the conditions favorable to their development without suffering from it, and withstanding even for thousands of years a deficiency of air and water, or may even change their form and needs with a change in their environment (the *Mucor mucedo* for example which, in the absence of oxygen, transforms itself into a sacchromyces tube) the superior animals die on account of a few degrees of heat, dryness, or pressure more or less than normal.

The metazoans gain their increased differentiation at the expense of the almost eternal life which belongs to the protozoans, the only forms of life which possess the property of rejuvenation. The metameric species lose in their differentiation the power to reproduce themselves integrally if broken. Parasites pay for the high development of their reproductive apparatus with the loss of their nervous and digestive systems. Little by little as the animal becomes parasitical the alimentary canal is atrophied and the reproductive apparatus is developed. When the latter begins to function the alimentary canal is filled with cells which little by little destroy it and take its place in such a manner that by and by no trace of it is left.

So also is it at the expense of the tail and the gills, eaten up and digested by other cells that in the tadpole the lungs and the extremities are formed; it is at the expense of the whole body, literally absorbed by the phagocytes that during the chrysalis period the caterpillar is changed into a butterfly: it is at the expense of the leg that in the arthropoda the odoriferous glands, copulatory organs, ovipositors and gills, and in the gills flagelliform tentacles, and in the crustacea the swimming appendices and the reproductive organs are formed.

Again it is with the loss of a set of wings that the diptera gain the balancers by which they guide themselves in flight, and it is with the loss of the chlorophyl, that is, of the power of assimilation, that the leaf gains its evolution into petals, stamens and pistils, into floating organs, and even into prehensory and digestive organs and the loss goes so far beyond the transformation, i.e.,

it is so complete, that, as in the case of the *Lathroea squamaria,* the plant is no longer able to assimilate air and water and would die of hunger like the animals had it not the power of appropriating organic food. And man himself has lost an entire organ, viz., the tail, and many vertebræ, and his natural clothing of fur, in the acquisition of new cerebral convolutions and the abduction of the thumb, and he has also lost the limbic organ which so sharpens the sense of smell.

The white race in comparison with savages and many beasts has lost the sense of direction which even the smallest birds possess. And there are many facts which might be offered to show that with the invention of the alphabet and the development of speech it has lost important faculties with which some peculiar public functions among the ancients, like prophets and magi, were endowed. And it is certainly true that the greater nervous intensity of the life of civilized man, and the greater conveniences of his life, are accompanied by a lesser acuteness of the senses, a weakened power of resisting external agents, a lesser invulnerability. And we of the nineteenth century pay for our greater analytic perfection acquired through the division of labor by the loss of our faculty of synthesis. We boast of surpassing our ancestors in morals, but we have lost their sense of hospitality, and their patriotic and religious altruism: and if we are not more cruel than barbarians we are able to contemplate their cruelty with indifference, as for example the massacre of the Armenians. And from time to time the infamies of Panama or the Roman Bank reveal to us even among our highest officials a corruption worthy of the Roman Empire.

What has been said of the animal species including man is illustrated in the history of nations, for we see people extraordinarily advanced in one direction presenting marked characteristics of regression. The Hebrews, for instance, followed Christ to communism, Moses to monotheism, realised some of the ideas of Marx in socialism, created exchange, formed the nucleus of the *bourgeois* capitalistic class, as now they stir up the fourth estate against it; present in fact all the later results of

evolution. And yet they adopt religiously the *quippu* (the alphabet with points) in their Talmud, use instruments of stone in circumcision, and in this later custom preserved a relic of cannibalism. In political life they have always shown the two extremes of progress and conservatism. Having settled in a country for a time they preserved its customs, at least its manner of dress long after it had disappeared in the country from which they derived it.

England has developed the most liberal monarchy of Europe, has quietly put into practice the desiderata of the socialists, and yet it preserves the privileges of its lords who with its judges still wear the peruke and still use phrases peculiar to the time of the Normans. Beyond these superfluous practices it has some deep-reaching ones in its fetichism for the Bible, a book neither moral nor modern, and not always original; in its religious exaggeration going so far as to make Sunday idleness a sacred duty. Professing to be a positive and practical people the English maintain a system of division of measures and of money which is in opposition to all modern Europe, and which sometimes constitutes a considerable obstacle in commercial exchange and in scientific research.

The French, who are distinguished in industry, in good taste, in fashions, in the arts and in letters, are yet in their excessive warlike passion, in their persecution of foreigners, in their veneration of academies and the nobility, in expecting everything from the government (which, however, they are continually reviling), in their preference of the word to the idea, but little removed from the Gauls. The Italians, superior to all in music, and to many in the sciences, the arts and letters, are still backward in economy, in social organism, in industry, in commerce, and in true political liberty.

The fact moreover may be demonstrated experimentally. Fere (*Bulletin de la Societe de Biologie* 1896, p. 790) observes that when an egg is exposed to harmful vapors, or if there be injected into it substances soluble in albumen, or if it be subject to a mechanical action, like placing it upon a table put in vibration by a diapason,

the development of the embryo is arrested and a general retardation, or it may be a deformation or even a monstrosity, may be produced. However, it sometimes results in a development more advanced than would be expected from the time of incubation or in an embryo with one part deformed but as a whole more developed than the normal embryo which has not been subjected.

It is known, too, that certain influences harmful to development if applied in a certain degree, are favorable when applied to a lesser extent. It appears that when the agents capable of exerting an influence upon the development of an embryo, resulting in arrest of growth, or deformation, may in the totality of development increase the growth, causing individuals to be produced absolutely superior and which presents with partial defects a remarkable general constitution, while some individuals are created weak, deformed or arrested in development. And so, he continues, the most civilised nations are distinguished by their number of exceptional beings, men of genius as well as the most depraved by vice and by intellectual perversion. If all these, he says, are variations and embryonic anomalies characterizing degenerations which inevitably accompany evolution, the observation is confirmed by the fact that many regressive forms frequently bear signs of precocious evolution.

I have shown (*Uomo delinquente,* Vol. I.) that in criminals the wisdom tooth is frequently wanting, that the cranial capacity is often greater than the average, that there is a greater neofilia, all ultra-evolutionary characteristics, while they have the median occipital fossette, powerful jaws, and, a fact that is more important to us, a number of indications of atavism. Insane people and maniacs frequently present neofilia and great artistic activity, and idiots often display special adaptitudes in which they become superior to normal men, some of them become true prodigies, as is shown by Dr. Peterson in the *Popular Science Monthly,* October, 1896, especially in arithmetical and musical ability, with a particular inclination to imitate in models, drawings and pictures the objects which they have before them.

One of the most curious examples of this is "Blind

Tom," a pure-blooded negro, born in Georgia in 1840. Born blind he showed no intelligence except for sounds. He could not speak a word, but he could repeat any sound which he heard. Merely by the aid of sound he could repeat Greek, Latin, German and English texts however long after he had heard them recited, could play on the piano from memory any piece, however difficult to follow, and had learned by memory five hundred pieces of music.

Among cases of extraordinary memory in idiots Morel cites a Cretin who remembered the date of the funerals of all the persons who had died in his parish within thirty-five years, with the names of those who had taken part in the funerals. Morel also cites the case of an idiot who could not count up to twenty, but who knew the names of all the Saints in the Calendar with dates of their respective feasts.

As to the imitative faculty the most curious cases are cited. At the asylum at Earlwood there was an idiot who constructed a perfect model of a ship with all its more minute details. Geoffry Mind, a Cretin who died in 1814, drew cats with so much skill that his drawings are preserved in all the leading museums of Europe. Gideon Buxton, the famous lightning calculator, who died in 1702, was stupid, and Zerah Colburn, exhibited at the age of six as a lightning calculator, could never learn anything. He had six toes and many characteristics of degeneracy. Dasah was absolutely a fool, and yet he could multiply mentally numbers of eight and ten figures. Zaneboni, of whom Ferrari and Guiccairdi recently spoke so acutely, is very dull in every thing that does not concern figures, and has hardly any power of imagination and has very many characteristics of degeneracy, from which the learned doctors conclude that he is morally and mentally imbecile except in the matter of mental calculation.

I have also pointed out that precocity, as Farrari and Guiccardi also observed, and spontaneity are the specific characteristics of lightning calculators. And Ferrari justly notes that the memory of such persons is a primitive memory, purely sensorial and simple, by which a

thing may be recalled and recognized with the greater part of its elements of fixation and with a clear aspect of the producing sensation without or with slight mental relation, while they are wanting in that secondary memory based upon representation association or sensorial objects, on account of which their imaginations are almost always visual. And among such the few who excel in their studies, like Gauss and Ampère, are lost. It is a question here of one-fourth genius to three-fourths imbecile.

From this to the normal degeneration of the genius the step is easy. And it becomes necessary, almost fatally, that to the most highly developed form of genius should correspond a regression not only in other directions but also in the organ itself which is the seat of its evolution. And thus is explained the frequency of sclerosis, hydrocephalus, left-handedness, misoneism, pigmeism, moral insanity, paranoia, at the expense of which anomalies genius has been able to take root and develop.— *Translation of* I. W. Howerth.

LONDON, Jack, an American novelist; born at San Francisco, Cal., January 12, 1876. He lived on California ranches until his tenth year, when his parents removed to Oakland, a suburb of San Francisco. There he "at once fell into Paradise in the shape of a free library." At six years of age he was reading Trowbridge's books for boys; at seven, Paul du Chaillu's travels, *The Life of Garfield,* and Captain Cook's *Voyages;* at eight he was deep in Ouida and Washington Irving. In his search for adventures among the marine population of San Francisco Bay he became, in turn, salmon fisher, oyster pirate, schooner sailor, fish patrolman, longshoreman, and

general bayfaring adventurer. When he was seventeen he shipped before the mast as able seaman, going as far as Japan, and spending sometime seal hunting on the Russian side of Behring Sea. He also served at divers times in various forecastles. He first won public attention by his *Son of the Wolf* (1900), a volume of short stories of life in the far north. This was followed by *The God of His Fathers* (1901); *A Daughter of the Snows* (1901); *The Children of the Frost* (1902); *The Cruise of the Dazzler* (1902); *The Call of the Wild* (1903); *People of the Abyss* (1903); *The Faith of Men* (1904); *The Sea Wolf* (1904); *War of the Classes* (1905); and *The Game* (1905).

In an autobiographical fragment Mr. London tells us something of his life as a tramp and a worker, and impresses his readers with the fact that he is at all times an optimist.

OPTIMISM.

I lived my childhood on California ranches, my boyhood hustling newspapers on the streets of a healthy Western city, and my youth on the ozone-laden waters of San Francisco Bay and the Pacific Ocean. I loved life in the open, and I toiled in the open at the hardest kind of work. Learning no trade, but drifting from job to job, I looked on the world and called it good, every bit of it. Let me repeat, this optimism was because I was healthy and strong, bothered with neither aches nor weaknesses, never turned down by the boss because I did not look fit, able always to get a job shovelling coal, sailorizing, or manual labor of some sort.

And because of all this, exulting in my young life, able to hold my own at work or fight, I was a rampant-individualist. It was very natural. I was a winner. Wherefore I called the game, as I saw it played, or thought I saw it played, a very popular game for *men*. To be a

man was to write man in large capitals on my heart. To adventure like a man, fight like a man, and to do a man's work (even for a boy's pay) — those were things that reached right in and gripped hold of me as no other thing could. And I looked ahead into long vistas of a hazy and interminable future, into which, playing what I conceived to be *man's* game, I should continue to travel with unfailing health, without accidents, and with muscles ever vigorous. As I say, this future was interminable. I could only see myself raging through life without end like one of Nietzsche's *blond beasts,* lustfully roving and conquering by sheer superiority and strength. . . . Further, the optimism bred of a stomach which could digest scrap iron and a body which flourished on hardships did not permit me to consider accidents as even remotely related to my glorious personality."

London tramped many thousands of miles over the United States and Canada. He possessed no fixed place of abode and no visible means of support and in consequence had numerous experiences in jail. Of his tramp life he writes:

TRAMP LIFE.

On rods and blind baggages I fought my way from the open West, where men bucked big and the job hunted the man, to the congested labor centre of the East, where men were small potatoes and hunted the job for all they were worth. And on the new *blond beast* adventure I found myself looking upon life from a new and totally different angle. I had dropped down from the proletariat into what sociologists love to call the "submerged tenth," and I was startled to discover the way in which that submerged tenth was recruited.

A reviewer in *The Reader Magazine,* writing of *The Call of the Wild,* says of Mr. London's work:

THE CALL OF THE WILD.

The power of Jack London lies not alone in his clear-sighted depiction of life, but in his suggestion of the eternal principles that underlie it. The writer who can suggest these principles forcibly and well, though he may not be actually great, has something in him closely allied to greatness. Mr. London is one of the most original and impressive authors this country has known. His voice is large and vibrant, his manner straightforward and free.

The Call of the Wild is the story of a dog, reared in comfort in Southern California, but afterwards broken to the sled on the desolate Alaskan trail, where his experiences are related with a candor and ring of genuineness, exciting yet ofttimes heartrending in the extreme. The philosophy of the survival of the fittest runs through every page of Mr. London's book; the call of the wild evidently signifies the appeal (and in Buck's case, the triumph) of barbarian life over civilized life; in fact, this dog becomes, after a series of bloodcurdling incidents ending at the murder of a beloved master, the eventual leader of a pack of timber wolves, in whom, following a fang fight for individual supremacy, he recognizes the "wild brother," and joins the savage horde. The book, very brief, is filled from cover to cover with thrilling scenes; the Northern Territory is brought home to us with convincing vividness; every sentence is pregnant with original life; probably no such sympathetic, yet wholly unsentimental, story of a dog has ever found print before; the achievement may, without exaggeration, be termed "wonderful."

Yet it is cruel reading — often relentless reading; we feel at times the blood lashing in our faces at what seems the continual maltreatment of a dumb animal; we can scarce endure the naked brutality of the thing; our sense of the creature's perplexity in suffering is almost absolutely unrelieved; we sicken of the analysis of the separate tortures of this dog's Arctic Inferno. Not seldom we incline to remonstrate, "Hang it, Jack London, what the

deuce do you mean by 'drawing' on us so?" But we forgive the writer at last because he is true! He is not sentimental, tricky; he is at harmony with himself and nature. He gives an irresistible groan sometimes — like Gorky; but this is only because he does, after all, feel for humanity — yes, down to the bottom of his big California heart.

It must be patent to all, we think, that the man who can, through the simple story of a dog set us thought-wandering over illimitable ways, is a man of language to be respectfully classed and reckoned with. There is nothing local or narrow about Jack London. Sectionalism is smaller than he. His voice is the voice of a man in the presence of the multitude, and he utters the word that is as bread to him. He has not, to say truly, much humor; the theme of necessary toil and suffering overburdens and drowns the casual note of laughter — he is buoyant rather than bright. Sometimes we are wearied by his too ecstatic hymning of the primitive, the rude, the elemental in spirit and nature — we begin to desire a little more mildness and beauty, a possible mercy and femininity, a hope; but these we must look for in other writers than the stalwart youthful leader of the promising Far West. In his own field he is master; and more than this we ought not to exact of any man.— *The Reader Magazine.*

In his novel, *The Sea Wolf,* Mr. London gives a convincing description of life among the seal hunters. The central figure in the story is Captain Larsen, called "Wolf" Larsen, the skipper of a sealing schooner, called the *Ghost.* Larsen was born of poor, unlettered Danish parents on "a bleak bight of land on the west coast of Norway"; suffered privation and injustice in his boyhood, and was sent to sea early. He is endowed with a splendid body and an ample mind; he has read much (having taught himself to read) and mastered the principles of navigation; he is in his way

JOHN LUTHER LONG.

a thinker, but his good mind is wholly undisciplined. He is utterly evil. He is courageous, hopeless, shameless, brutal. Not only the conventions of good people, but their principles, are to him alike absurd. Mr. London manages to endow this cynical demon, this cold-hearted monster, with a certain majesty, which is not dispelled till the story is nearly finished.

LONG, JOHN LUTHER, an American novelist and dramatist; born in Pennsylvania in 1861. He studied law and after being admitted to the bar of his native state, began practice in Philadelphia. He gained his first literary fame with *Madame Butterfly,* a collection of Japanese tales. This was followed by *The Prince of Illusion; Naughty Nan; The Fox Woman* (1900); *Little Miss Joy-Sing* (1902); *Sixty-Jane* (1903), and *Miss Cherry Blossom of Tokyo* (1905). *Madame Butterfly* was dramatized and met with great success on the stage in New York and London. Mr. Long has collaborated with David Belasco in several comedies and comedy-dramas.

GOLGOTHA

Not yet had darkness fully come when Imri, whom she knew to be of Herod's guard, a Syrian, came unto the garden.

"Up, maid!" he cried, "and to the tetrarch's house!"

"What will he?" asked Lilith in sudden fear.

"He will resolve himself of the divinity of Christ, or whether he be Ion the Baptist risen to confound his murderer, and whether Jews do yet observe the Passover, as Moses taught, but, most of all, if thou art fair enough to

be his wife!" The Syrian laughed. "For these he hath come up from Galilee."

"This Herod hath two wives!" she gasped, and shrank away.

"Ormuzd!" the Syrian laughed. "And he will have a fourth or tenth if so he wills. Know that thy uncle hath commanded it. Now haste!"

She whispered to the little maid:—

"When I am gone run with this tale to Lystrus."

Meanwhile the Syrian said:—

"Thy uncle seeks a priestship in Tiberias, the city Herod builds. Thou art the price. A small one, by the sacred vulture! Come!"

The Syrian bound her fast in Herod's chariot, then, and drave away.

Now, presently they came, in passing, to the Mount of Olives and the gate which leads into an olive garden called Gethsemane. And to this gate a strange procession came and noise of people, so the Syrian drave the chariot in a byway till the multitude should pass.

First, to her unbelieving eyes, came Lystrus and his ten — he walking with a sullen man in unclean robes, who glanced alway from side to side.

"Judas of Iscariot!" hissed the Syrian. "Then 'tis true! And lo, his scrip is heavy with the price!"

And after came some priests and Levites and the temple slaves, all armed and having torches. Yet after these a motley multitude.

Now from the shadows of the garden came the Christ, and said to Lystrus:—

"Whom seek ye?"

"Jesus of Nazareth," said the soldier, faltering; nor went to take him.

"I am he," said Christ.

Still Lystrus stood at gaze. The rest fell down.

Then Judas came and kissed him, while the master took his hands from off his breast and held them to be bound. And Lystrus, waking then, as from a dream, did put a felon's bonds on him.

All this she saw who loved the soldier.

"Now, quickly!" cried the Syrian, "Herod waits!" and took her by another way to him.

And he was gay with wine. His women laughed.

"Art thou indeed one whom this Nazarene did heal?" the tetrarch asked.

But Lilith had no words — so was she terrified of him.

"Well, let me see this face which was so fair before that rumors of it came to Galilee, and is accounted fairer since."

An eunuch raised her veil.

There was a sudden hush.

One paused who had a cup half to her mouth. For she was very fair.

Now, in that hush the captive heard the multitude more near without — and this: —

"Ho! Crucify him! Crucify him!"

Yet meanwhile Herod stared upon the maid, nor heard.

"Ah! thou hast life!" he cried.

And all the women echoed:—

"Ah!"

"Now let me hear thy speech. I prophesy it's melody!"

"Nay, hear ye that!" she cried in awe; "they crucify the Christ!"

The woman laughed. But Herod, angered, said unto the eunuch:—

"Idernus, to the tower — until she hath a mind for *me*."

Now, as she grovelled on the tower floor she found an iron stave, left by some soldier, and was glad.

The multitude drew near. And torches lit a little grating overhead. While often in the night that sound broke forth:—

"Ho! Crucify him! Crucify him!"

And all the dark was filled with revelry and unclean speech. Once came the woful sound of scourging — knotted lashes rending human flesh.

Then, in the early morning, Lilith put the spear into the broken wall and climbed up to the grating overhead. Here, hanging hardly by her hands, the horrors of the night were manifest. Upon his bema, brought forth from

the Judgment Hall into the court below, whence it was clear he had delivered Christ to them, sat Pontius Pilate midst the multitude, and, in a golden basin, washed his hands of what they did. And all the court was filled with soldiers — priests and Levites — Sadducees — dishevelled with reviling. The air was clogged with axes, staves and spears, like to a field of blowing corn.

And midst it all stood Christ — his body naked upward from the loins, his face sad, sad indeed, yet full of peace, as she had seen it in Gethsemane. It did not smile as on that other day. She thought it never could again. Instead, the eyes were closed, the face was lifted, and the lips did pray. Across his back were livid stripes which yet streamed blood — and then she knew it was the Christ who had been scourged.

And over all one cry that rent the air and shook the earth, and must have filled the ear of God himself:—

"Ho! Crucify him! Crucify him!"

And there was Lystrus, him she loved, and let it be — though on his face was yet the vision light as if he dreamed nor dared to wake.

A soldier had a ragged crimson robe — another made a crown of thorns — and yet another brought a reed. They robed him in the garment first, then brake him to his knees and pressed the crown of thorns upon his head so that the blood ran down his face. And then they raised him up and put the reed into his hands, and, laughing, drunkenly they hailed:—

"Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews!"

Some, not content with this, did spit on him.

One tore the reed out of his hand and smote his face.

Another cried:—

"Now prophesy who smote thee — Christ! Ha! Ha!" Ha!"

For still his eyes were closed and still he prayed.

And then they brought a cross and laid it on his bleeding back. She saw him stagger from the court, and then no more. But long she heard that cry:—

"Ho! Crucify him! Crucify him!"—*From an Easter Story in the New York Herald.*

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Photogravure. From an engraving.

Specially engraved for the Rapaljo Library.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, an American poet; born at Portland, Me., February 27, 1807; died at Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882. He entered Bowdoin College at fourteen, was graduated in 1825; was tutor there for a short time, and in 1826 was appointed Professor of Modern Languages. He then went to Europe, where he studied three years; returning late in 1829, he entered upon his duties as Professor. In 1835 he was chosen to succeed George Ticknor as Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard College. He established himself in the old Craigie House, which had been Washington's headquarters in 1775–76, which continued to be his home during the remainder of his life. He resigned his professorship in 1854. While a student at Bowdoin he contributed several short poems to the Boston *Literary Gazette,* which were afterward brought together under the title of *Earlier Poems.* While Professor at Bowdoin he contributed several papers to the *North American Review,* one of which, on "The Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain," contained his translation of the *Coplas de Manrique.*

Although Longfellow is most distinctively known as a poet, he wrote much graceful prose. Besides his college prelections and contributions to the *North American Review* he published *Outre Mer,* a series of sketches from Europe (1826); *Hyperion,* a romance (1839), and *Kavanagh,* a tale of New England life (1849).

THE PICNIC AT ROARING BROOK.

Every State and almost every county of New England has its "Roaring Brook," a mountain streamlet overhung by woods, impeded by a mill, encumbered by fallen trees, but ever racing, rushing, roaring down through gurgling gullies, and filling the forest with its delicious sound and freshness; the drinking-place of home-returning herds; the mysterious haunt of squirrels and blue-jays, the sylvan retreat of school-girls, who frequent it on summer holidays, and mingle their restless thoughts, their overflowing fancies, their fair imaginings, with its restless, exuberant, and rejoicing stream. . . .

At length they reached the Roaring Brook. From a gorge in the mountains, through a long, winding gallery of birch, beech, and pine, leaped the bright brown water of the jubilant streamlet, out of the woods, across the plain, under the rude bridge of logs, into the woods again — a day between two nights. With it went a song that made the heart sing likewise; a song of joy and exultation, and freedom; a continuous and unbroken song of life and pleasure, and perpetual youth. Presently, turning off from the road, which led directly to the mill, and was rough with the tracks of heavy wheels, they went down to the margin of the brook.

"How indescribably beautiful this brown water is," exclaimed Kavanagh. "It is like wine or the nectar of the gods of Olympus; as if the falling Hebe had poured it from the goblet."

"More like the mead or the metheglin of the Northern gods," said Mr. Churchill, "spilled from the drinking-horn of Valhalla."

Ere long they were forced to cross the brook, stepping from stone to stone of the little rapids and cascades. All crossed lightly, easily, safely, even the "sumpter mule," as Mr. Churchill called himself on account of the panier. Only Cecilia lingered behind as if afraid to cross; Cecilia, who had crossed at that same place a hundred times before; Cecilia, who had the surest foot

and the firmest nerves of all the village maidens. She now stood irresolute, seized with a sudden tremor, blushing and laughing at her own timidity, and yet unable to advance. Kavanagh saw her embarrassment, and hastened back to help her. Her hand trembled in his; she thanked him with a gentle look and word. His whole soul was softened within him. His attitude, his countenance, his voice, were alike submissive and subdued. He was as one penetrated with the tenderest emotions.

It is difficult to know at what moment love begins; it is less difficult to know that it has begun. A thousand heralds proclaim it to the listening air; a thousand ministers and messengers betray it to the eye. Tone, act, attitude, and look — the signals upon the countenance — the electric telegraph of touch — all these betray the yielding citadel before the word itself is uttered which, like the key surrendered, opens every avenue and gate of entrance, and makes retreat impossible. — *Kavanagh.*

Longfellow's first volume of original poems, *The Voices of the Night,* was published in 1839. His subsequent works appeared originally in many small volumes, though now collected into two. Following are the titles and dates of most of the larger of these poems: *Voices of the Night* (1839); *Ballads and Other Poems* (1841); *Poems on Slavery* (1842); *The Spanish Student,* a drama (1843); *Evangeline* (1847); *The Seaside and the Fireside* (1849); *The Song of Hiawatha* (1855); *The Courtship of Miles Standish* (1858); *Tales of a Wayside Inn* (1863); *The Masque of Pandora* (1875); *Hanging of the Crane* (1875); *Michael Angelo,* a dramatic poem (1879); *Ultima Thule* (1882). Shortly after his death was published *In the Harbor,* a small volume containing his last poems. Besides these were numerous collections of smaller poems, several hundred in number. All the foregoing are now included in Volume I. of his *Col-*

lected Poems. In Volume II., under the general title of "Christus," he brought together in 1870 three dramatic poems already published: *The Divine Tragedy, The Golden Legend,* and *The New England Tragedies.*

Longfellow's *Translations* — mainly from French, Italian, German, Spanish, and Swedish poets, are numerous. The collection entitled *The Poets and Poetry of Europe* (1845), contains many translations by himself, which are now included in his Works. Of longer translations the principal are: *The Coplas de Manrique,* from the Spanish; Tegner's *Children of the Lord's Supper,* from the Swedish; and Dante's *Divina Commedia,* from the Italian.

THEMES FOR SONG.

"The land of Song within thee lies,
Watered by living springs;
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise,
Holy thoughts, like stars arise,
Its clouds are angel's wings.

"Learn that henceforth thy song shall be
Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forests sounding like the sea,
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
Where the woodlands bend to see
The bending heaven below.

"Look then, into thine heart, and write!
Yes, into Life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night
That can soothe thee or affright
Be these henceforth thy theme."
— *From Prelude to Voices of the Night.*

LONGFELLOW'S HOME, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight
The manifold soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there —
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy fingers on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the fair,
The best-beloved Night!

— *Voices of the Night.*

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall: —

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more:
He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life;
They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more.

And with them the Being Beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.
With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me
Lays her gentle hand in mine.
And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.
Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.
Oh, though oft depressed and lonely
All my tears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

— *Voices of the Night.*

THE WARNING.

Beware! The Israelite of old who tore
  The lion in his path — when, poor and blind,
He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,
  Shorn of his noble strength, and forced to grind
In prison, and at last led forth to be
  A pander of Philistine revelry —
Upon the pillars of the temple laid
  His desperate hands, and in its overthrow
Destroyed himself, and with him those who made
  A cruel mockery of his sightless woe;
The poor blind slave, the scoff and jest of all,
  Expired, and thousands perished in the fall!
There is a poor blind Sampson in this land,
  Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
  And shake the pillars of the commonweal,
Till the vast temple of our liberties
  A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

—*Poems on Slavery.*

GRAND-PRÉ, IN ACADIE.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and
  the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in
  the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their
  bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighbor-
  ing ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answer the wails of
  the forest.
This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that
  beneath it
Leaped like the roe when he hears in the woodland the
  voice of the huntsman?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers —
Men whose lives glide on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting the image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.
Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.
— *Prologue to Evangeline.*

Still stands the forest primeval, but far away from its shadow,
Side by side in the nameless graves their lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them;
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever;
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs are no longer busy;
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey.

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shores of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun;
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story.
While from its rocky cavern the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

— *Epilogue to Evangeline.*

LAUNCHING THE SHIP.

At the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard
All around them and below
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spars,
And see! she stirs!
She starts — she moves — she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel;
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the Ocean's arms!

And lo! from the exulting crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the Ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"
How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!

Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting Wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!
Thou, too, sail on. O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee — are all with thee!

— *The Building of the Ship.*

JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA.

Thereupon answered the youth, "Indeed, I do not condemn you;

Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on;
So I am come to you now with an offer and proffer of marriage,
Made by a good man and true — Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth."
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla, the Puritan maiden,
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence:—
"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I am surely not worth the winning!"
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
Making it worse, as he went, by saying the Captain was busy —
Had no time for such things. "Such things!" the words, grating harshly,
Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and, swift, as a flash, she made answer:—
"Has no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married;
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.
When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,
Choosing, selecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desires, with abrupt and sudden avowal,

And are offended and hurt, and indignant, perhaps, that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.
This is not right nor just: for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for — and had only for the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
Had he but waited awhile — had he only showed that he loved me —
Even this Captain of yours — who knows? at last might have won me,
Old and rough as he is; but now it can never happen."
Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding:
He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;
Though he was rough, he was kindly; she had known how, during the winter,
He had attended the sick with a hand as gentle as a woman's;
Somewhat hasty and hot — he could not deny it — and headstrong;
Not to be laughed at and scorned because he was little of stature;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous;
Any woman in Plymouth — nay, any woman in England —
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish!
But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes overrunning with laughter,

Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

— *The Courtship of Miles Standish.*

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Should you ask me, Whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations
As to thunder in the mountain?
I should answer, I should tell you:—
"From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fenlands
Where the heron, the Shuhshuhgah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer."
Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs, so wild and wayward,
Found these legends and traditions,
I should answer, I should tell you:—
"In the birds' nests of the forest,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison.
All the wild-fowl sang them to him,
In the moorlands and the fenlands
In the melancholy marshes;
Chetowack, the plover, sang them
Mahng, the loon, the wild-goose, Waway,
The blue heron, the Shuhshuhgah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!"
If still further you should ask me

Saying, Who was Nawadaha?
Tell us of this Nawadaha,
I should answer your inquiries
Straightway in such words as follows:—
"In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant watercourses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
Round about the Indian village,
Spread the meadows and the cornfields,
And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the grove of singing-pine trees,
Green in Summer, white in Winter,
Ever sighing, ever singing—
And the pleasant watercourses,
You could trace them through the valley
By the rushing in the Spring-time.
By the alders in the Summer,
By the white fog in the Autumn,
By the black line in the Winter;
And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley.
There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed, and how he fasted,
How he lived and toiled and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people."

THE DEPARTURE OF HIAWATHA.

Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour;
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do;
How he fasted, prayed and labored;

How the Jews — the tribe accursed —
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;
How he rose from where they laid him,
Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven.

And the chief made answer, saying: —
"We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think of what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"

Then they rose up and departed.
Each one homeward to his wigwam;
To the young men and the women
Told the story of the stranger
Whom the Master of Life had sent them
From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence
Grew the afternoon of Summer;
With a drowsy sound the forest
Whispered round the sultry wigwam;
With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it;
From the cornfields shrill and ceaseless
Sang the grasshopper, Pahpukkeena;
And the guests of Hiawatha,
Weary with the heat of Summer,
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of shadow,
Rushed into each secret ambush,
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow;
Still the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
Did not wake the guests that slumbered:—

"I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the northwest wind Keewaydin.
But these guests I leave behind me,
In your watch and ward I leave them;
See that never harm comes near them,
See that never fear molests them;
Never danger or suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha."

Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young men;
Spake persuading, spake in this wise:—
"I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey.
Many moons and many winters
Will have come and will have vanished
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you;
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning."

On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing;
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, "Westward! Westward!"
And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness;
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water,
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward, Hiawatha

Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.
And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,
Till it sank into the vapors,
Like the new moon, slowly, slowly,
Sinking in the purple distance.
And they said, "Farewell forever!"
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the forests dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the heron, the Shuhshuhgah,
From her haunts among the fenlands,
Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha, the beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the northwest wind, Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter.

— *Conclusion of Hiawatha.*

MAIDENHOOD.

Maiden, with the dark brown eyes;
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like in dusk the evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream,
Beautiful to thee must seem
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

Oh, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands; life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;
Age that bough with snow encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth heal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

THE BUILDERS.

All are architects of Fate,
  Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
  Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is and low;
  Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
  Strengthens and supports the rest

For the structure that we raise,
  Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
  Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
  Leave no yawning gap between;
Think not, because no man sees,
  Such things will remain unseen.

In the days of elder Art,
  Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
  For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
  Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
  Beautiful and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
  Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
  Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
  With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
  Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
  To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
  And one boundless reach of sky.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness falls from the wings of Night;
As a feather is wafted downward from an eagle in its flight,
I see the lights of the village gleam through the rain and mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me that my soul cannot resist;
A feeling of sadness and longing that is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles the rain.

Come read to me some poem, some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling and banish the thoughts of day.
Not from the grand old masters, not from the bards sublime,

Whose distant footsteps echo through the corridors of time.
For, like strains of martial music, their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor, and to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humble poet, whose songs gushed from his heart
As the showers from the clouds of Summer, or tears from the eyelids start;
Who through long days of labor, and nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music of wonderful melodies.
Such songs have power to quiet the restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction that follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume the poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet the beauty of thy voice.
And the night shall be filled with music, and the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs, and as silently steal away.

DANTE.

Tuscan, that wanderest through the realms of gloom,
With thoughtful face, and sad, majestic eyes,
Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.
Thy sacred song is life the trump of doom.
Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
The tender stars their crowded lamps relume!
Me thinks I see thee stand with pallid cheeks
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
As up the convent walls, in golden streaks,
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease;
And as he asks what there the stranger seeks,
Thy voice along the cloister whispers, "Peace!"

THE TWO ANGELS.

[This poem was addressed to James Russell Lowell, whose wife died on the same morning when a child was born to Longfellow.]

Two angels — one of Life and one of Death —
  Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
  The sombre houses, hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
  Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
  And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
  Then, said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
  The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
  Descending, at my door began to knock;
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
  The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
  The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted me,
  And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
  And listened — for I thought I heard God's voice;
And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
  Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then, with a smile that filled the house with light,
  "My errand is not Death, but Life," he said;
And, ere I answered, passing out of sight,
  On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended; and, with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like "Death."

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of life and Death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?

CURFEW.

I.

Solemnly, mournfully, dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers, and put out the light,
Toil comes with the morning, and rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows, and quenched is the fire;
Sound fades into silence, all footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers, no sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion reign over all!

II.

The book is completed, and closed, like the day;
And the hand that has written it lays it away.

Dim grow the fancies; forgotten they lie;
Like coals in the ashes, they darken and die.

Song sinks into silence; the story is told;
The windows are darkened, the hearthstone is cold.

Darker and darker the black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion reign over all.

LONGFELLOW, SAMUEL, an American clergyman and poet; brother of the preceding; born at Portland, Me., June 18, 1819; died there, October 3, 1892. He was educated at Harvard; and was for some years (1853–60) pastor of the Second Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, N. Y. He traveled abroad for several years; and settled as pastor of the Unitarian Society of Germantown, Pa., in 1878. He removed to Cambridge, Mass., in 1883. He compiled many volumes of hymns, and was himself the author of many favorite hymns in use among the Unitarians. His other works were *Thaletta, a Book of the Seaside* (1853); *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* (2 vols., 1886, rearranged in 1891); *Final Memorials of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* (1887); *Essays and Sermons* (1894). A collection of his *Hymns and Verses* was published by his niece, Alice Longfellow, in 1894; and his *Memoirs and Letters,* edited by Joseph May, appeared in 1895.

THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

One holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones, —
Love her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errand swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

— *Hymns of the Spirit.*

LIFE'S MISSION.

Go forth to life, O child of earth!
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth:
Thou art not here for ease, or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God Himself doth help the brave.

LONGINUS, Cassius, a Greek rhetorician; born probably in Syria, about A.D. 213; died at Palmyra in 273. He studied at Athens, and after traveling widely returned to Athens, where he established a school of *belles-lettres*. The reputation which Longinus acquired by his learning was widespread. It was of him that Eunapius first used the expression that has since become proverbial, "a living library"—in modern phrase "a walking encyclopædia." About 268 he was invited by Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, to be tutor of her two sons; and he became, in fact, her minister. The noble reply of Zenobia to the Roman Emperor Aurelian, who demanded that she should surrender unconditionally, on pain of death, was written by Longinus, who upon the capture of the Queen was put to death by Aurelian. According to Zosimus, Zenobia sought to exculpate herself with Aurelian by laying the whole blame on her adviser. The only extant work of Longinus is his treatise *On the Sublime*, the best English translation of which is that of William Smith (1770). The remains of Longinus which have been preserved bear out the historical references to the man. His philosophy is summed up in the Platonic doctrine of the soul as a distinct essence from the body. His style is vivid, yet minute, lively and penetrating, and his observations show taste, learning, and judgment.

THE SUBLIME IN HOMER AND MOSES.

I have hinted in another place that the Sublime is an image reflected from the inward greatness of the soul. Hence it comes to pass that a naked thought, without words, challenges admiration, and strikes by its grandeur.

Such is the silence of Ajax in the *Odyssey,* which is undoubtedly noble and far above expression. To arrive at excellence like this, we must needs suppose that which is the cause of it. I mean that an orator of true genius must have no mean and ungenerous way of thinking. For it is impossible that those who have grovelling and servile ideas, or are engaged in the sordid pursuits of life should produce anything worthy of admiration and the perusal of all posterity. Grand and sublime expressions must flow from them — and them alone — whose conceptions are stored and big with greatness.

And hence it is that the greatest thoughts are always uttered by the greatest souls. When Parmenio cried, "I would accept these propositions if I were Alexander," Alexander made this reply, "And so would I, if I were Parmenio." His answer showed the greatness of his mind. So the space between heaven and earth marks out the vast reach and capacity of Homer's ideas when he says:

Whilst scarce the skies her horrid head can bound, She stalks on earth.

This description may with more justice be applied to Homer's genius than to the extent of Discord. But what disparity, what a fall there is in Hesiod's description of Melancholy, if the poem of *The Shield* may be ascribed to him: "A filthy moisture from her nostrils flowed." He has not represented his image as terrible, but loathsome and nauseous. On the other hand, with what majesty and pomp does Homer exalt his deities:

Far as a shepherd, from some point on high
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye;
Through such a space of air, with thundering sound
At one long leap the immortal coursers bound.

He measures the leap of the horses by the extent of the world; and who is there that, considering the superlative magnificence of this thought, would not with good reason cry out that if the steeds of the Deity were to

take another leap, the world itself would want room for it? How grand and pompous also are those descriptions of the combats of the gods:

> Heaven in loud thunder bids the trumpets sound,
> And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
> Deep in the dismal regions of the dead
> The Infernal Monarch reared his horrid head;
> Leapt from his throne lest Neptune's arm should lay
> His dark dominions open to the day,
> And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
> Abhorred by men, and dreadful e'en to gods.

What prospect is here! The earth is laid open to its centre; Tartarus itself disclosed to view; the whole world in commotion and tottering on its basis; and what is more, Heaven and Hell — things mortal and immortal — all combating together, and, sharing in the danger of this immortal battle. But yet these bold representations — if not allegorically understood — are downright blasphemy, and extravagantly shocking. For Homer, in my opinion, when he gives us a detail of the wounds, the seditions, the punishments, imprisonments, tears of the deities, with those evils of every kind under which they languish, has to the utmost of his power exalted his heroes who fought at Troy into gods, and degraded his gods into men. Nay, he makes their condition worse than human, for when man is overwhelmed in misfortune death affords a comfortable port, and rescues him from misery. But he represents the infelicity of the gods as everlasting as their nature. And how far does he excel those descriptions of the gods when he sets a deity in his true light, and paints him in all his majesty, grandeur, and perfection, as in that description of Neptune which has been already applauded by several writers:

> Fierce, as he passed, the lofty, mountains nod,
> The forests shake, earth trembled as he trod,
> And felt the footsteps of the immortal god.
> His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep.

The enormous monsters rolling on the deep,
Gambol around him on the watery way,
And heavy whales in awkward measure play.
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his coursers fly;
The wondering waters leave the axles dry.

So, likewise the Jewish legislator — not an ordinary person — having conceived a just idea of the power of God, has nobly expressed it in the beginning of his law: "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light; Let the earth be, and the earth was."

THE ILIAD AND THE ODYSSEY.

Homer himself shows us in the *Odyssey* that when a great genius is in its decline, a fondness for the fabulous clings fast to age. In reality the *Odyssey* is no more than the epilogue of the *Iliad*. Having written the *Iliad* in the youth and vigor of his genius, he has furnished it with continued scenes of action and combat; whereas the greatest part of the *Odyssey* is spent in narration — the delight of old age; so that in the *Odyssey* Homer may with justice be resembled to the setting sun, whose grandeur still remains, without the meridian heat of his beams. The style is not so grand as that of the *Iliad*, the sublimity not continued with so much spirit, nor so uniformly noble; the tides of passion flow not along with so much profusion, nor do they hurry away the reader in so rapid a current. There is not the same volubility and great variation of the phrase: nor is the work embellished with so many stirring and expressive images. Yet, like the ocean, whose very shores, when deserted by the tide, mark how wide it sometimes flows, so Homer's genius, when ebbing into all those fabulous and incredible ramblings of Ulysses, shows plainly how sublime it had been.

LONGUS, a Greek sophist and romancer of the fourth or fifth century, supposed by some to have lived in the time of Theodosius the Great. It is probable that he was of a later period than Heliodorus of Emesa, whose work he has somewhat imitated. We have no detailed account of his life; the ancient writers do not mention him frequently, and we are not even sure that Longus was his real name. German, French, and English translations have been plentiful of his prose romance *Poimenica.* It is the love-story of Daphnis and Chloe, which has been much reproduced in painting, and sculpture, and literature. To it we owe the touching story of *Paul and Virginia,* which has been closely imitated by Jorge Isaacs, a Spanish writer of South America, in his *Maria.* Tasso's *Aminta,* Montemayor's *Diana,* D'Urfé's *Sireine,* Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd* — all trace their being to its source. The editions of this remarkable book have been many: the first to appear was that of Florence, 1598. The finest and best known is that of Amsterdam, that of Didot in Paris, of Leipsic, and of Rome. This last, discovered by Courier in the Laurentian Library at Florence, was found to contain quite a long passage which is omitted in all the other manuscripts. This he added to Amyot's translation, which he was publishing. This complete edition consisted of but fifty-two copies.

THE TWO FOUNDLINGS.

As the goatherd Lamon fed his herd in the fields, he found an infant whom a she-goat was suckling. There was here a dense thicket of brakes and brambles, covered with intermingling branches of ivy; whilst under-

neath, the soil was carpeted with soft fine grass, upon which the babe was lying. To this spot the she-goat often betook herself, abandoning her own kid and remaining with the child, so that it was not known what had become of her. Lamon, who was grieved to see the kid neglected, watched the dam's movements; and one day he followed her, and saw her softly enter the thicket, stepping carefully over the child so that she might not injure it, while the babe took hold of her udder as if it had been its mother's breast. Greatly surprised, and advancing close to the spot, Lamon discovered that the infant was a male child with well-proportioned limbs and handsome countenance, and wearing richer attire than seemed suited to such an outcast; for its little mantle was of fine purple and fastened by a golden clasp, while near it lay a small knife with a handle of ivory. At first Lamon resolved to leave the child to its fate, and to carry away the tokens which had been left with it. But he was ashamed to be less humane than a goat, so, as night came on, he took the little one and the tokens, and, followed by the she-goat, went home to Myrtale, his wife. She was astonished at the sight, and asked if goats brought forth babes instead of kids. But when he had told her all, she said it would have been wrong to leave the child to perish; so they agreed to adopt it. They let the goat nurse it, and gave out that it was their own; and that its name might accord with their rustic condition, they called the child Daphnis.

Two years later a neighboring shepherd, named Dryas, met with a similar adventure. There was in that country a grotto of the Nymphs, hollowed out of a huge rock; and inside were stone statues of the Nymphs, with bare arms, naked feet, their hair loose upon their shoulders, waists girded, faces smiling, and in the attitude of dancers. In the grotto a spring was gurgling from the rock, its waters, spread into a copious stream, refreshing the soft and abundant herbage of a delightful meadow that stretched before the entrance, where milk-pails, flutes, flageolets, and pipes were hanging — the votive offerings of many an old shepherd. An ewe of the flock of this Dryas, have lately lambed, went often to the

grotto, raising apprehensions that she was lost. The shepherd, to prevent her straying in future, twisted some green osiers into a noose, and went to take her into the grotto. But upon his arrival there, he found his ewe presenting, with a mother's tenderness, her udder to an infant, which, without uttering the least cry, eagerly turned its clean, glossy face from one teat to the other, the ewe licking it when it had enough. This child was a girl; and, besides the clothes it had on, it had, by way of token to insure recognition, a head-dress wrought with gold, gilt sandals, and golden anklets. Dryas imagined that this foundling was a gift from the gods; and, inclined to love and pity by the example of his ewe, he raised the infant in his arms, placed the tokens in his bag, and invoked the blessings of the Nymphs upon the charge which he had received from them. He related all the circumstances of his discovery to Nape, his wife, exhibiting the foundling, and entreating her to observe secrecy and to regard and rear the child as her own daughter. Nape soon felt a strong affection for the infant, being stimulated thereto, perhaps, by a desire to excel the ewe in tenderness. She declared herself the mother; and in order to obtain credit for her story, she gave the child the pastoral name of Chloe. Daphnis and Chloe grew rapidly, and their comeliness far exceeded the common appearance of rustics.—*From Daphnis and Chloe.*

LOOMIS, Charles Battell, an American humorist; born at Brooklyn, N. Y., September 16, 1861. He was educated at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and followed a mercantile career until 1891. He then began contributing to the magazines and periodicals. His books include *Just Rhymes* (1899); *The Four-masted Cat-boat* (1899); *Yankee Enchantments* (1900); *A Partnership in Magic*

(1902); *Cheerful Americans* (1903); *More Cheerful Americans* (1904); *Minerva's Maneuvers* (1905); and *I've Been Thinking* (1905). The humor of Mr. Loomis is quaint and droll, is never forced, and is written in an entertaining style which is particularly his own. He is a popular attraction of the lecture platform and in 1905–6 made a tour of the United States, giving readings from his own works.

FOR DIVERS REASONS

I sailed from England last summer on the Mid-Ocean Line. I shall call the steamer the *Bathtubbe*. The fare to New York was sixty dollars for an inside berth in an inside room and that was the kind of room that I selected.

The passengers were sociable, amiable and interesting, and I formed many agreeable "ocean friendships." But all seemed lacking in one quality.

For instance, I approached a sporty-looking man with a red necktie and a diamond in his shirt-bosom. He was leaning over the rail, gazing at the last bit of green that we should see for eleven days.

I began a conversation with that confidence that he would reply pleasantly which strangers on a steamer always have — nor is that confidence ever abused.

"Easy motion, isn't it? You come over on this line?"

"No. I came over on the *Fürst Bismarck*, but I had a touch of the gout in Paris and the doctor recommended a slow ocean voyage, and so I chose this line. It's the slowest ever."

I was too polite to wink at him and he immediately turned the conversation into other channels.

Later in the day I met a lady from Boston. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that I was introduced to this lady; also to every Bostonian on board.

"Easy motion, isn't it?" said I, as I drew my chair into the shadow of one of the boats.

"Yes," said the Boston lady; "the motion is easy, as you say, but I prefer a faster boat myself. We were coming home on the *St. Louis*, but Mr. Adams was

cabled to come home at once and this was the only line that we could secure passage on at such short notice."

"You were very lucky," said I, mentally figuring that if they had taken the *St. Louis* they would have reached home two days sooner than the *Bathtubbe* would dock it.

"Well, I don't know as we can call it lucky; the table is so inferior — at least to Back Bay cooking."

I think it was on the same day that I fell into conversation with a well-put-up young man of New York. I fell into it in my usual way by saying:

"Nice, easy motion, isn't it?" We were standing in the bow watching a school of porpoises out for their noon recess.

"You may call it easy but I call it blamed hard. Ten days more of it. I don't see why I was foolish enough to give up my passage on the *Oceanic,* but a chap in London told me that if I wanted an absolutely novel experience I'd better take one of these tubs."

"Yes," said I, "and they have the advantage of being cheap. Table not so bad, either."

"Well, the cheapness didn't appeal to me. In fact, I tried to get a whole stateroom for $240 so that I'd have plenty of room to myself, don't you know, but the confounded boat was so crowded that I could only get an inside berth, lower one at that. If I hadn't foolishly cabled my return home to the governor, I'd have waited and taken a Cunarder."

I met a Southern woman that same day in the ladies' saloon. We were both writing letters and neither one of us could think of a thing to say, so I looked up and smiled and uttered my formula:

"Easy motion, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes; I wish it would roll a little. It is so monotonous. They say the sister steamer, the *Washtubbe,* is much more of a roller."

"Fine line, though, isn't it?"

"Do you think so? I've always been accustomed to take the White Star Line, but my husband's brother's cousin, whom we met at Bingen, told us if we wanted to be perfectly comfortable we'd better take a Mid-Ocean Liner."

"Cheaper, too," said I, wickedly.

She colored and went on. "I really don't know about that part of it. My husband always attends to the buying of tickets."

I had heard that there was a stowaway, who had been discovered the third day out. I went to him. He was peeling potatoes in a dismal room off the kitchen.

"Hello, my boy," said I; "that's right. I see you're helpful. I used to do that for my mother when I was a boy. Easy motion, isn't it? Did you expect to come by this line?"

He was flattered at not being taken for one of the crew.

"No, I wanted to take the *Bremen,* but she was burned at Hoboken, so I came on this. It's kinder fun to peel potatoes. The skins slip off so easy."

With a sad heart I left this insincere young man peeling potatoes and went up on the upper deck. There I saw a dignified and a handsome old gentleman, the best-dressed man on board, reading Aristophanes in the original. He had spoken to no one and people thought him offish. I wondered what tale he would give me, and I stopped alongside of him, and when he looked up I said:

"Easy motion, isn't it?"

"Yes, luckily for me it is. I'm a poor sailor. But easy or not easy I had to come by this line, as I practically went broke in London, and just had enough to buy a passage by this cheap line. I'll have to touch the friends who come to meet me for the money to tip the stewards. I don't rave over the table, and I know lots of ways in which the service could be improved, but I'm practically broke and that's why I'm here, so I don't complain." Here he cast a comprehensive glance at such of the passengers as were in sight. "Yes, I'm broke, and I fancy we're all in the same boat."

"Shake," said I.—*More Cheerful Americans.* (Copyright, 1904, by Henry Holt & Company.)

LOSSING, Benson John, an American historian and engraver; born at Beekman, Dutchess County, N. Y., February 12, 1813; died at Dover Plains, N. Y., June 3, 1891. In 1838 he went to New York to study drawing, and soon afterward was employed to edit and illustrate the *Family Magazine,* the earliest American illustrated periodical. He established a wood-engraving establishment, in which he himself acted mainly as designer and draughtsman, and was also occupied in literary labor. His first book was an *Outline History of the Fine Arts* (1840). This was followed in 1847 by *Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Six,* a history of the American Revolution. In 1848 he commenced the preparation of the *Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution,* which was issued in numbers, and finally completed in 1852. In 1860 he began the preparation of the *Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812,* which was completed in 1868. For the purpose of adequately illustrating these two *Field Books* he traveled fully 20,000 miles, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, visiting nearly every place made memorable by these two wars. They contain fully 2,000 illustrations, mainly from his own sketches made on the spot. Of the illustrations to the *Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution* he says:

"Neither labor nor care has been spared in the collection of materials, and in endeavoring to produce a work as free from grave errors as possible. . . . In the pictorial department special care has been observed to make faithful delineations of fact. If a relic of the Revolution was not susceptible of picturesque effect in a drawing, without a departure from truth, it has been left in its plainness; for my chief object was to illus-

trate the subject, not merely to embellish the book. I have endeavored to present the features of things as I found them — whether homely or charming — and have sought to delineate all that fell in my way worthy of presentation."

Lossing's principal works, illustrated by himself, are the *Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution; The Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812; Biographical Sketches of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence; Pictorial History of the United States; The Life and Times of Philip Schuyler; The Hudson from the Wilderness to the Sea; Pictorial Field Book of the Civil War in America; Cyclopædia of American History; Mary and Martha Washington; Mount Vernon, the Home of Washington; Eminent Americans; History of the City of New York.* In addition to these he wrote *The Two Spies: Nathan Hale and John André* (1886); *The Empire State,* a history of New York State (1887), and also published illustrated and annotated editions of Trumbull's *McFingal* and Custis's *Recollections of Washington.*

THE OLD SOLDIER AT TICONDEROGA.

We were [July, 1848] about to send for a guide, when a venerable, white-haired man, supported by a rude staff, came out from the ruins of the northern line of barracks, and offered his services. His name was Isaac Rice. He performed garrison duty at Ticonderoga under St. Clair; was in the field at Saratoga in 1777, and served a regular term in the army. But in consequence of some lack of documents, or some technical error, he lost his legal title to a pension, and now, at eighty-five years of age, that feeble old soldier was obtaining a precarious support for himself from the freewill offerings of visitors to the ruins of the fortress where he was garrisoned when it stood in the pride of its strength, before

Burgoyne scaled the heights of Mount Defiance. He is now alone, his family and kindred having all gone down into the grave. His elder brother, and the last of his race, who died in 1838, was one of the little band who, under Ethan Allen, surprised and captured Fort Ticonderoga in the Spring of 1775.—*Field Book of the Revolution, Vol. I., Chap. 6.*

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT IN 1848.

I climbed to the summit of the great obelisk that stands upon the site of the redoubt upon Breed's Hill. As I ascended the steps which lead from the street to the smooth gravel-walks upon the eminence whereon the "Bunker Hill Monument" stands, I experienced a feeling of disappointment and regret not easily to be expressed. Before me was the memento — huge and grand — all that patriotic reverence could wish. But the ditch scooped out by Prescott's toilers on that starry night of June, and the mounds that were upheaved to protect them from shots of the astonished Britons, were effaced, and no more vestiges remain of the handiwork of those in whose honor, and to whose memory this obelisk was raised, than of the Roman conquests in the shadow of Trajan's column; of the naval battles of Nelson around his monument in Trafalgar Square; or of French victories in the Place Vendôme.

The fosse and the breastworks were all quite prominent when the foundation-stone of the monument was laid in 1825; and a little care, directed by good taste, might have preserved them in their interesting state of half-ruin until the passage of the present century; or at least until the sublime centenary of the battle should be celebrated. Could the visitor look upon the work of the patriots themselves, associations a hundred-fold more interesting would crowd the mind — for wonderfully suggestive of thought are the slightest relics of the past, when linked with noble deeds.— *Field Book of the Revolution, Vol. I., Chap. 24.*

THE OLD ROUND TOWER AT NEWPORT.

The greatest object of attraction to the visitor at Newport is the old Tower — or Windmill, as it is sometimes called. It stands within a vacant lot owned by Governor Gibbs, directly in front of his fine old mansion, which was erected in 1720, and was then one of the finest buildings in the colony. On the subject of its erection history and tradition are silent, and the object of its construction is conjectural.

It is a huge cylinder, composed of unhewn stone — common granite, slate, sandstone, and pudding-stone — cemented with coarse mortar, made of the soil upon which the structure stands, and shell lime. It rests upon eight round columns, a little more than three feet in diameter, and ten feet high from the ground to the spring of the arches. The wall is three feet thick, and the whole edifice, at the present time, is twenty-four feet high; the external diameter is twenty-three feet. Governor Gibbs informed me that, on excavating at the base of one of the pillars, he found the soil about four feet deep, lying upon a stratum of hard rock; and that the foundation of the column, which rested upon this rock, was composed of rough-hewn spheres of stone, the lower ones about four feet in circumference. On the interior, a little above the arches, are small square niches, in depth about half the thickness of the wall, designed apparently to receive floor timbers.

In several places, within, as well as upon the inner surface of some of the columns, are patches of stucco which, like the mortar, is made of coarse sand and shell lime, and is as hard as the stones it covers. Governor Gibbs remembers the appearance of the Tower more than forty years ago, when it was partly covered with the same hard stucco upon its exterior surface. Doubtless it was originally covered within and without with plaster; and the now rough columns, with mere indications of capitals and bases of the Doric form, were handsomely wrought — the whole structure exhibiting taste and beauty.

During the possession of Rhode Island by the British, in the Revolution, the Tower was more perfect than now, having a roof, and the walls were three or four feet higher than at present. The British used it for an ammunition magazine; and when they evacuated the Island they attempted to demolish the old "mill" by igniting a bag of powder within it. But the strong walls resisted the Vandals; and the only damage the edifice sustained was the loss of its roof and two or three feet of its upper story.— Such is the Old Tower at Newport at the present time [1848]. Its early history is yet unwritten, and may forever remain so.— *Field Book of the Revolution, Vol. II., Chap. 3.*

MOUNT VERNON IN 1848.

Silence pervaded the life-dwelling of Washington; and the echoes of every footfall as I moved at the beck of the servant from room to room seemed almost like the voices of intruders. I entered the library — which, with the breakfast-room, is in the south wing of the building — and in the deep shadows of that quiet apartment I sat down in the very chair often occupied by the patriot, and gazed and mused with feelings not to be uttered.

Upon brackets were marble busts of Washington and Lafayette, and a smaller one of Necker, the French Minister of Finance when the Revolution broke out in France. The bust of Washington is over the door of entrance into the library. It was executed by Houdon from life — he having obtained a mask in plaster — and is doubtless the best likeness extant. Upon the walls hung portraits of Lawrence Washington, brother of the General, and of several female members of the family. In the great hall or passage, in a glass case of prismatic form, hung the key of the Bastile; and near it was an engraved view of the demolition of that renowned prison.

The large north room, wherein Washington received his political friends, is, with the furniture, kept in the same condition as when he left it. Upon the walls were pictures of hunting and battle scenes. Among them were prints of the Death of Montgomery and of the Bat-

tle of Bunker Hill; but not one of any engagement in which Washington himself participated. There hung a small portrait of the chief, upon the back of which an unknown hand wrote an admirable monumental eulogy. There too was a large painting — a family group — representing the mother and children of the present proprietor — Augustine Washington, a grand-nephew of the patriot chief.

One room is closed to the public; and I honor the holy motives which prompt the veiling of that apartment from the eye of prying curiosity. It is the chamber whence the spirit of the illustrious Washington departed for its home in "the bosom of his Father and his God."—*Field Book of the Revolution, Vol II., Chap. 16.*

THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "GUERRIÈRE."

It was about six in the evening. The indications on the part of the enemy to engage in a fair yard-arm and yard-arm fight caused the *Constitution* to press all sail to get alongside of the foe. At a little after six the bows of the American began to double the quarter of the Englishman. Hull had been walking the quarter-deck, keenly watching every movement. As the shot of the *Guerrière* began to tell upon the *Constitution,* Lieutenant Morris, Hull's second in command, came to the captain and asked permission to open fire. "Not yet," quietly responded Hull. Nearer and nearer the vessels drew toward one another, and the request was repeated. "Not yet," said Hull, again very quietly. When the *Constitution* reached the point just mentioned, Hull, filled with sudden and intense excitement, bent himself twice to the deck, and then shouted, "Now, boys, pour it into them!" The command was instantly obeyed. The *Constitution* opened her forward guns, which were double-shotted with round and grape, with terrible effect.

The concussion of Hull's broadside was tremendous. It cast those in the cockpit of the enemy from one side of the room to another; and before they could adjust themselves the blood came streaming from above, and numbers, dreadfully mutilated, were handed down to the

surgeons. The enemy at the same time was pouring heavy metal into the *Constitution.* They were only half a pistol-shot from each other, and the destruction was terrible.

Within fifteen minutes after the contest commenced, the enemy's mizzen-mast was shot away, her main-yard was in slings, and her hull, spars, sails, and rigging were torn in pieces. The English vessel brought up in the wind as her mizzen-mast gave way, when the *Constitution* passed slowly ahead, poured in a tremendous fire as her guns bore, luffed short round the bows of her antagonist to prevent being raked, and fell foul of her foe, her bowsprit running into the larboard quarter of the other. In this situation the cabin of the *Constitution* was set on fire by the explosion of the forward guns of the enemy; but the flames were soon extinguished.

Both parties now attempted to board. The roaring of the great guns was terrible, and the fierce volleys of musketry on both sides, together with the heavy sea that was running, made that movement impossible. The English piped all hands from below, and mounted them on the forward deck for the purpose; and Lieutenant Morris, Alwyn the Master, and Lieutenant Bush of the marines, sprang upon the taffrail of the *Constitution,* to lead their men to the same work. Morris was severely but not fatally shot through the body; Alwyn was wounded in the shoulder; and a bullet through his brain brought Bush dead to the deck.

Just then the sails of the *Constitution* were filled; and as she shot ahead and clear of her antagonist, whose foremast had been severely wounded, that spar fell, leaving the hapless vessel a shivering, shorn and helpless wreck, rolling like a log in the trough of the sea entirely at the mercy of the billows. The *Constitution* hauled off a short distance, secured her own masts, rove new rigging, and at sunset wore round and took up a favorable position for raking the wreck.

A jack had been kept flying on the stump of the enemy's mizzen-mast was now lowered, and Lieutenant George C. Read was sent to board the prize. He asked for the Commander of the vessel and Captain Dacres

appeared. "Commodore Hull's compliments," said Read; "and he wishes to know if this vessel has struck her flag." Captain Dacres looked up and down, and coolly and dryly remarked, "Well, I don't know. Our mizzen-mast is gone; our main-mast is gone; and, upon the whole you may say we *have* struck our flag." Read then said, "Commodore Hull's compliments, and he wishes to know whether you need the assistance of a surgeon or surgeon's mate?" Dacres replied, "Well, I should suppose you have on board your own ship business enough for all your medical men." Read replied, "Oh, no; we have only seven wounded and they were dressed half an hour ago."

The *Constitution* kept near her prize all night. At dawn the officer in charge of the *Guerrière* hailed to say that she had four feet of water in her hold, and was in danger of sinking. Hull immediately sent three of his boats to bring off the prisoners and their effects. That duty was accomplished by noon; and at 3 o'clock the prize-crew was recalled. The *Guerrière* was too much damaged to be saved; so she was set on fire, and in fifteen minutes she blew up.—*Field Book of the War of 1812, Chap. XXI.*

LOVELACE, Sir Richard, an English poet; born at Woolwich, Kent, in 1618; died at London in 1658. He was educated at Oxford, afterwards entering the British army and being promoted Captain. He then entered the French service and in 1648 upon returning to England was imprisoned until the King's death. He died in extreme poverty. He wrote *The Scholar,* a comedy; and *The Soldier,* a tragedy. His poems were published in 1659 under the title *Lucasta.* Among his best known lyrics are

To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars, and *To Althea, from Prison.*

TO ALTHEA.

When Love with unconfinèd wings
  Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
  To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
  And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
  Know no such liberty.

Lovelace writes, first of all, with an eye on his reputation for wit, and in that sense he is an utterly "literary" poet. If a thought can be expressed obscurely it will never do to put it simply; a sentence must be tortured by compression and inversion. Take for example a couple of stanzas from one of his best poems, *The Grasshopper:*

But at the sickle! golden ears are cropped;
  Ceres and Bacchus bid good-night;
Sharp frosty fingers all your flowers have topped,
And what scythes spared, winds shave off quite.
Poor verdant fool! and now green ice, thy joys,
  Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass,
Bid us lay in 'gainst Winter, rain, and poise,
  Their floods with an o'erflowing glass.

The second of these verses so puzzled one of Lovelace's editors (who, no doubt, had to grapple with the chaotic punctuation of 1659, here modernized), that, in printing the poems, he omitted it. The idea in both is perfectly simple and familiar (now thou art turned to green ice, thy joys, which are as large and lasting as thy perch of grass — i. e., very small and short-lived

— bid us lay in against Winter and rain, etc.), but words must be omitted, constructions broken and simple ideas supplemented with extravagances, in order partly to save the poet trouble, but mainly to give his work an air of cleverness. Above all, there must be a classical allusion. That insecurity of taste is what makes Lovelace a far more disappointing poet than Suckling, when by virtue of his wider range and his greater dignity he should be the more certain to please. His two famous lyrics are finer achievements than anything that Suckling wrote; but the difference lies rather in what Lovelace was capable of attempting and doing all but perfectly.

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that when I am gone,
You or I were alone;
Then my Lucasta might I crave
Pity from blusteing winde, or swallowing wave.
But I'le not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my saile,
Or pay a teare to swage
The foaming blew-gods rage;
For whether he will let me passe
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.
Though seas and land betwixt us both,
Our Faith and Troth,
Like separated soules,
All time and space controules:
Above the highest sphere wee meet
Unseene, unknowne, and greet as angels greet.
So then we doe anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' th' skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speake like spirits unconfin'd
In Heav'n, their earthly bodies left behind.

The rich and stately music of the third stanza, the exaltation of the whole poem, are quite beyond Suckling, though Suckling would never have allowed the second verse to pass muster. The opening lines of the poem to Lely on his portrait of Charles I. at Hampton Court, when the subject is suited to Lovelace's antithetical, paradoxical style, show a richer mind and a greater dignity than were given to Suckling. He has finer flashes; to his *Like to the Sent'nel Stars, I watch all Night,* Campbell owed a famous line; and, occasionally, as in the beautiful *Orpheus to Beasts:*

> Here, here, oh here, Euridice,
> Here was she slaine;
> Her soule 'still'd through a veine;

and in *Orpheus to Woods,* which is marred by one of his far-fetched allusions, he composes a mournful music that Suckling only equaled once, if ever, and that in the song from *The False One,* which he borrowed from Ben Jonson. Set the two to turning a courtly compliment, and Lovelace is clumsy by comparison. He feels less, and therefore says more; it is an opportunity for his "wit," and he is rarely content with anything at once so gallant and comparatively so moderate as "Gratiana dancing and singing"—

> She beat the happy Pavement
> By such a Starre made Firmament,
> Which, now no more the Roofe envies;
> But swells up high with Atlas ev'n
> Bearing the brighter, nobler Heav'n,
> And in her, all the Deities.
>
> Each step trod out a Lover's thought
> And the Ambitious hopes he brought,
> Chain'd to her brave feet with such arts;

Such sweet command, and gentle awe,
As when she ceas'd, we sighing saw
The floore lay pav'd with broken hearts.

LOVEMAN, ROBERT, an American poet; born at Cleveland, Ohio, April 11, 1864. He was graduated from the University of Alabama. He has been a frequent contributor to magazines and his verse is marked by simplicity and earnestness. He has published *Poems* in 1889, 1893 and 1897; and *A Book of Verse* (1900).

HEINE.

A mattress grave, poor stricken Jew,
For years his broken body knew,
His pale brow wet with deadly dew,—
A mattress grave.

Below his prison place of pain,
Thronged all the gay Parisian train,
And helpless in his attic room,
Of anguish, agony, and gloom,

This wounded soul of song and wit,
Pressed wearily through days of doom,—
O pity, grief, and woe of it,
A mattress grave!

THE ANGELUS.

This scene I see, this thought I feel,
Ah, distant days are glowing there,
When Millet's mother bade him kneel
And lisp in love his evening prayer.

THE POET.

Most mighty of magicians he
Who, with some subtle sorcery,
Can kiss a cold, forbidding truth
To beauty and immortal youth.

A DIAMOND.

Look how it sparkles, see it greet
With laughing light the ambient air;
One little drop of sunshine sweet
Held in eternal bondage there.

NIGHT.

The Empress Night hath jewels rare
Of diamond stars within her hair,
And on her beauteous bosom soon
She'll wear the silver crescent moon.

LOVER, SAMUEL, an Irish poet and novelist; born at Dublin, February 24, 1797; died at St. Heliers, July 6, 1868. He was intended for business, but became a painter and exhibited great facility in writing songs and sketches of Irish character. He published *Legends and Stories of Ireland*, two series (1830–34); *Rory O'More, a National Romance* (1837); *Songs and Ballads* (1839); *Handy Andy, an Irish Tale* (1842); *Treasure Trove* (1844); *Metrical Tales and Other Poems* (1859), besides a number of plays and operas. His *Life and Unpublished Works*, edited by B. Bernard, appeared in 1874. He was very popular in London society, and often appeared at Lady Blessington's evening re-

SAMUEL LOVER.

ceptions. He was remarkable for his versatility, but his fame rests mainly upon his Irish songs and novels, which are full of sunny humor and teem with felicitous pictures of peasant life and superstitions.

ANDY AT THE POST-OFFICE.

"Ride into the town and see if there's a letter for me," said the Squire one day to our hero.

Andy presented himself at the counter and said, "I want a letther, sir, if you plaze."

"And who do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster.

"What's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction.

"The direction I got was to get a letther here; that's the directions."

"Who gave you those directions?"

"The masther."

"And who's your master?"

"What consarn is that o' yours?"

"Why, you stupid rascal, if you don't tell me his name how can I give you a letter?"

"You could give it if you liked; but you're fond of axin' impident questions, bekase you think I'm simple."

"Go along out o' this! Your master must be as great a goose as yourself, to send such a messenger."

"Bad luck to your impidence," said Andy; "is it Squire Egan you dare to say goose to?"

"Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"

"Yis; have you anything to say agin it?"

"Only that I never saw you before."

"Faith, then, you'll never see me agin if I have my own consint."

"I won't give you any letter for the Squire, unless I know you're his servant. Is there anyone in the town knows you?"

"Plenty," said Andy. "It's not everyone is as ignorant as you."

Just at this moment a person to whom Andy was known entered the house, who vouched to the postmaster that he might give Andy the Squire's letters.

"Have you one for me?"

"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one—"fourpence."

The gentleman paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

"Here is a letter for the Squire," said the postmaster. "You've to pay me elevenpence postage."

"What 'ud I pay you elevenpence for?"

"For postage."

"To the devil wid you! Didn't I see you give Mr. Durfy a letter for fourpence this minit, and a bigger letther than this. Do you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of a thing? Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No, but I'm sure of it," said the postmaster.

"Well, you're welcome, to be sure, sir; but don't be delayin' me now; here's fourpence for you, and gi' me the letther."

"Go along, you stupid thief!" said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mouse-trap.

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying, "Will you gi' me the letther?"

He waited for above half an hour, in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get common justice for his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence.

The Squire in the meanwhile was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.

"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."

"I haven't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"He wouldn't give it to me, sir."

"Who wouldn't give it to you?"

"That owld chate beyant in the town — wanting to charge double for it."

"Maybe it's a double letter. Why the devil didn't you pay what he asked, sir?"

"Arrah, sir, why should I let you be chated? It's not a double letther at all; not above half the size o' the one Mr. Durfy got before my face for fourpence."

"You'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, you omadhaun; and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter."

"Why, sir, I tell you he was selling them before my face for fourpence apiece."

"Go back, you scoundrel, or I'll horsewhip you; and if you're longer than an hour, I'll have you ducked in the horsepond."

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each from a large parcel that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I've come for that letther," said Andy.

"I'll attend to you by and by."

"The masther's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry's over."

"He'll murther me if I'm not back soon."

"I'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for despatch, Andy's eyes caught the heap of letters which lay on the counter; so while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap, and having effected that, waited patiently enough till it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and, in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattled along the road homeward as fast as the beast could carry him. He came into the Squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner,

quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grabbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket; and holding three letters over his head, while he said, "Look at that!" he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the Squire, saying:

"Well, if he did make me pay elevenpence, by gor, I brought your honor the worth o' your money anyhow!" —*Handy Andy.*

RORY O'MORE.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn,—
He was bold as a hawk, she as soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now Rory, be aisy!" sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye —
"With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about;
Faith! you've tazed till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Och, jewel," said Rory, "that same is the way
Ye've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I gave half a promise to soothering Mike:
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound —
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;
Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!"
"Oh," says Rory, "the same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by conthraries, my dear.
So, jewel, kape dhraming that same till ye die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.
"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've tazed me enough;
Sure I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Tim Duff;

And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a
baste —
So I think, after that, I may talk to the praste."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;
And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips — don't you think he was
right?
"Now Rory, leave off, sir — you'll hug me no more;
That's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure!
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

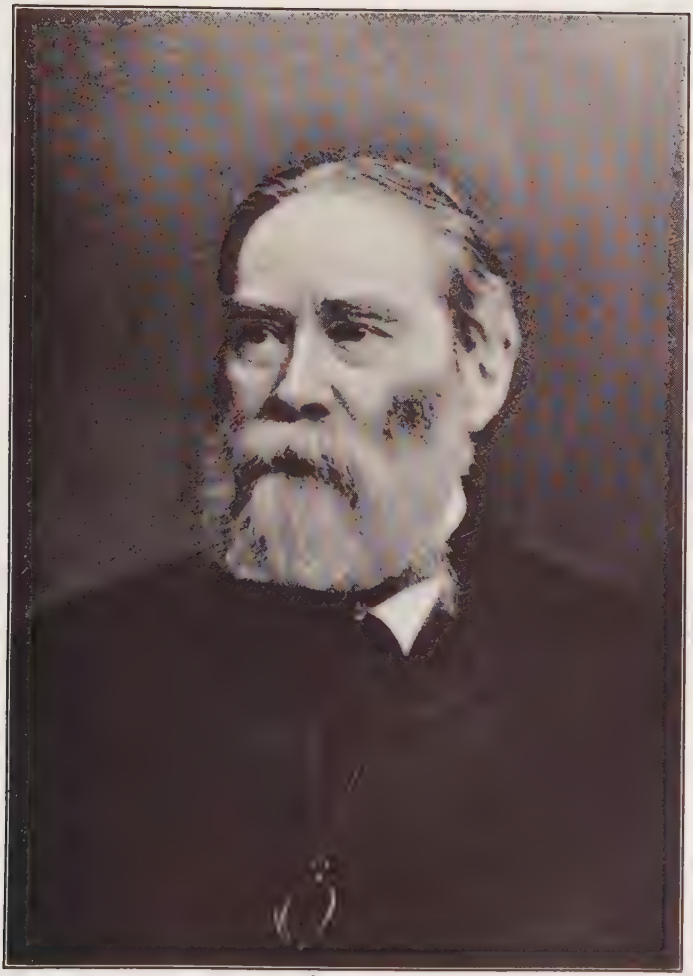
A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling;
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, O come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:
"Oh, blessed be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
O pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father;
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning.
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with
thee."

LOWELL, James Russell, an American poet, essayist and diplomat; born at Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819; died there, August 12, 1891. He was graduated from Harvard in 1838, delivering the Class poem, and at the Law School in 1840, but soon abandoned law for literature, publishing *A Year's Life* (1841), and beginning a short-lived monthly, *The Pioneer* (1843). He published a volume of *Poems* in 1844; *The Vision of Sir Launfal* in 1845; *Conversations on Some of the Old Poets* in 1845, and more *Poems* in 1848. His reputation as a humorist and satirist was established by *The Biglow Papers* and *A Fable for Critics* (1848); the former, directed against the slave system and the Mexican War, attracted great attention abroad. Mr. Lowell traveled in Europe in 1851–52, lectured before the Lowell Institute at Boston, 1854–56, on the British Poets; and in 1855 succeeded Longfellow as Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres at Harvard. He edited the *Atlantic Monthly* from its start to 1862, and the *North American Review* from 1863 to 1872, contributing largely to both. The Civil War called out much of his finest verse, including the magnificent *Commemoration Ode,* recited at Harvard, July 21, 1865, and the second series of *The Biglow Papers,* collected in 1867. Editions of his poems had appeared in 1854 and 1858; to these were added *Under the Willows,* etc. (1869); *The Cathedral* (1869), and *Heartsease and Rue* (1888). His principal prose works are *Fireside Travels* (1864); *Among My Books* (1870–76); *My Study Windows* (1870); *Democracy and Other Addresses* (1887); *American Ideas for English*



A. Lowell.

Readers and *Latest Literary Essays* published (1893), and *Letters* (1894), edited by C. E. Norton. While abroad in 1872–74 he was honored with degrees by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. He was sent as United States Minister to Spain in 1877, and transferred to England in 1880, where he remained till 1885. He was elected Lord Rector of St. Andrews University, Glasgow, in 1884.

AN OLD HARVARD PRESIDENT.

His *ana* would make a delightful collection. One or two of his official ones will be in place here. Hearing that Porter's flip (which was exemplary) had too great an attraction for the collegians, he resolved to investigate the matter himself. Accordingly, entering the old inn one day, he called for a mug of it, and having drunk it, said, "And so, Mr. Porter, the young gentlemen come to drink your flip, do they?" "Yes, sir — sometimes." "Ah, well, I should think they would. Good day, Mr. Porter," and departed, saying nothing more; for he always wisely allowed for the existence of a certain amount of human nature in ingenuous youth. At another time the "Harvard Washingtons" asked leave to go into Boston to a collation which had been offered them. "Certainly, young gentlemen," said the President, "but have you engaged anyone to bring home your muskets?"—the College being responsible for these weapons, which belonged to the State. Again, when a student came with a physician's certificate, and asked leave of absence, K —— granted it at once, and then added, "By the way, Mr. ——, persons interested in the relation which exists between states of the atmosphere and health have noticed a curious fact in regard to the climate of Cambridge, especially within the College limits — the very small number of deaths in proportion to the cases of dangerous illness."

Shall I take Brahmin Alcott's favorite word, and call him a dæmonic man? No, the Latin *genius* is quite old-fashioned enough for me, means the same thing, and its

derivative *geniality* expresses, moreover, the base of K———'s being. How he suggested cloistered repose, and quadrangles mossy with centurial associations! How easy he was, and how without creak was every movement of his mind! This life was good enough for him, and the next not too good.

The gentlemanlike pervaded even his prayers. His were not the manners of a man of the world, nor of a man of the other world, either; but both met in him, to balance each other in a beautiful equilibrium. Praying, he leaned forward upon the pulpit-cushion, as for conversation, and seemed to feel himself (without irreverence) on terms of friendly, but courteous, familiarity with Heaven. The expression of his face was that of tranquil contentment, and he appeared less to be supplicating expected mercies than thankful for those already found — as if he were saying the *gratias* in the refectory of the Abbey of Theleme. . . .

Under him the College fire-engine was vigilant and active in suppressing any tendency to spontaneous combustion among the Freshmen, or rushed wildly to imaginary conflagrations, generally in a direction where punch was to be had. All these useful conductors for the natural electricity of youth — dispersing it or turning it harmlessly into the earth, are taken always now — wisely or not, is questionable.—*Fireside Travels.*

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.*

The snow had begun in the gloaming
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an Earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,

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The stiff rails were softened to swansdown,
  And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
  The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
  Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
  Where a little head-stone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
  As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our little Mabel,
  Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
  Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
  And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
  When the mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
  That fell from the cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
  The scar of that deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
  "The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the Merciful Father
  Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
  And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister
  Folded close under deepening snow.

LONGING.

Of all the myriad moods of mind
  That through the soul come thronging
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
  So beautiful as Longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
  For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present, poor and bare,
  Can make its sneering comment.

Still through our paltry stir and strife,
  Glows down the wished Ideal,
And longing moulds in clay what life
  Carves in the marble real.
To let the new life in, we know
  Desire must ope the portal;—
Perhaps the longing to be so
  Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
  With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still,
  Content with merely living.
But would we learn that heart's full scope
  Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
  And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise
  Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread His ways.
  But when the spirit beckons —
That some slight good is also wrought
  Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought
  Howe'er we fail in action.

AMBROSE.*

Never, surely, was holier man
Than Ambrose, since the world began;
With diet spare and raiment thin
He shielded himself from the Father of Sin
With bed of iron and scourgings oft
His heart to God's hand as wax made soft.

Through earnest prayer and watchings long
He sought to know 'twixt right and wrong,
Much wrestling with the blessed Word
To make it yield the sense of the Lord,
That he might build a storm-proof creed
To fold the flock in at their need.

At last he builded a perfect faith,
Fenced round about with "The Lord thus saith:"
To himself he fitted the door-way's size,
Meted the light to the need of his eyes,
And knew, by a sure and inward sign,
That the work of his fingers was divine.

Then Ambrose said, "All those shall die
The eternal death who believe not as I."
And some were boiled, some burned in fire,
Some sawn in twain; that his heart's desire,
For the good of men's souls might be satisfied,
By the drawing of all to the righteous side.

One day as Ambrose was seeking the truth
In his lonely walk, he saw a youth
Resting himself in the shade of a tree.
It had never been given him to see
So shining a face, and the good man thought
'Twere pity he should not believe as he ought.

So he set himself by the young man's side,
And the state of his soul with questions tried;

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But the heart of the stranger was hardened, indeed,
Nor received the stamp of the one true creed.
And the spirit of Ambrose waxed sore to find
Such face the part of so narrow a mind.

"As each beholds in clod and fire
The shape that answers his own desire,
So each," said the youth, "in the Law shall find
The figure and features of his mind;
And to each in His mercy hath God allowed
His several pillar of fire and cloud."

The soul of Ambrose burned with zeal
And holy wrath for the young man's weal,
"Believest thou then, most wretched youth,"
Cried he, "individual essence in truth?
I fear me thy heart is too cramped with sin
To take the Lord in His glory in."

Now there bubbled beside them where they stood
A fountain of waters sweet and good;
The youth to the streamlet's brink drew near,
Saying, "Ambrose, thou maker of creeds, look here!"
Six vases of crystal then he took,
And set them along the edge of the brook.

"As into these vessels the water I pour,
There shall one hold less, another more,
And the water unchanged, in every case,
Shall put on the figure of the vase;
O thou, who wouldst unity make through strife,
Canst thou fit this sign to the Water of Life?"

When Ambrose looked up, he stood alone;
The youth and the stream and the vases were gone;
But he knew, by a sense of humbled grace,
He had talked with an angel face to face,
And he felt his heart change inwardly,
As he fell on his knees beneath the tree.

RESIDENCE OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

ALL-SAINTS.

One feast of holy days the crest,
  I, though no Churchman, love to keep;
All-Saints — the unknown good that rest
  In God's still memory folded deep;
The bravely dumb that did their deed,
  And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain, heroic breed,
  That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
  But tread to-day the unheeding street,
And stairs to Sin and Famine known
  Sing with the welcome of their feet;
The den they enter grows a shrine,
  The grimy sash an oriel burns;
Their cup of water warms like wine,
  Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears
  An aureole traced in tenderest light,
The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears
  In dying eyes, by them made bright,
Of souls that shivered on the edge
  Of that chill ford repassed no more,
And in their mercy felt the pledge
  And sweetness of the farther shore.

HIS NEPHEW.*

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
  I hear the drummers makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
  Thet follered once an' now are quiet —
White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
  Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
Whose comin' step ther's ears that won't
  No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

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Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
  Didn't I love to see 'em growin',
Three likely lads ez wal could be,
  Handsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'.
I set and look into the blaze
  Whose natur', jes like theirn, keeps climbin',
Ez long'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
  An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
  On War's red techstone rang true metal,
Who ventured life an' love an' youth
  For the gret prize o' death in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
  Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
  That rived the Rebel line asunder?

'Tain't right to hev the young go fust,
  All throbbin' full o' gifts and graces,
Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust
  To try an' make b'lieve fill their places.
Nothin' but tells us wut we miss;
  Ther's gaps our lives can't never pay in,
An' that world seems so fur from this,
  Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in!

My eyes cloud up for rain: my mouth
  Will take to twitchin' roun' the corners;
I pity mothers, tu, down South,
  For all they sot among the scorners.
I'd sooner take my chance to stan'
  At Jedgment where your meanest slave is
Than at God's bar hol' up a han'
  Ez drippin red ez yourn, Jeff Davis!

Come, Peace, not like a mourner bowed
  For honor lost an' dear ones wasted,
But proud, to meet a people proud,
  With eyes that tell o' triumph tasted!

Come, with han' grippin on the hilt,
  And steps that proves ye Victory's daughter!
Longin' for you, our spirits wilt
  Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for water.

Come, while our country feels the lift
  Of a gret instinct shoutin' forwards,
An' knows thet freedom ain't a gift
  Thet tarries long in han's o' cowards!
Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when
  They kissed their cross with lips thet quivered,
An' bring fair wages for brave men,
  A nation saved, a race delivered!

—*Biglow Papers.*

PEACE OR WAR.

Better that all our ships an' all their crews
Should sink to rot in ocean's dreamless ooze,
Each torn flag wavin' challenge as it went,
An' each dumb gun a brave man's moniment,
Than seek sech peace ez only cowards crave;
Give me the peace of dead men or of brave!

—*Biglow Papers.*

AMERICA.*

O strange New World, thet yit wast never young,
Whose youth from thee by gripin' need was wrung,
Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose baby-bed
Was prowled roun' by the Injun's cracklin' tread,
An' who grew'st strong thru shifts an' wants an' pains,
Nursed by stern men with empires in their brains,
Who saw in vision their young Ishmael strain,
With each hard hand a vassal ocean's mane,
Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by gret events
To pitch new States ez Old-World men pitch tents,
Thou, taught by Fate to know Jehovah's plan,
Thet man's devices can't unmake a man,
An' whose free latch-string never was drawed in

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Against the poorest child of Adam's kin —
The grave's not dug where traitor hands shall lay
In fearful haste thy murdered corse away!
—*Biglow Papers.*

MODERN MARTYRS.*

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
But these, our brothers, fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness:
Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of dare to do;
They followed her, and found her
Where all may hope to find —
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind.
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her
Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,
They saw her plumed and mailed,
With sweet, stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes look proud on them in death.

Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides
Into the silent hollow of the past;
What is there that abides
To make the next age better for the last?
Is earth too poor to give us
Something to live for here that shall outlive us?
Some more substantial boon
Than such as flows and ebbs with Fortune's fickle moon?
The little that we see

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From doubt is never free;
The little that we do
Is but half-nobly true,
With our laborious hiving
What men call treasure, and the gods call dross,
Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving,
Only secure in everyone's conniving,
A long account of nothings paid with loss,
Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen wires,
After one little hour of strut and rave,
With all our pasteboard passions and desires,
Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal fires,
Are tossed pell-mell together in the grave.
But stay! no age was e'er degenerate
Unless men held it at too cheap a rate,
For in our likeness still we shape our fate.

Ah, there is something here
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer.
Something that gives our feeble light
A high immunity from night,
Something that leaps life's narrow bars
To claim its birthright with the hosts of heaven;
A seed of sunshine that doth leaven
Our earthly dulness with the beams of stars,
And glorify our clay
With light from fountains elder than the Day;
A conscience more divine than we,
A gladness fed with secret tears,
A vexing, forward-reaching sense
Of some more noble permanence;
A light across the sea,
Which haunts the soul and will not let it be,
Still glimmering from the heights of undegenerate years.

Whither leads the path
To ampler fates that leads?
Not down through flowery meads,
To reap an aftermath
Of youth's vainglorious weeds,
But up the steep, amid the wrath

And shock of deadly hostile creeds,
Where the world's best hope and stay
By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way,
And every turf the fierce foot clings to bleeds.
Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,
Ere yet the sharp, decisive word
Light the black lips of cannon, and the sword
Dreams in its easeful sheath;
But some day the live coal behind the thought,
Whether from Baal's stone obscene
Or from the shrine serene
Of God's pure altar brought,
Bursts up in flame; the war of tongue and pen
Learns with what deadly purpose it was fraught,
And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,
Shakes all the pillared state with shock of men.
Some say the soft Ideal that we wooed
Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,
And cries reproachful: "Was it, then, my praise,
And not myself, was loved? Prove now thy truth;
I claim of thee the promise of thy youth;
Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,
The victim of thy genius, not its mate!"
Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealer
As bravely in the closet as the field —
So bountiful is Fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front lie in arms and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

We sit here in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;
But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.

We welcome back our bravest and our best:—
Ah me! not all! some come not with the rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as any here!

I strive to mix some gladness with my strain.
But the sad strings complain,
And will not please the ear:
I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane
Again and yet again
Into a dirge and die away in pain.
In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,
Dark to the triumph which they died to gain.

Fitlier may others greet the living,
For me the past is unforgiving;
I, with uncovered head,
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went, and who return not — Say not so!
'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way.
Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
No bar of endless night exiles the brave;
And to the saner mind
We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.
Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
For never shall their aureoled presence lack:
I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever-youthful brows that nobler show;
We find in our dull road their shining track;
In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration;
They come transfigured back.
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white shields of Expectation!

—*Harvard Commemoration Ode,* 1865.

LUBBOCK, Sir John, an English archæologist and scientist; born at London, April 30, 1834. He was educated at Eton, and when but fourteen entered his father's banking-house, of which he became partner in 1856. He effected the passage in Parliament of more than twenty public measures of importance. He was trustee of the British Museum in 1878, and was elected President of the Royal Society and British Association — of which he had been formerly Vice-President — for their jubilee meeting at York in 1881, upon which occasion he officiated. In 1880 he resigned the Vice-Chancellorship of London University to be its representative in Parliament, where he was recognized as an authority by the House of Commons on questions of finance and education. He became Vice-Chairman of the City Division of the London County Council, in which body he had first held office January 17, 1889. From 1890 to 1892 he was chairman, succeeding Lord Rosebery. Oxford has conferred upon him the degrees of F.R.S. and D.C.L.; Dublin, Cambridge, and Edinburgh LL.D.; and Würzburg, M.D. His books are *Prehistoric Times* (1865); *Origin of Civilization* and *The Primitive Condition of Man* (1870), both of which have reached five editions, and been translated into all the principal languages; *Monograph of the Thysanura and Collembola* (1873); *The Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects* (1874); *On British Wild Flowers, Considered in Relation to Insects* (1875); *Scientific Lectures* (1879); *Ants, Bees, and Wasps,* which in less than a year passed through five editions; and *Fifty Years of Science* (1882); *Senses, Instincts and Intelligence of*

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

Animals, Beauties of Nature, and *Pleasures of Life,* which has gone through thirty-three editions (1888). Other works are *Flowers, Fruits, and Leaves* (1886); *Representation* (1885); *Chapters in Popular Natural History* (1883); *The Beauties of Nature* (1892); *The Use of Life* (1894); *The Scenery of Switzerland* (1896); and *Buds and Stipules* (1898). He also furnished the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, the Linnæan, Ethnological, Geological, and Entomological Societies and the British Association with over a hundred separate memoirs on zoölogical, physiological, and archæological subjects, and delivered frequent lectures before these bodies.

ADVANTAGES OF SCIENCE.

That suffering is the inevitable consequence of sin, as surely as night follows day, is the stern yet salutary teaching of science. We are in reality but on the threshold of civilization. The tendency to improvement seems latterly to have proceeded with augmented impetus and accelerated rapidity. There are many things which are not as yet dreamt of in our philosophy, many discoveries which will immortalize those who make them, and confer upon the human race advantages which as yet, perhaps, we are not in a condition to appreciate. We may still say, with our great countryman, Sir Isaac Newton, that we have been but like children, playing on the sea-shore, and picking up here and there a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lies all undiscovered before us.—*From Prehistoric Times.*

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

In reading, it is most important to select subjects in which one is interested. I am sometimes disposed to think that the great readers of the next generation will be, not our lawyers and doctors, shop-keepers and man-

ufacturers, but the laborers and mechanics. Does not this seem natural? The former work mainly with their head; when their daily duties are over the brain is often exhausted, and of their leisure time much must be devoted to air and exercise. The laborer and mechanic, on the contrary, besides working often for much shorter hours, have in their work-time taken sufficient bodily exercise, and could, therefore, give any leïsure they might have to reading and study. Books are almost innumerable, our hours for reading are, alas, very few, and yet many people will take any book they chance to find at a friend's house, or at a railway stall. The most recent books of history and science ought to contain the most accurate information and the most trustworthy conclusions. The oldest books of the world are remarkable and interesting on account of their very age. Translations, though they can never, perhaps, do justice to the original, may yet be admirable in themselves. The Bible itself, which must stand first in the list, is a conclusive case. At the head of all non-Christian moralists, I must place Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. Thomas à Kempis's *Imitation of Christ,* Keble's beautiful *Christian Year,* and last, but not least, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress,* we may mention among other devotional works. Aristotle and Plato again stand at the head of another class. The great epics of the world have always constituted one of the most popular branches of literature. Yet how few, comparatively, ever read the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey,* or Virgil, after leaving school. Among histories, I will mention Carlyle's *French Revolution;* Grote's *Greece,* and Green's *Short History of the English People.* Among other books most frequently recommended are, Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, White's *Natural History of Selborne,* Bacon's, Macaulay's, and Emerson's *Essays,* De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe,* Molière's plays, Smile's *Self-Help,* Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii,* Dickens' and Scott's novels.— *From Pleasures of Life.*

LUCAN, (Marcus Annæus Lucanus), a Roman poet; born at Corduba, the modern Cordova, Spain, about A. D. 39; died at Rome in 65. His father, a brother of the philosopher Seneca, took him at an early age to Rome, where he was carefully educated. By his early poems he gained the favor of Nero, against whom he appeared as a rival in a literary contest and won the prize. This so incensed the Emperor against him that he forbade him reading any more poems in public. He engaged in the conspiracy of Piso against Nero. An offer of pardon induced him to become informer against his fellow-conspirators, among whom was his own mother; but finding that his death was ordered by Nero, he committed suicide. His only extant work is the epic poem *Pharsalia,* the subject of which is the civil war between Pompey and Cæsar, the issue of which was decided by the battle of Pharsalia (48 B. C.).

THE EXORDIUM.

Emathian plains, with slaughter cover'd o'er,
And rage unknown to civil wars before —
Established violence, and lawless might,
Avowed and hallowed by the name of Right —
A race renowned, the world's victorious lords,
Turned on themselves with their own hostile swords,
Pilum 'gainst pilum ranged in impious fight,
And eagles against eagles bending flight —
Of blood by friends, by kindred, parents spilt —
One common horror and promiscuous guilt —
A shattered world in wild disorder tost,
Leagues, laws, and empire in confusion lost —
Of all the woes which civil discords bring,
And Rome o'ercome by Roman arms — I sing.

What blind, detested madness could afford
Such horrid license to the murdering sword?
Say, Romans, whence so dire a fury rose,
To glut with Latin blood your barbarous foes?—
What tracts of land, what realms unknown before,
What seas wide-stretching to the distant shore,
What crowns, what empires might that blood have gained,
With which Emathia's fatal fields were stained!
Where Seres in their silken woods reside,
Where swift Araxes rolls his rapid tide;
Where'er (if such a nation can be found),
Nile's secret fountain springing cleaves the ground;
Where southern suns with double ardor rise,
Flame o'er the land, and scorch the mid-day skies,
Where Winter's hand the Scythian seas constrains,
And binds the frozen floods in crystal chains;
Where'er the shady night and dayspring come,
All had submitted to the yoke of Rome.

—*Pharsalia, Book I.*

OBSEQUIES BEFITTING FOR POMPEY.

But now, behold! the bolder youth returns,
While half-consumed the smouldering carcass burns.
Ere yet the cleansing fire had melted down
The fleshy muscles from the firmer bone,
He quenched the relics in the briny wave,
And hid them hasty in a narrow grave;
Then with a stone the sacred dust he binds,
To guard it from the breath of scattering winds;
And lest some heedless mariner should come,
And violate the warrior's humble tomb,
Thus with a line the monument he keeps:
"Beneath this stone the once great Pompey sleeps."
O Fortune! can thy malice swell so high?
Canst thou with Cæsar's every wish comply?
Must he — thy Pompey once — thus meanly lie?
But oh! forbear, mistaken man, forbear!
Nor dare to fix the mighty Pompey there.
Where'er Rome's empire stretches, Pompey lies!

Far be the vile memorial then conveyed,
Nor let this stone the patient gods upraid.
Shall Hercules all Œta's heights demand,
And Nysa's hill for Bacchus only stand,
While one poor pebble is the warrior's doom,
Who fought the cause of Liberty and Rome?
If Fate decrees he must in Egypt lie,
Let the whole fertile realm his grave supply;
Yield the whole country to his awful Shade,
Nor let us dare on any part to tread,
Fearful to violate the mighty dead.
But if one stone must bear the sacred name,
Let it be filled with long records of fame,
There let the passenger with wonder read,
The pirates vanquished, and the ocean freed;
Sertorius taught to yield; the Alpine war,
And the young Roman Knight's triumphal car;
With these the mighty Pontic King be placed,
And every nation of the vanquished East.
Tell with what loud applause of Rome he drove
Thrice his glad wheels to Capitolinian Jove.
Tell, too — the patriot's greatest, best renown —
Tell how the victor laid the Empire down,
And changed his armor for the peaceful gown.
But ah! what marbles to the task suffice?
Instead of these, turn, Roman! turn thine eyes;
Seek the known name of Fasti used to wear,
The noble mark of many a useful year,
The name that wont the trophied arch to grace,
And e'en the temples of the gods found place.
Declare thee, lowly bending to the ground;
And there, that name — that Pompey — may be found.

— *Pharsalia, Book VIII.*

LUCIAN (Lucianus, the Latin form of his Greek name Louki a nos), a Greek satirist; born at Samosata on the Euphrates about A. D. 120; died in Egypt about 200. He was apprenticed to a sculptor, but at an early age devoted himself to the study of rhetoric, supporting himself at Antioch by writing speeches to be delivered by others. He afterward visited parts of Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy; then went to Gaul, where he resided several years, and acquired a considerable fortune. Near the close of his life he was made a procurator in Egypt, and was expecting a proconsulship when he died. The *Works* of Lucian (the genuineness of some of which is disputed), as translated into English by William Tooke (1820), fill two quarto volumes.

His diction is not equalled by any other writer after the golden age of Greek prose. The best known, if not the best, of his works are the *Dialogues of the Gods,* and the *Dialogues of the Dead,* in which he ridicules the Grecian mythology, satirizes the various philosophic sects, and even sneers at the mythic heroes of Homer. Some of his dialogues are entitled *Timon, the Misanthrope, Charon, Menippus, The Assembly of the Gods,* etc. Lucian was a thorough iconoclast. His style is decidedly satirical, and the purest of language is used. His humor is remarkable, though sometimes offensive to religious people, by reason of his profane disregard of sacred history.

APOLLO AND VULCAN.

Vulcan.— Have you seen this new-born son of Maia? How pretty he is, and how archly he laughs at every-

body! It is still but a baby, yet has every possible appearance that something excellent must come of him.

Apollo.— What shall I anticipate of a child, Vulcan? or what good expect of him who in mischief is already much older than Iapetus?

Vulcan.— How can a child scarcely come into the world be able to do mischief?

Apollo.— Ask Neptune, whom he has robbed of his trident, or Mars, whose sword he privately stole out of the scabbard; not to say that he filched my bow and arrows.

Vulcan.— A new-born babe that can scarcely stir in his swaddling-clothes!

Apollo.— You will soon have proof of it, whenever he comes to you.

Vulcan.— He has been to me already.

Apollo.— And are none of your implements carried off? Is everything there?

Vulcan.— Everything, Apollo.

Apollo.— Look narrowly.

Vulcan.— By Jupiter! I miss my tongs.

Apollo.— You will infallibly find them in the little one's cradle.

Vulcan.— He is so nimble-fingered that he must have already learned the art of stealing in his mother's womb.

Apollo.— And have you not heard how cleverly he harangues, and how glibly his tongue runs? He has already a mind to be our page. And would you think it — no longer ago than yesterday he gave a challenge to Cupid; and in an instant, somehow or other, tripped up his heels, and laid him sprawling on the ground. And as we all applauded him for his victory, while Venus took him up in her arms and kissed him, he stole her girdle and Jupiter's sceptre; and if the thunder-bolt had not been too heavy and too hot, he would have run away with that also.

Vulcan.— A notable youngster indeed!

Apollo.— And what is more, he is a musician, too.

Vulcan.— How do you make that out?

Apollo.— He found a dead tortoise somewhere. He immediately made an instrument of the shell fitting pins

into it, with a neck and keys and bars; and straining to it seven strings, he played gracefully and masterly upon it, so that I myself was struck with admiration and envy, though I have so long applied myself to the cithara. Besides, his mother informed us that she cannot keep him a night in Heaven; but from his superfluous energy he privately sneaks down into Tartarus — I suppose to see whether there is anything to steal; for he has somehow got wings, and a certain wand which possesses such a surprising efficacy that he attracts souls with it, and conducts the dead down into Tartarus.

Vulcan.— That he had from me. I gave it him for a plaything.

Apollo.— And to requite your kindness he stole your tongs.

Vulcan.— It is well you remind me of it. I will go directly, and fetch them back. I suppose as you say, I shall find them in his swathes.

LUCRETIUS (Titus Lucretius Carus), a Roman philosophical poet; born about 95 B. C.; died, in 52 B. C. He is known only by his poem *De Rerum Naturâ,* "On the Nature of Things." This poem, which is in six books, containing in all about 7,500 lines, is addressed to his friend, C. Memmius Gemellus, prætor in 58 B. C. Its aim is to set forth and elucidate the philosophical theory of Epicurus, whom Lucretius recognized as his master, and whom he frequently eulogizes. This theory, as stated by Lucretius, is briefly this: The entire universe is material, and matter, in its ultimate analysis, is reduced to infinite space, and an infinite number of Atoms of infinite minuteness, existing in this infinite space. The only qualities of these atoms are solidity,

indestructibility, form, and weight. By virtue of their weight they are continually falling downward through space; but, as space is infinite in extent, they can never reach the bottom. As they all fall with equal velocities, no atom can overtake another; and, if they all moved straight downward — that is, in parallel lines — no two atoms could ever come in contact. But here and there, and now and then, the course of some of them becomes somehow or other slightly deflected from a perpendicular direction; the atoms then come in collision; adhere to or rebound from each other, in accordance with certain fixed laws, and thus a whirl is produced. From this adhesion and repulsion arises what we call matter — that is, everything which is cognizable to our senses; and we know nothing of anything which is not thus cognizable. By this atomic theory Lucretius undertakes to account for everything which exists, or which we can conceive to exist. This whirl of atoms is thus described by Lucretius:

THE WHIRL OF ATOMS.

For blindly, blindly, and without design,
  Did these first atoms their first meeting try;
No ordering Thought was there, no Will divine
  To guide them; but through infinite time gone by,
Tossed and tormented, they essayed to join,
  And clashed through the void space tempestuously,
Until at last that certain whirl began,
Which slowly formed the Earth and Heaven and Man.
— *De Rerum Naturâ, Book I.*

The essential points in what we may style the ethical part of the universal philosophy of Lucretius may be thus summed up: There is no such being as God, the Creator and Ruler of the world, and Re-

ligion — the belief in and worship of a God or of the Gods — is a bane to mankind. That in man, the Soul or Mind, though not identical with the body, is as truly material as is the Body: comes into existence with it, and with it goes out of existence. That part of this teaching which relates to the banefulness of religion appears in the magnificent tribute to Epicurus, in the First Book of the poems.

EPICURUS AND RELIGION.

When human life, a shame to human eyes,
  Lay sprawling in the mire in foul estate,
A cowering thing without the power to rise,
  Held down by fell Religion's heavy weight,
(Religion scowling downward from the skies,
  With hideous head, and vigilant eyes of hate),
First did a man of Greece presume to raise
  His brows, and give the monster gaze for gaze.
Him not the tales of gods in heaven,
  Nor the heaven's lightnings, nor the menacing war
Of thunder daunted. He was only driven,
  By these vain vauntings, to desire the more
To burst through Nature's gates, and rive the unriven
  Bars. And he gained the day; and, conqueror,
His spirit broke beyond our world and passed
Its flaming walls, and fathomed all the vast,

And back returning, crowned with victory, he
  Divulged of things the hidden mysteries,
Laying quite bare what can and cannot be;
  How to each force is set strong boundaries;
How no power raves unchained and none is free.
  So the times change: and now Religion lies
Trampled by us; and unto us 'tis given
Fearless with level gaze to scan the heaven.

Yet fear I lest thou haply deem that thus
  We sin, and enter wicked ways of Reason;

Whereas 'gainst all things good and beauteous
'Tis oft Religion does the foulest treason.
Has not the tale of Aulis come to us,
And those great chiefs who, in the windless season,
Bade young Iphigenia's form be laid
Upon the altar of the Trivian Maid?

And as they bore her, ne'er a golden lyre
Rang round her coming with a bridal strain;
But in the very season of desire,
A stainless maiden, amid bloody stain,
She died — a victim felled by its own sire —
That so the ships the wished-for wind might gain,
And air puff out their canvas.— Learn thou, then,
To what damned deeds Religion urges men.

— *De Rerum Naturâ, Book I.*

THE PRIMEVAL MAN.

But hardier far than we were those first races
Of men, since Earth herself did them produce,
And braced them with a firmer frame than braces
Us now, and strung their arms with mightier thews.
Nor sun nor rain on them left any traces,
Nor sickness. And they never learned the use
Of arts for ages; but like beasts they ran
Wild in the woods — the early race of man.

Their strong arms knew not how to guide the plough,
Or how to plunge the spade and till the plain,
Or from the trees to lop the falling bough;
But what the sun had given them and the rain
They took, and deemed it luxury enow.
Nor knew they yet the fatal greed of gain;
But in the woods they sought their simple store,
And stripped the trees, and never asked for more.

For thick the acorns in the forest grew,
And the arbute-trees would yield the berried prize,
Which in the winter wears a scarlet hue:
And the earth bore these then of larger size.

And many another suchlike berry, too,
It, from its yet unfinished granaries,
Gave gladly forth — more than sufficing then
To appease the dawning wants of these poor men.

And they knew naught of fire, nor thought to fling
The skins of wild beasts about their nakedness;
But the wild-wood's roof was their covering,
Or rugged mountain-cave; and they would press
Into brushwood, from the buffeting
Of rain and storm, and all the winter's stress;
And nothing yet of rule or law they knew,
Nor how to keep the weal of all in view.

And, trusting in their strength of hands or feet,
They would outstrip the wild beasts of the wood;
And some to death with ponderous clubs would beat;
And hide from fiercer ones, who sought their blood;
And just where night, with noiseless step and fleet,
O'ertook them, like the dull sow's bristly brood,
Down on the ground, without a thought, they lay,
Aud burrowing in the leaves slept sound till day.

And never waking in the dark with fright
Would they cry out, amazed for all the shade,
And beg the sun to bring them back the light:
But stolid would they sleep, and undismayed,
Till rosy morning pleased to climb the height
Of heaven; for they who from their birth surveyed
The night and day alternate rise and fall,
Trusted the world, nor feared the end of all.
— *De Rerum Naturâ, Book V.*

THE CO-EXISTENCE OF THE MIND AND THE BODY.

First, then, I say, the Mind — which often we
Call understanding — wherein dwells
The power that rules our own vitality,
Is part of man, as is whatever else
Goes to make up his frame — as hands, feet, knees;
Nor is it, as a foolish Greek school tells,

A harmony of all the members, spread
As health is, everywhere, from heel to head.

Now Lucretius goes on to argue at length, since the Mind is born with the Body, grows strong with the Body, grows more and more frail and feeble —

THE MIND DIES WITH THE BODY.

It follows, then, that when this life is past
  It goes an outcast from the Body's door
And dies like the smoke along the driving blast.
  We with the flesh behold it born and rise
  To strength, and with the flesh it fades and dies. . . .
Even in the body thus the soul is troubled,
  And scarce can hold its fluttering frame together:
How should it live, then, when, with force redoubled,
  Naked it feels the air and angry weather?
— *De Rerum Naturâ, Book III.*

Lucretius ridicules the idea that Souls and Bodies are brought into being separately and independent of each other; so that when a Body comes into being there is a Soul — or perhaps a multitude of souls — waiting to jump into and inhabit it.

SOULS WAITING FOR BODIES.

Again, when creatures' Bodies are preparing,
  Sure we would laugh to see the Souls stand by —
Bands of Immortals at each other glaring
  About that mortal house in rivalry —
Each longing he may be the first to fare in,
  And each braced up to push his best and try,
Unless they settle it on this condition,
That who comes first shall have the first admission.
— *De Rerum Naturâ, Book III.*

Since, as Lucretius argues, the Mind comes into existence with the Body, cannot exist without it, and goes out of existence with it, and there is no hereafter for it — there is nothing at all terrible in the certainty of death.

DEATH THE END-ALL.

Death is for us, then, but a noise and name,
  Since the Mind dies, and hurts us not a jot;
And as in bygone times when Carthage came
  To battle, and we and ours were troubled not,
Nor heeded though the whole earth's shuddering frame
  Reeled with the stamp of armies, and the lot
Of things was doubtful, to which lords should fall
The lands and seas and all the rule of all;

So, too, when we and ours shall be no more
  And there has come the eternal separation
Of flesh and spirit, which, conjoined before,
  Made us ourselves, there will be no sensation;
We should not hear were all the world at war;
  Nor shall we, in its last dilapidation;
When heavens shall fall and earth's foundations flee,
We shall not feel, nor hear, nor know, nor see.
  — *De Rerum Naturâ, Book III.*

But, after all, Lucretius goes on to say, the question whether there may not be a survival of the Soul after the death of the Body is one of no consequence whatever. Suppose for a moment — which is impossible — that the Soul should survive the body, what is that to us? We are neither Soul nor Body, but a single being fashioned out of the union of the two. Suppose, again, that after death all the scattered atoms which made up our souls and bodies should be brought together again and remoulded into just such beings as we now are, that is nothing to us when once

the chain of consciousness has been snapped asunder. Perhaps we have lived before — that gives us no grief: suppose that we may live again — why should that trouble us any the more? But still, he admits, there are those to whom still clings the inveterate fancy that after they are dead there will somehow be a living something left to them which will lament about their own death. Such a man will perhaps bemoan that after death his body, instead of being decently buried or inurned or piously consumed upon the funeral pyre, may be torn and devoured by wild beasts — what then? To such a person he addresses these reassuring words:

DEATH THE END OF ALL SORROW.

Perplexed he argues — from the fallacy
Of that surviving Self not wholly freed;
Hence he bewails his bitter doom — to die;
Nor does he see that when he dies indeed
No second He will still remain to cry,
Watching his own cold body burn or bleed.
Oh, fool! to fear the wild-beast's ravening claw
Or that torn burial of its mouth and maw.
For lo! if this be fearful, let me learn
Is it more fearful than if friends should place
Thy decent limbs upon the pyre, and burn
Sweet frankincense? or smother up thy face
With honey in the balm-containing urn?
Or if you merely lie beneath the rays
Of heaven on some cold rock? or damp and cold
If on thine eyelids lay a load of mould?

"Thou shalt again not see thy dear home's door,
Nor thy dear wife and children come to throw
Their arms round thee, and ask for kisses more,
And through thy heart make quiet comfort go;
Out of thy hands hath slipped the precious store

Thou hoardedest for thine own"—men say—"and lo,
All thou desired is gone!" but never say,
"All the desire, as well, hath passed away."

Ah! could they only see this, and could borrow
True words to tell what things in death abide thee!
"Thou shalt lie soothed in sleep that knows no morrow,
Nor ever cark nor care again betide thee.
Friend, thou wilt say thy long good-by to sorrow;
And ours will be the pangs, who weep beside thee,
And watch thy dear familiar body burn,
And leave us but the ashes and the urn."
—*De Rerum Naturâ, Book III.*

Lucretius does not formally deny the existence of the deities of mythology — he even tacitly admits that they may exist; but not in this world of ours. But he affirms that it is sheer folly to imagine that they could have made the world or set it in order; or that they have anything to do with governing it.

THERE ARE NO RULING GODS.

What could they gain from such a race as ours?
Or what advantage could our gratitude
Yield these immortal and most blessed powers,
That they in aught should labor for our good? . . .

But even had the science ne'er been mine
Of first beginnings, and how all began,
I could show clearly that no power divine
Helped at the work, and made the world for man;
So great the blunders in the vast design,
So palpably is all without a plan.
For if 'twere made for us, its structure halts
In every member, full of flaws and faults.

Look at the earth: mark, then, in the first place,
Of all the ground the rounded sky bends over,

Forests and mountains fill a mighty space,
And even more do wasteful waters cover,
And sundering seas; then the sun's deadly rays
Scorch part, and over part the hard frosts hover;
And Nature all the rest with weeds would spoil,
Unless man thwarted her with wearying toil.

Mark, too, the babe, how frail and helpless; quite
Naked it comes out of its mother's womb;
A waif cast hither on the shores of light;
Like some poor sailor, by the fierce sea's foam
Washed upon land, it lies in piteous plight,
Nor speaks, but soon as it beholds its home,
Bleats forth a bitter cry; oh, meet presage
Of its life here — its woeful heritage!

But the small younglings of the herds and flocks
Are strong, and fatten on the grass and dew.
They need no playthings, none their cradle rocks,
Nor ask they with the seasons garments new.
They have no need of walls, and bars, and locks
To guard their treasures; but, forever true
To them, the earth her constant bounty pours
Forth at their feet, and never stints her stores.
— *De Rerum Naturâ, Book V.*

In an earlier part of the poem Lucretius had laid it down that this universe is but one of innumerable universes which have arisen by necessity, and, as whatever has had a beginning must have an end, will by necessity one day perish, be resolved into their original atoms, which will in like manner form themselves into new worlds. It is to this necessity that he sometimes gives the name of Nature.

NATURE, NOT DEITY, THE AUTHOR OF ALL.

Rid of her haughty masters, straight with ease
Does Nature work, and willingly sustains
Her fame, and asks no aid of deities.
For of those holy gods who haunt the plains

Of Ether, and for aye abide in peace,
I ask, Could such as they are hold the reins
Of all the worlds? or in their courses keep
The forces of the immeasurable deep?

Whose are the hands could make the stars to roll
Through all their courses, and the fruitful clod
Foster the while with sunlight? always whole —
A multiplied but undivided god?
And strike with bellowing thunders from the pole,
Now his own temples, now the unbending sod;
And now in deserts those vain lightnings try
That strike the pure and pass the guilty by?

—*De Rerum Naturâ, Book II.*

LUMMIS, CHARLES FLETCHER, an American editor and traveler; born at Lynn, Mass., March 1, 1859. He was graduated from Harvard in 1881, went to Los Angeles, Cal., where he was editor of the *Daily Times* (1885–7), and later became editor of the monthly *Out West.* He spent five years among the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, studying their speech and customs. Among his writings are: *A Tramp across the Continent* (1892); *The Land of Poco Tiempo* (1893); *The King of the Broncos* (1897); *The Enchanted Burro* (1897); *The Awakening of a Nation* (1898), and the collection, *The Man who Married the Moon, and Other Pueblo Indian Folk-Stories* (1894).

EDITORS AND REVIEWERS.

No unembittered bystander dreams for a moment that editors do not try their best to live up to the infallibility which is tactily confessed by them. But unhappily, all

the truly infallibles are at present otherwise engaged; and editing is now exclusively conducted by mortals. Thereby the cold-type verdict of the *Last Word* is contingent. The book was sent for review to A, a wise man, whom circumstance was falling fair of. He finds favorably; therefore, so does the *Last Word*. But we all know (who know anything) that so, also, the book might have been sent to the equally learned B, who was just then indigestive. B's judgment would have been adverse, and with his the judgment of the paper. In fact, it is not the paper, but its fortuitous recruit, who writes the Supreme Court decision.

This making of fine birds with fine feathers would assume no larger importance in morals than a child's masquerading in its elders' apparel, if no one were the more deceived. But none of us are scott-free of the mediæval superstition of type. Time was when print was a fence and not a maelstrom; but our credulity has not kept pace down with it. Unto this day the printed word is more ponderous than the spoken. We do not genuinely believe that

"Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps."

We know, but we do not realize, that this paragraph in type is precisely the word of the one man or woman who wrote it for publication; no less, no more. To us it *is* more. It is the consummate voice of the journal, big with a composite authority which looms the larger because it has never been defined.

There may be somewhere a review which has never printed (unawares) some contributor's estimate of a book he found too tedious to be read. There may somewhere be one which has never broadcasted an honest, painstaking criticism which was nevertheless stark naked of expert knowledge. But if so, it is not only a very lucky periodical, but also a very young one.

Not so long ago, one of the most conscientious critical journals in this (or in any) country reviewed a specialist's book *via* a layman, and almost incredibly misquoted the author. To his very mild correction, answered the reviewer: "Wider reading would teach Mr. Blank thus and

so." The humor of this is that the only "reading" on this subject is in a foreign language, of which the reviewer never knew a word, while the reviewed knew the language critically, and its works on his specialty pretty much by heart.

Such cases (which are as funny as they are not rare) are eloquent of the injustice of anonymous criticism — injustice far less to the author than to the public. We know the author — or we do not know him, which comes to much the same thing. If we may identify the critic also, we can begin to umpire between them, and only thus. It is unfair — and I think not finely honest — to give any review, laudatory, damnatory, or indifferent, any longer leverage than its very own. It is entitled to all the weight of the man or woman, famous or obscure, wise or unlearned, judicial or biased, who wrote it; with the additional recommendation that the editor has intrusted said person with said review. It is not entitled to the superstitious weight of anonymous numbers.

There is not enough argument with saying that signed reviews lessen the generic prestige of the paper. If they do, I am sorry for its conductors; but the rest of us have to be content with what money and fame we can pick up inside certain legal and moral fences. So, also, certain Congressmen have found it fattening to their prestige to deliver unsigned speeches — until it transpired who wrote them.

A critical journal is a merchant. It makes its living by sale of certain goods known as opinions. It is morally responsible for their genuineness; and there is but one adequate voucher. We would laugh our shopkeeper to scorn if he were to say:

"It is enough that you buy these cottons in my store. None of your business if they were made in Fall River or Querétaro. I know enough to buy the right goods, and I'm advertising this store, and not the mills."

We do not question his honesty; but in matters of cotton we are grown up. So is he; and he in turn would smile if it were suggested to him that to leave the labels on his goods involved a loss of prestige.

No other thing of approximate dignity to-day keeps the

anonymous method. In whatever branch of science, a man gives his authority as a matter of course. In business and in society, the Delphic *ipse dixit* has fallen behind the fashion, for credulity is not waxing. Even in literature there is not precisely the old trust in the pontifical attitude; and while it seems we must have the dictum, we are beginning to demand: "Well, but which *ipse?*"—*The Chap Book.*

LUTHER, MARTIN, a German theologian and reformer; born at Eisleben, Saxony, November 10, 1483; died there, February 18, 1546. He entered the University of Erfurt, at the age of eighteen, graduating as Master of Arts in 1505. His father had destined him for the profession of law, and was greatly disappointed when his son determined to "renounce the world," and become a monk. At midsummer, 1505, Martin Luther entered the Augustine Convent at Erfurt, and subjected himself to its severest discipline. In 1507 he took orders, and in the following year was called to be Professor of Scholastic Philosophy in the University of Wittenberg, which had been founded not long before by Frederick, rightly styled "the Wise," Elector of Saxony. In 1512 he took the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and began to lecture upon the Scriptures, his favorite subject being the Psalms and the Pauline Epistles. Up to this time, and for several years afterward, there was not in all Christendom a more sincere and earnest Catholic than was Doctor Martin Luther. But in 1516 the public sales of "Indulgences" was set up in Germany, its general management being placed in the

hands of John Tetzel, a Dominican monk. If the sale was by Papal authority, its extortions and abuses as carried on by Tetzel, and which are admitted by all to have been scandalous, were not with the knowledge of the Pope, as Luther himself tells us. The indignation of Luther was aroused; and on October 31, 1517, he posted up on the doors of the Schlosskirche at Wittenberg a series of ninety-five "theses" or propositions, which he proposed to maintain against any and all opponents. Following are the most essential of these theses:

FROM THE NINETY-FIVE THESES.

(1.) When our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, says, "Repent," he means that the whole life of His followers on the earth is a constant and continual repentance. —(2.) This expression cannot be understood of the Sacrament of Penitence — that is to say, of Confession and Satisfaction — as administered by the priest.—(6.) The Pope cannot remit any condemnation, but only declare and confirm the remission which God himself has given. At least, he can only do it in cases which belong to him. If he does otherwise, the condemnation remains exactly as before.—(21.) The Commissaries of Indulgence are mistaken when they say the Pope's Indulgence delivers from all punishments, and saves.—(27.) It is the preaching of human folly to pretend that at the very moment when the money tinkles in the strong-box, the soul flies off from Purgatory.—(35.) It is an anti-Christian doctrine to pretend that in order to deliver a soul from Purgatory, or to purchase an Indulgence, there is no need of either sorrow or repentance.—(37.) Every true Christian, dead or alive, participates in all the blessings of Christ and of the Church, by the gift of God, and without a letter of Indulgence.—(38.) Still the dispensation and pardon of the Pope must not be despised: for his pardon is a declaration of the pardon of God.—(47.) Christians must be told that to purchase an Indulgence is optional, not

obligatory.—(50.) Christians must be told that if the Pope knew of the extortions of the preachers of Indulgences, he would rather that the metropolis of St. Peter were burned and reduced to ashes, than see it built with the skin, flesh, and bones of his sheep.—(52.) To hope to be saved by Indulgences is a lying and empty hope, even should the Commissary of Indulgences — nay, the Pope himself — be pleased to pledge his own soul in security of it.—(94.) Christians should be exhorted to diligence in following Christ, their head, through crosses, death, and hell.—(95.) For it is far better to enter the Kingdom of Heaven through much tribulation than to acquire a carnal security by the flattery of a false peace.

The publication of these theses was the immediate occasion of that great ecclesiastical and secular movement which has come to be universally known as the Reformation. We shall not follow Luther through his career as an anti-papal reformer, but confine ourselves wholly to his writings upon purely religious topics. His translation of the Bible into German, begun in 1521 and completed in 1534, with the assistance of Melanchthon and others, bears much the same relation to the German language that the Authorized English Version does to our own language, which was essentially the work of three successive generations of translators, and was finally put into its present form by the conjoint labors of forty-seven eminent divines, while that of Luther was substantially his own individual work. From the *Selection,* translated into English by Henry Cole (4 vols. 8vo, 1826), the subjoined extracts are taken:

DAVID'S SIN AND REPENTANCE.

Against Thee only have I sinned, and done evil in Thy sight. This verse (Psalm li. 4) is differently expounded by different persons, and it has even been considered

that this one little point is the greatest difficulty that is met with in the whole Psalm. And as Paul has cited it in his Epistle to the Romans, it has been numbered among some of the most difficult passages in the whole Scripture. Although, therefore, I leave it to others to go according to their own interpretations, yet I have a good hope that I shall be enabled to give the true and genuine meaning of the text.

This, then, I would first of all advise the reader to do; to bear in mind that David is here speaking in the person of all the saints, and not in his own person, as an adulterer. Although I do not say it might not be that it was this fall which, as a medium, brought him under the knowledge of himself, and of his whole human nature, and made him think thus: "Behold I, so holy a king, who have with so much pious devotedness observed the law and the worship of God, have been tempted and overcome by the inbred evil and sin of my flesh that I have murdered an innocent man, and have for adulterous purposes taken away his wife! And is this not an evident proof that my nature is more deeply infected and corrupted by sin than ever I thought it was?"

And it might be that in this way he derived the feeling sense of his entire sinfulness — from his fall into adultery and murder — and thence drew the conclusion that neither the tree nor the fruits of human nature were good; but that the whole was so deformed and lost by sin that there was nothing sound left in the whole of nature.

In the next place the grammatical construction is to be explained, which seems to me to be somewhat obscure. For what the translator has rendered by the *preterperfect* ought to be *present:* "Against Thee only do I sin;" that is "I know that before Thee I am nothing but a sinner;" or, "Before Thee I do nothing but evil continually." That is, "My whole life is evil and depraved on account of sin; I cannot boast before Thee of merit or of righteousness, but am evil altogether; and in Thy sight this is my character: I do evil; I have sinned; I do sin, and shall sin to the end of the chapter." And thus the changing of the *preterperfect* tense for the *present,* leads us from the actual sin to the sin universal.

I therefore restore the correct grammatical construction — that the *preterperfect* is there to be rendered by the *present;* and then the word "only" is to be taken adverbially. So that the proper, genuine, and most plain meaning is, "Against Thee only I do nothing but sin; in Thy sight I am nothing but a sinner; in the sight of Thy judgment I do not boast of merit; I do not boast of any righteousness; but I acknowledge myself to be a sinner, and implore Thy mercy."

That this is the way to understand the passage in question is proved also by Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans, who seems to have cited this passage (Rom. xiii. 4), to the intent that he might show how it should be understood. For in the same place he adds this universality: "Every man is a liar," that God only might be true. In the same way also the word "that" is to be explained. For David does not mean that the righteousness of God is commended by our sins — as ungodly men cast it in the teeth of Paul; but he merely says: "In Thy sight I do nothing but evil, that it might manifestly appear to be the truth that Thou only art righteous, and the justifier of sinners; that Thou only deliverest from sin, by not imputing sins to them who trust in Thy mercy."

That this is the meaning, Paul plainly shows in that which immediately precedes the passage in question. Wherefore the word "that" does not imply power in us, so as to denote the *cause,* but is simply our own confession — because we confess these two things: That all men are liars, or sinners: that it might be a manifest truth that God alone is righteous, and justifieth the unrighteous person who is of faith in Jesus Christ. . . .

According to this interpretation, then, the certain and genuine meaning of the verse is this: That David having a view of his whole nature, takes away from himself, and all men, all creature righteousness; and, by a general confession, attributes and ascribes to himself nothing but sin; that this title might be left unto God, whole and unsullied, that He only is righteous.

The effect produced, therefore, by this doctrine is not that which blasphemers conclude: "If God be justi-

fied by our sin, therefore let us sin the more." But the effect and conclusion are these: Since the whole world is guilty of sin, and since God alone is righteous, the whole world cannot be delivered from sin by any devoted strivings, endeavors, or works of its own; but the glory of righteousness must be left to God alone, who is just and the justifier of the ungodly, by faith in Christ. All, therefore, who see and sensibly feel this unhappy state of their nature, must not seek any other form or way of righteousness than through Him who alone is righteous.

These two principal doctrines of the whole Scripture are here established: First, that the whole nature is condemned and lost by sin, and cannot, by any powers or devoted efforts of its own, get free from this calamity and death, and then that God alone is righteous.

Those, therefore, who desire to be delivered from sin ought, with a confession of their sin, to flee unto the righteous God, and implore his mercy, after the manner of David.

Hence it is manifest that this Psalm is a most blessed production of the Holy Spirit, left to the Church for the purpose of instructing us concerning the greatest and most important matters, of which the former age knew nothing, and which it could not soundly teach, because it had departed from the Word unto human dreams. Whereas it becomes us to judge of and teach others according to the Word; and the Word plainly proves that God only is righteous. Therefore, no political, no privately moral righteousness, no ceremonies, can deliver us; for, whether it be a righteous prince, or a righteous husband (as far as external conduct is concerned), he must of necessity say of himself before God: "Against Thee only I have sinned; Thou only art righteous."— *Commentary on Psalm iv.*

OF THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.

As this Epistle of Paul to the Romans contains alone the plan of the whole Scripture, and is a most complete epitome of the New Testament, a Gospel — which Gospel it exhibits of itself in the most brief and most clear man-

ner — I consider it ought not only to be imbibed by all Christians from their youth, and to be thoroughly understood to a word, but to be, by unceasing and anxious meditation, pondered and digested, and cast down, like well-digested food, into "the lower parts of the belly." For this Epistle is such a full treasury of spiritual riches, and, as it were, such an overflowing cornucopia, that if you read it a thousand times over, there is always something new to be found; so that the last time of reading shall ever be the most profitable; because, under the Divine teaching, and under the growth in the knowledge of Christ, the nature of Faith (which is there to be learned and experienced in the workings of all its divine sensations, with power) carries you deeper and deeper into the subject; the Faith grows as you proceed, and becomes by its own increase more strong, more sweet, more precious, and more enriched.

I thought, therefore, I might render a profitable service if I should spend upon it (according to the measure of the gift which I have received of God) a certain portion of labor; and by this short Preface open a plain way for its being read and understood by my posterity with more clearness and with less offence. To which work I find myself more especially inclined, because I know that this Epistle, which ought to be made the only test and only plan, has been so obscured by the unprofitable comments and vain sophistries of so many, that its grand scope — though as plain as possible — has been understood but by a few writers during many years.— *Preface to Commentary on Romans.*

ABRAHAM'S BOSOM.

This Gospel (Luke xvi.) furnishes matter for several questions. The first is this — What this Abraham's bosom is? for it is certain that it cannot be any carnal receptacle consisting of corporeal matter. In order to answer this question we must know that the soul or spirit of man can find no rest, no place unto which it can flee out of the Word of God, until, in the Last Day, it be received up to behold and dwell in the presence of

God. Wherefore, I conclude that "Abraham's bosom" signifies nothing less than the Word of God: namely, that Word wherein (Gen. xxiv.) Christ was promised unto him: "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." In this Word Christ was promised unto him, as He in whom all men should be blessed; that is, should be set free from sin, death, and hell; and in no other, nor in any work of their own, how excellent or laborious soever it might be. And all those who gave credit to this promise believed in Christ, and became true Christians, and therefore, by fully relying on this Word, they were delivered from the power of sin, death, and hell.

Therefore all the fathers who looked for the coming of Christ were "received into Abraham's bosom;" that is, they conflicted with death by an unshaken faith; and, resting wholly on this divine oracle, they slept in peace, and are gathered up into that Word as into a certain bosom; and if they persevered unto the end, and died in that faith, will there rest until the final Judgment: (those only excepted, who rose together with Christ, as is recorded in Matt. xxvii.)

In the same manner when we come to confront with death, we must lay hold of the promise of Christ, and rest in it with a steady confidence which speaks thus: "He that believeth in Me shall never die;" or any other promise of a similar kind. In such a promise as this, I say, confidently enfold thy heart, and die in it, and thus thou shalt creep into the bosom of Christ, and sweetly sleep; and be preserved there until the day of the resurrection. For the promise made unto us, and that made unto Abraham, centre in the same point — namely, Christ; for it is by Him that we come to be saved. The former promise, however, is more particularly called "Abraham's bosom," because it was first spoken unto him and he first rested in it.

PATER NOSTER.

"*Our Father.*"— This is certainly a most excellent beginning or preparation, whereby we are led to know how

He to whom we are about to pray should be named, honored, and addressed; and how every person should approach Him, that He may be gracious and inclined to hear. Of all the names of God, therefore, there is no one the use of which renders us more acceptable unto Him than that of Father; and it is a most lovely, sweet, and deeply comprehensive name, and full of mental affection. It would not be so sweet and consoling to say "Lord" or "God," or "Judge," because the name "Father" (in natural things) is engrafted in us, and is naturally sweet. And for this reason the same name is pleasing unto God, and greatly moves Him to hear us. And, also, it brings us into a knowledge of ourselves as the sons of God; by which also we greatly move the heart of God; for no voice is sweeter unto a father than that of a child. This is farther discovered unto us by what follows.

"*Who art in Heaven.*"— By these words we plainly show our miserable straits of mind, and our exiled state, and are powerfully moved to pray, as well as God to hear. For he who begins to pray, "Our Father Who art in Heaven," and does it from the inmost recesses of his heart, therein confesses that he has a Father, and that it is He who is in Heaven; and he confesses also that he himself is an exile, and left to travel here upon earth. And hereupon there must necessarily follow an inward affection of heart, such as that son has who is living far from his own country, among strangers, and in exile and calamity. For it is as if he should say, "O Father, Thou indeed art in Heaven, but I, Thy miserable son, am far away from Thee upon earth;" that is, in exile, perils, calamities, and straits, and amid devils, enemies, and various difficulties. He, therefore, who thus prays has his heart directed and lifted up toward God, and is in a state to pray, and to obtain grace of God. . . .

The use of the name, therefore, evidences great confidence in God; which confidence in Him we ought, above all things, to hold fast; because besides this one Parent there is no one that can aid us in coming to Heaven; but, as it is written, "No man hath ascended into Heaven but He that came down from Heaven, even

the Son of Man who is in Heaven;" on whose shoulders and wings only it is that we can ascend to Heaven. Otherwise all word-mongers may say the Lord's Prayer; who, nevertheless, know not what the words signify. But what I consider to be prayer is that which proceedeth from the heart rather than from the mouth.— *Exposition of the Lord's Prayer.*

While perhaps Luther should not be classed among the great poets, he wrote several hymns which have stirred the German heart as few other poems have done. Among these is the *Martyr's Hymn* and the magnificent lyric *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,* the latter of which may be styled the national song of Protestant Germany.

THE MARTYRS' HYMN.

Flung to the heedless wind, or on the waters cast,
The martyrs' ashes watched shall gathered be at last;
And from that scattered dust, around us and abroad
Shall spring a plenteous seed of witnesses for God.
The Father hath received their latest living breath;
And vain is Satan's boast of victory in their death.
Still, still, though dead, they speak, and trumpet-tongued, proclaim
To many awakened lands the One availing Name.

— *Translation of* W. J. Fox.

EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT.

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour —
On earth is not his fellow.

By force of arms we nothing can —
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Zebaoth's Son —
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore —
Not they can overpower us.
And let the Prince of Ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why? His doom is writ —
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger;
But, spite of hell, shall have its course —
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small:
These things shall vanish all —
The City of God remaineth.

— *Translation of* THOMAS CARLYLE.

LYELL, SIR CHARLES, a British geologist; born at Kinnordy, Forfarshire, Scotland, November 14, 1797; died at London, February 22, 1875. He was graduated from Exeter College, Oxford, in 1821, and began the study of law, but soon

abandoned it for researches into the natural sciences, especially geology. In 1830 appeared his *Principles of Geology,* of which many editions, with successive enlargements, have been published. In 1838 the original work was divided into two parts, the first being entitled the *Elements of Geology;* this in 1870 was considerably modified, and was published as *The Student's Manual of Geology.* It is generally admitted that his work contributed much to place geology upon a philosophical basis as an inductive science. Lyell traveled extensively on both continents, the main object of his journeyings being geological inquiry; and he wrote numerous papers upon his special science. He visited America in 1841, and again in 1845. An account of these visits was given in his *Travels in North America in the Years 1841–42,* and *A Second Visit to the United States.* In 1863 appeared his *Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man,* in which he acceded to the general theory of Darwin on the *Origin of Species.* He was chosen President of the Geological Society in 1836, and again in 1850; was knighted in 1848, and created a baronet in 1864.

GEOLOGY COMPARED TO HISTORY.

We often discover with surprise, on looking back into the chronicles of nations, how the fortune of some battle has influenced the fate of millions of our contemporaries, when it has long been forgotten by the mass of the population. But far more astonishing and unexpected are the connections brought to light when we carry back our researches into the history of nature. The form of a coast, the configuration of the interior of a country, the existence and extent of lakes, valleys, and mountains can often be traced to the former prevalence of earthquakes and volcanoes in regions which have long been undisturbed. To these remote convulsions the present fertility of some

districts, the sterile character of others, the elevation of land above the sea, the climate, and various peculiarities, may be distinctly referred. On the other hand, many distinguishing features of the surface may often be ascribed to the operation, at a remote era, of slow and tranquil causes — to the gradual deposition of sediment in a lake or in the ocean, or to the prolific increase of testacea and corals.

To select another example; we find in certain localities subterranean deposits of coal, consisting of vegetable matter formerly drifted into seas and lakes. These seas and lakes have since been filled up; the lands whereon the forests grew have disappeared or changed their form; the rivers and currents which floated the vegetable masses can no longer be traced; and the plants belonged to species which for ages have passed away from the surface of our planet. Yet the commercial prosperity and numerical strength of a nation may now be mainly dependent on the local distribution of fuel determined by that ancient state of things.

Geology is intimately related to almost all the physical sciences, and it is most desirable that a geologist should be well versed in chemistry, natural philosophy, mineralogy, zoölogy, comparative anatomy, botany; in short, in every science relating to organic and inorganic nature. With these accomplishments, the geologist would rarely fail to draw correct philosophical conclusions from the various monuments transmitted to him of former occurrences. He would know to what combination of causes analogous effects were referable, and would often be enabled to supply, by inference, information concerning many events unrecorded in the defective archives of former ages. But as such extensive acquisitions are scarcely within the reach of an individual, it is necessary that men who have devoted their lives to different departments should unite their efforts; and as the historian receives assistance from the antiquary, and from those who have cultivated different branches of moral and political science, so the geologist should avail himself of the aid of many naturalists, and particularly of those

who have studied the fossil remains of lost species of animals and plants.

The analogy, however, of the monuments consulted in geology, and those available in history, extends no farther than to one class of historical monuments — those which may be said to be *undesignedly* commemorative of former events. The canoes, for example, and stone hatchets found in our peat-bogs, afford an insight into the rude arts and manners of the earliest inhabitants of our island; the buried coin fixes the date of the reign of some Roman emperor; the ancient encampment indicates the districts once occupied by invading armies, and the former method of constructing military defences; the Egyptian mummies throw light on the art of embalming, the rites of sepulture, or the average stature of the human race in ancient Egypt. This class of memorials yields to no other in authenticity, but it constitutes a small part only of the resources on which the historian relies, whereas in geology it forms the only kind of evidence which is at our command. But this testimony of geological monuments, if frequently imperfect, possesses at least the advantage of being free from all suspicion of misrepresentation. We may be deceived in the inferences which we draw, in the same manner as we often mistake the nature and import of phenomena observed in the daily course of nature; but our liability to err is confined to the interpretation, and if this be correct, our information is certain.—*Elements of Geology.*

LYTE, Henry Francis, a British clergyman and poet; born at Kelso, Scotland, June 1, 1793; died at Nice, France, November 20, 1847. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he several times gained the prize for English poetry. He took orders, held curacies in Ireland, and eventually became rector of Brixton, England. He pub-

lished several volumes of poetry, mostly of a devotional character. Lyte's first work was *Tales in Verse Illustrative of Several of the Petitions of the Lord's Prayer.* His biography of Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, has an enduring place in English literature. In 1834 he published *The Spirit of the Psalms,* a collection of hymns and psalms, drawn from various sources, but mainly his own. Among the best known of his hymns are *Abide With Me; Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken; Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven,* and *Pleasant Are Thy Courts Above.* His hymn *Abide With Me* was written shortly before his death.

EVENING.

Sweet Evening hour! sweet Evening hour!
That calms the air and shuts the flower;
That brings the wild-bird to her nest,
The infant to its mother's breast.

Sweet hour! that bids the laborer cease,
That gives the weary team release,
That leads them home, and crowns them there —
With rest and shelter, food, and care.

Oh, season of soft sounds and hues,
Of twilight walks among the dews,
Of feelings calm and converse sweet,
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat!

Yes, lovely hour! thou art the time
When feelings flow, and wishes climb;
When timid souls begin to dare,
And God receives and answers prayer.

Then, as the earth recedes from sight,
Heaven seems to ope her fields of light,
And call the fettered soul above
From sin and grief, to peace and love.

Who has not felt that Evening's hour
Draws forth devotion's tenderest power;
That guardian spirits round us stand,
And God himself seems most at hand?

Sweet hour! for heavenly musing made,
When Isaac walked, and David prayed;
When Abram's offering God did own,
And Jesus loved to be alone!

In the autumn of 1847 the Rev. Mr. Lyte was advised to go for a time to the south of France. Before leaving England he wished once more to preach to his people. His family feared what the result of such an effort might be, but he insisted, and was able to go through the service. He knew that he was preaching for the last time, and his sermon was full of solemn and tender appeals to those whom he had long guided and instructed. At the end of the service he retired, exhausted in body, but with his soul sweetly resting on that Saviour whom he had preached with his dying breath. As the evening drew on he handed to his family the following beautiful hymn, which he had just written. This was his last hymn on earth. He reached Nice, and shortly after his spirit entered into rest. He pointed upward as he passed away, and whispered, "Peace, joy."

"ABIDE WITH ME!"

Abide with me! fast falls the even-tide!
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But as thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

Come not in terrors as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee.
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me!

Hold, then, Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and Earth's vain shadows
flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

There is a spot in the lone, lone sea,
A spot unmarked, but holy,
For there the gallant and the free
In his ocean bed lies lowly.

He sleeps — he sleeps — serene and safe,
From tempest and from billow,
Where the storms that high above him chafe,
Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.

The sea and him in death
They did not dare to sever:
It was his home when he had breath,
'Tis now his home forever.

Sleep on, sleep on, thou mighty dead!
A glorious tomb they've found thee;
The broad blue sky above thee spread,
The boundless ocean round thee.

And though no stone may tell
Thy name, thy worth, thy glory,
They rest in hearts that love thee well,
And grace Britannia's story.

LYTLE, WILLIAM HAINES, an American soldier and poet; born at Cincinnati, Ohio, November 2, 1826; died at Chickamauga, Tenn., September 20, 1863. He was graduated from the College of Cincinnati, studied law and began its practice, but at the beginning of the Mexican War he volunteered, and was made captain of a company in the 2d Ohio Regiment. He served in this capacity throughout the war, and at its close resumed the practice of law. He was later elected to the State Legislature, was for a time major-general of the first division of the Ohio militia, and in 1857 the unsuccessful candidate of the Democratic party for Lieutenant-Governor. At the beginning of the Civil War he was made colonel of the 10th Ohio Regiment. He was twice severely wounded, and was taken prisoner at Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862, but was soon exchanged. On November 29, 1862, he was promoted to brigadier-gen-

eral of volunteers. From this time until his death he served under Rosecrans in the West. His poems have never been collected in book form. As a poet he is best known by his *Antony and Cleopatra; or, I am Dying, Egypt, Dying.* Other claimants have disputed the authorship of this poem with Lytle — unsuccessfully.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arm, O Queen, support me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Listen to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow —
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray —
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,

Seek her; say the gods bear witness,
Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the thrones of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile:
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine,
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry,
They are coming; quick, my falchion,
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah, no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell,
Isis and Osiris guard thee,
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

THE VOLUNTEERS.

The Volunteers! the Volunteers!
I dream as in the by-gone years,
I hear again their stirring cheers,
And see their banners shine,
What time the yet unconquered North
Poured to the wars her legions forth,
For many a wrong to strike a blow
With mailèd hand at Mexico.

The Volunteers! ah, where are they
Who bade the hostile surges stay,
When the black forts at Monterey
Frowned on their dauntless line;
When undismayed amid the shock
Of war, like Cerro Gordo's rock,
They stood, or rushed more madly on,
Than tropic tempest o'er San Juan.

On Angostura's crowded field,
Their shattered columns scorned to yield,
And wildly yet defiance pealed
Their flashing batteries' throats;
And echoed then the rifle's crack,
As deadly as when on the track
Of flying foe, of yore, its voice
Bade Orleans' dark-eyed girls rejoice.

Blent with the roar of guns and bombs,
How grandly from the dim past comes
The roll of their victorious drums,
Their bugles' joyous notes,
When over Mexico's proud towers,
And the fair valley's storied bowers,
Fit recompense of toil and scars,
In triumph waved their flag of stars.

Ah, Comrades, of your own tried troop,
Whose honor ne'er to shame might stoop,
Of lion heart, and eagle swoop,
But you alone remain;
On all the rest has fall'n the hush
Of death; the men whose battle rush
Was wild as sun-loosed torrents' flow
From Orizaba's crest of snow.

The Volunteers! the Volunteers!
God send us peace, through all our years;
But if the cloud of war appears,
We'll see them once again.
From broad Ohio's peaceful side,
From where the Maumee pours its tide;
From storm-lashed Erie's wintry shore,
Shall spring the Volunteeers once more.

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